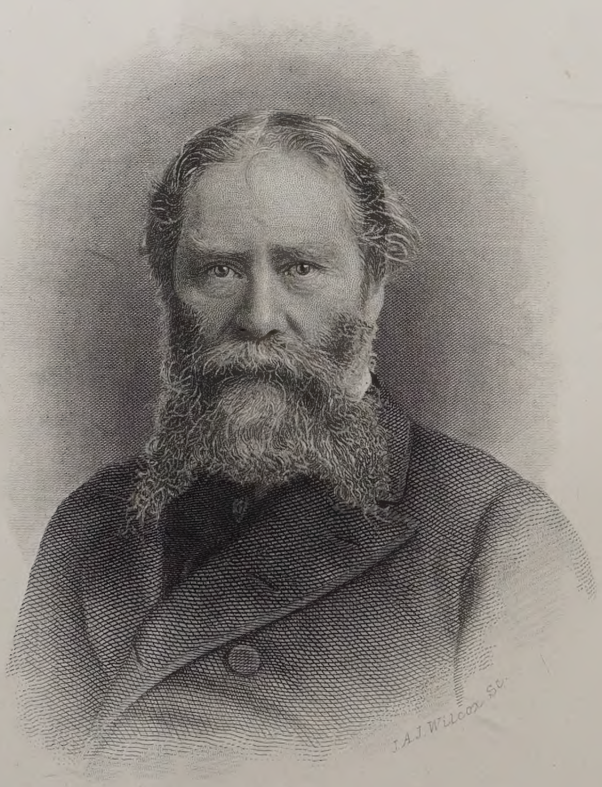
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IN TEN VOLUMES

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LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC

PART III—CONTINUED

1835–1860

NOT clinging to some ancient saw;
Not mastered by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. A. D. 1832.

A thousand tokens in everything from which we can prognosticate make it manifest that a spirit, indigenous and self-vital, inhabits our country; a spirit of power, *ipsa suis pollens opibus.* If all this be so, there is an end of the question about a national literature; for this creative vigor, breathing and burning in the bosom of the nation, must find an issue in art as well as in action.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE. A. D. 1847.

Remember this: there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind if that American Republic should be overthrown. . . . I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.

JOHN BRIGHT. A. D. 1862.

'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,
And Eos rises, circling constantly
The varied regions of mankind. No pause
Of renovation and of freshening rays
She knows, but evermore her love breathes forth
On field and forest, as on human hope,
Health, beauty, power, thought, action, and advance.

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. A. D 1843.

LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC.

PART III.—CONTINUED.

1835–1860.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BORN in Cambridge, Mass., 1809.

OLD IRONSIDES.

[*Poetical Works. Household Edition.* 1887.]

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;

Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

1836.

LA GRISETTE.

Ah Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had past,
I said, "We meet again,"—
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
O had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,

When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise!

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

IRIS.

[*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.* 1859.—*Revised Edition.* 1882.]

YOU remember, perhaps, in some papers published a while ago, an odd poem written by an old Latin tutor? He brought up at the verb *amo*, I love, as all of us do, and by and by Nature opened her great living dictionary for him at the word *filia*, a daughter. The poor man was greatly perplexed in choosing a name for her. *Lucretia* and *Virginia* were the first that he thought of; but then came up those pictured stories of Titus Livius, which he could never read without crying, though he had read them a hundred times.

—Lucretia sending for her husband and her father, each to bring one friend with him, and awaiting them in her chamber. To them her wrongs briefly. Let them see to the wretch,—she will take care of herself. Then the hidden knife flashes out and sinks into her heart. She slides from her seat, and falls dying. "Her husband and her father cry aloud."—No,—not Lucretia.

—Virginius,—a brown old soldier, father of a nice girl. She engaged to a very promising young man. Decemvir Appius takes a violent fancy to her,—must have her at any rate. Hires a lawyer to present the arguments in favor of the view that she was another man's daughter. There used to be lawyers in Rome that would do such things.—All right. There are two sides to everything. *Audi alteram partem.* The legal gentleman has no opinion,—he only states the evidence.—A doubtful case. Let the young lady be under the protection of the Honorable Decemvir until it can be looked up thoroughly.—Father thinks it best, on the whole, to give in. Will explain the matter, if the young lady and her maid will step this way. *That* is the explanation,—a stab with a butcher's knife, snatched from a stall, meant for other lambs than this poor bleeding Virginia!

The old man thought over the story. Then he must have one look at the original. So he took down the first volume and read it over. When he came to that part where it tells how the young gentleman she was engaged to and a friend of his took up the poor girl's bloodless shape and carried it through the street, and how all the women followed, wailing, and asking if that was what their daughters were coming to,—if that was what they were to get for being good girls,—he melted down into his accustomed tears of pity and grief, and, through them all, of delight at the charming Latin of the narrative. But it was impossible to call his child Virginia. He could never look at her without thinking she had a knife sticking in her bosom.

Dido would be a good name, and a fresh one. She was a queen, and the founder of a great city. Her story had been immortalized by the greatest of poets,—for the old Latin tutor clove to "Virgilius Maro," as he called him, as closely as ever Dante did in his memorable journey. So he took down his Virgil,—it was the smooth-leafed, open-lettered quarto of Baskerville,—and began reading the loves and mishaps of Dido. It wouldn't do. A lady who had not learned discretion by experience, and came to an evil end. He shook his head, as he sadly repeated,

"—*misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore;*"

but when he came to the lines,

"*Ergo Iris croceis per cœlum roscida pennis*
Mille trahens varios adverso Sole colores,"

he jumped up with a great exclamation, which the particular recording angel who heard it pretended not to understand, or it might have gone hard with the Latin tutor some time or other.

"*Iris* shall be her name!"—he said. So her name was Iris. . .

——The mother of little Iris was not called Electra, like hers of the old story, neither was her grandfather Oceanus. Her blood-name, which she gave away with her heart to the Latin tutor, was a plain old English one, and her water-name was Hannah, beautiful as recalling the mother of Samuel, and admirable as reading equally well from the initial letter forwards and from the terminal letter backwards. The poor lady, seated with her companion at the chess-board of matrimony, had but just pushed forward her one little white pawn upon an empty square, when the Black Knight, that cares nothing for castles or kings or queens, swooped down upon her and swept her from the larger board of life.

The old Latin tutor put a modest blue stone at the head of his late companion, with her name and age and *Eheu!* upon it,—a smaller one at her feet, with initials; and left her by herself, to be rained and snowed on,—which is a hard thing to do for those whom we have cherished tenderly.

About the time that the lichens, falling on the stone, like drops of water, had spread into fair, round rosettes, the tutor had starved into a slight cough. Then he began to draw the buckle of his black pantaloons a little tighter, and took in another reef in his never-ample waistcoat. His temples got a little hollow, and the contrasts of color in his cheeks more vivid than of old. After a while his walks fatigued him, and he was tired, and breathed hard after going up a flight or two of stairs. Then came on other marks of inward trouble and general waste, which he spoke of to his physician as peculiar, and doubtless owing to accidental causes; to all which the doctor listened with deference, as if it had not been the old story that one in five or six of mankind in temperate climates tells, or has told for him, as if it were something new. As the doctor went out, he said to himself,—"On the rail at last. Accommodation train. A good many stops, but will get to the station by and by." So the doctor wrote a recipe with the astrological sign of Jupiter before it (just as your own physician does, inestimable reader, as you will see, if you look at his next prescription), and departed, saying he would look in occasionally. After this, the Latin tutor began the usual course of "getting better," until he got so much better that his face was very sharp, and when he smiled, three crescent lines showed at each side of his lips, and when he spoke, it was in a muffled whisper, and the white of his eye glistened as pearly as the purest porcelain,—so much better, that he hoped—by spring—he——might be able—to—attend——to his class again.—But he was recommended not to expose himself, and so kept his chamber, and occasionally, not having anything to do, his bed. The unmarried sister with whom he lived took care of him; and the child, now old enough to be manageable, and even useful in trifling offices, sat in the chamber, or played about.

Things could not go on so forever, of course. One morning his face was sunken and his hands were very, very cold. He was "better," he whispered, but sadly and faintly. After a while he grew restless and seemed a little wandering. His mind ran on his classics, and fell back on the Latin grammar.

"Iris!" he said,—"*filiola mea!*"—The child knew this meant *my dear little daughter* as well as if it had been English.—"Rainbow!"—for he would translate her name at times,—"come to me,—*veni*"—and his lips went on automatically, and murmured, "*vel venito!*"—The child came and sat by his bedside and took his hand, which she could not warm, but which shot its rays of cold all through her slender frame. But there she sat, looking steadily at him. Presently he opened his lips feebly, and whispered, "*Moribundus.*" She did not know what that meant, but she saw that there was something new and sad. So she began to cry; but presently remembering an old book that seemed to comfort him at times, got up and brought a Bible in the Latin version, called the Vulgate. "Open it," he said,—"I will read,—*segnius irritant,*—don't put the light out,—ah! *hæret lateri,*—I am going, *vale, vale, vale,* good-bye, good-bye,—the Lord take care of my child!—*Domine, audi——vel audito!*" His face whitened suddenly, and he lay still, with open eyes and mouth. He had taken his last degree.

——Little Miss Iris could not be said to begin life with a very brilliant rainbow over her, in a worldly point of view. A limited wardrobe of man's attire, such as poor tutors wear,—a few good books, principally classics,—a print or two, and a plaster model of the Pantheon, with some pieces of furniture which had seen service,—these, and a child's heart full of tearful recollections and strange doubts and questions, alternating with the cheap pleasures which are the anodynes of childish grief; such were the treasures she inherited.—No,—I forgot. With that kindly sentiment which all of us feel for old men's first children,—frost-flowers of the early winter season,—the old tutor's students had remembered him at a time when he was laughing and crying with his new parental emotions, and running to the side of the plain crib in which his *alter ego*, as he used to say, was swinging, to hang over the little heap of stirring clothes, from which looked the minute, red, downy, still, round face, with unfixed eyes and working lips—in that unearthly gravity which has never yet been broken by a smile, and which gives to the earliest moon-year or two of an infant's life the character of a *first old age*, to counterpoise that *second childhood* which there is one chance in a dozen it may reach by and by. The boys had remembered the old man and young father at that tender period of his hard, dry life. There came to him a fair, silver goblet, embossed with classical figures, and bearing on a shield the graven words, *Ex dono pupillorum.* The handle on its side showed what use the boys had meant it for; and a kind letter in it, written with the best of feeling, in the worst of Latin, pointed delicately to its destination. Out of this silver vessel, after a long, desperate, strangling cry, which marked her first great lesson in the realities of life, the child took the blue milk, such as poor tutors and their children get, tempered with water, and sweetened a little, so as to bring it nearer the standard established by the touching indulgence and partiality of Nature, —who has mingled an extra allowance of sugar in the blameless food of the child at its mother's breast, as compared with that of its infant brothers and sisters of the bovine race.

But a willow will grow in baked sand wet with rain-water. An air-plant will grow by feeding on the winds. Nay, those huge forests that overspread great continents have built themselves up mainly from the air-currents with which they are always battling. The oak is but a foliated atmospheric crystal deposited from the aërial ocean that holds the future vegetable world in solution. The storm that tears its leaves has paid tribute to its strength, and it breasts the tornado clad in the spoils of a hundred hurricanes.

Poor little Iris! What had she in common with the great oak in the shadow of which we are losing sight of her?—She lived and grew like that,—this was all. The blue milk ran into her veins and filled them with thin, pure blood. Her skin was fair, with a faint tinge, such as the white rosebud shows before it opens. The doctor who had attended her father was afraid her aunt would hardly be able to "raise" her,—"delicate child,"—hoped she was not consumptive,—thought there was a fair chance she would take after her father.

A very forlorn-looking person, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth, sent her a memoir of a child who died at the age of two years and eleven months, after having fully indorsed all the doctrines of the particular persuasion to which he not only belonged himself, but thought it very shameful that everybody else did not belong. What with foreboding looks and dreary death-bed stories it was a wonder the child made out to live through it. It saddened her early years, of course,—it distressed her tender soul with thoughts which, as they cannot be fully taken in, should be sparingly used as instruments of torture to break down the natural cheerfulness of a healthy child, or, what is infinitely worse, to cheat a dying one out of the kind illusions with which the Father of All has strewed its downward path.

The child would have died, no doubt, and, if properly managed, might have added another to the long catalogue of wasting children who have been as cruelly played upon by spiritual physiologists, often with the best intentions, as ever the subject of a rare disease by the curious students of science.

Fortunately for her, however, a wise instinct had guided the late Latin tutor in the selection of the partner of his life, and the future mother of his child. The deceased tutoress was a tranquil, smooth woman, easily nourished, as such people are,—a quality which is inestimable in a tutor's wife,—and so it happened that the daughter inherited enough vitality from the mother to live through childhood and infancy and fight her way towards womanhood, in spite of the tendencies she derived from her other parent.

——Two and two do not always make four, in this matter of hereditary descent of qualities. Sometimes they make three, and sometimes five. It seems as if the parental traits at one time showed separate, at another blended,—that occasionally the force of two natures is represented in the derivative one by a diagonal of greater value than either original line of living movement,—that sometimes there is a loss of vitality hardly to be accounted for, and again a forward impulse of variable intensity in some new and unforeseen direction.

So it was with this child. She had glanced off from her parental probabilities at an unexpected angle. Instead of taking to classical learning like her father, or sliding quietly into household duties like her mother, she broke out early in efforts that pointed in the direction of Art. As soon as she could hold a pencil she began to sketch outlines of objects round her with a certain air and spirit. Very extraordinary horses, but their legs looked as if they could move. Birds unknown to Audubon, yet flying, as it were, with a rush. Men with impossible legs, which did yet seem to have a vital connection with their most improbable bodies. By-and-by the doctor, on his beast,—an old man with a face looking as if Time had kneaded it like dough with his knuckles, with a rhubarb tint and flavor pervading himself and his sorrel horse and all their appurtenances. A dreadful old man! Be sure she did not forget those saddle-bags that held the detestable bottles out of which he used to shake those loathsome powders which, to virgin childish palates that find heaven in strawberries and peaches, are—— Well, I suppose I had better stop. Only she wished she was dead sometimes when she heard him coming. On the next leaf would figure the gentleman with the black coat and white cravat, as he looked when he came and entertained her with stories concerning the death of various little children about her age, to encourage her, as that wicked Mr. Arouet said about shooting Admiral Byng. Then she would take her pencil, and with a few scratches there would be the outline of a child, in which you might notice how one sudden sweep gave the chubby cheek, and two dots darted at the paper looked like real eyes.

By-and-by she went to school, and caricatured the schoolmaster on the leaves of her grammars and geographies, and drew the faces of her companions, and, from time to time, heads and figures from her fancy, with large eyes, far apart, like those of Raffaelle's mothers and children, sometimes with wild floating hair, and then with wings and heads thrown back in ecstasy. This was at about twelve years old, as the dates of these drawings show, and, therefore, three or four years before she came among us. Soon after this time, the ideal figures began to take the place of portraits and caricatures, and a new feature appeared in her drawing-books in the form of fragments of verse and short poems.

It was dull work, of course, for such a young girl to live with an old spinster and go to a village school. Her books bore testimony to this;

for there was a look of sadness in the faces she drew, and a sense of weariness and longing for some imaginary conditions of blessedness or other, which began to be painful.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar; so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next,—it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came,—a hundred souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,

When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 'twill do you good,—poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill;
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its towers;—
Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words,—"My dear, where *have* you been?"

THE SPROWLE PARTY.

[*Elsie Venner. A Romance of Destiny.* 1861.]

"MR. and Mrs. Colonel Sprowle's compliments to Mr. Langdon and requests the pleasure of his company at a social entertainment on Wednesday evening next.
"*Elm St. Monday.*"

On paper of a pinkish color and musky smell, with a large 𝔖 at the top, and an embossed border. Envelope adherent, not sealed. Addressed,

—— *Langdon, Esq.*
Present.

Brought by H. Frederic Sprowle, youngest son of the Colonel,—the H. of course standing for the paternal Hezekiah, put in to please the father, and reduced to its initial to please the mother, she having a marked preference for Frederic. Boy directed to wait for an answer.

"Mr. Langdon has the pleasure of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Sprowle's polite invitation for Wednesday evening."

On plain paper, sealed with an initial.

In walking along the main street, Mr. Bernard had noticed a large house of some pretensions to architectural display, namely, unnecessarily projecting eaves, giving it a mushroomy aspect, wooden mouldings at various available points, and a grandiose arched portico. It looked a little swaggering by the side of one or two of the mansion-houses that were not far from it, was painted too bright for Mr. Bernard's taste, had rather too fanciful a fence before it, and had some fruit-trees planted in the front yard, which to this fastidious young gentleman implied a defective sense of the fitness of things, not promising in people who lived in so large a house, with a mushroom roof and a triumphal arch for its entrance.

This place was known as "Colonel Sprowle's villa" (genteel friends),—as "the elegant residence of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Colonel Sprowle" (Rockland Weekly Universe),—as "the neew haouse" (old settlers),—as "Spraowle's Folly" (disaffected and possibly envious neighbors),—and in common discourse, as "the Colonel's."

Hezekiah Sprowle, Esquire, Colonel Sprowle of the Commonwealth's Militia, was a retired "merchant." An India merchant he might, perhaps, have been properly called; for he used to deal in West India goods, such as coffee, sugar, and molasses, not to speak of rum,—also in tea, salt fish, butter and cheese, oil and candles, dried fruit, agricultural "p'dóose" generally, industrial products, such as boots and shoes, and various kinds of iron and wooden ware, and at one end of the establishment in calicoes and other stuffs,—to say nothing of miscellaneous objects of the most varied nature, from sticks of candy, which tempted in the smaller youth with coppers in their fists, up to ornamental articles of apparel, pocket-books, breast-pins, gilt-edged Bibles, stationery,—in short, everything which was like to prove seductive to the rural population. The Colonel had made money in trade, and also by matrimony. He had married Sarah, daughter and heiress of the late Tekel Jordan, Esq., an old miser, who gave the town-clock, which carries his name to posterity in large gilt letters as a generous benefactor of his native place. In due time the Colonel reaped the reward of well-placed affections. When his wife's inheritance fell in, he thought he had money enough to give up trade, and therefore sold out his "store," called in some dialects of the English language *shop*, and his business.

Life became pretty hard work to him, of course, as soon as he had nothing particular to do. Country people with money enough not to have to work are in much more danger than city people in the same condition. They get a specific look and character, which are the same in all the villages where one studies them. They very commonly fall into a routine, the basis of which is going to some lounging-place or other, a bar-room, a reading-room, or something of the kind. They grow slovenly in dress, and wear the same hat forever. They have a feeble curiosity for news, perhaps, which they take daily as a man takes his bitters, and then fall silent and think they are thinking. But the mind goes out under this regimen, like a fire without a draught; and it is not very strange if the instinct of mental self-preservation drives them to brandy-and-water, which makes the hoarse whisper of memory musical for a few brief moments, and puts a weak leer of promise on the features of the hollow-eyed future. The Colonel was kept pretty well in hand as yet by his wife, and though it had happened to him once or twice to come home rather late at night with a curious tendency to say the same thing twice and even three times over, it had always been in very cold weather,—and everybody knows that no one is safe to drink a couple of glasses of wine in a warm room and go suddenly out into the cold air.

Miss Matilda Sprowle, sole daughter of the house, had reached the age at which young ladies are supposed in technical language to have *come out*, and thereafter are considered to be *in company*.

"There's one piece o' goods," said the Colonel to his wife, "that we ha'n't disposed of, nor got a customer for yet. That's Matildy. I don't mean to set *her* up at vaandoo. I guess she can have her pick of a dozen."

"She's never seen anybody yet," said Mrs. Sprowle, who had had a certain project for some time, but had kept quiet about it. "Let's have a party, and give her a chance to show herself and see some of the young folks."

The Colonel was not very clear-headed, and he thought, naturally enough, that the party was his own suggestion, because his remark led to the first starting of the idea. He entered into the plan, therefore, with a feeling of pride as well as pleasure, and the great project was resolved upon in a family council without a dissentient voice. This was the party, then, to which Mr. Bernard was going. The town had been full of it for a week. "Everybody was asked." So everybody said that was invited. But how in respect of those who were not asked? If it had been one of the old mansion-houses that was giving a party, the boundary between the favored and the slighted families would have been known pretty well beforehand, and there would have been no great amount of grumbling. But the Colonel, for all his title, had a forest of poor relations and a brushwood swamp of shabby friends, for he had scrambled up to fortune, and now the time was come when he must define his new social position.

This is always an awkward business in town or country. An exclusive alliance between two powers is often the same thing as a declaration of war against a third. Rockland was soon split into a triumphant minority, invited to Mrs. Sprowle's party, and a great majority, uninvited, of which the fraction just on the border line between recognized "gentility" and the level of the ungloved masses was in an active state of excitement and indignation.

"Who is she, I should like to know?" said Mrs. Saymore, the tailor's wife. "There was plenty of folks in Rockland as good as ever Sally Jordan was, if she *had* managed to pick up a merchant. Other folks could have married merchants, if their families wasn't as wealthy as them old skinflints that willed her their money," etc., etc. Mrs. Saymore expressed the feeling of many besides herself. She had, however, a special right to be proud of the name she bore. Her husband was own cousin to the Saymores of Freestone Avenue (who write the name *Seymour*, and claim to be of the Duke of Somerset's family, showing a clear descent from the Protector to Edward Seymour (1630),—then a jump that would break a herald's neck to one Seth Saymore (1783),—from whom to the head of the present family the line is clear again). Mrs. Saymore, the tailor's wife, was not invited, because her husband *mended* clothes. If he had confined himself strictly to *making* them, it would have put a different face upon the matter.

The landlord of the Mountain House and his lady were invited to Mrs. Sprowle's party. Not so the landlord of Pollard's Tahvern and his lady. Whereupon the latter vowed that they would have a party at their house too, and made arrangements for a dance of twenty or thirty couples, to be followed by an entertainment. Tickets to this "Social Ball" were soon circulated, and, being accessible to all at a moderate price, admission to the "Elegant Supper" included, this second festival promised to be as merry, if not as select, as the great party.

Wednesday came. Such doings had never been heard of in Rockland as went on that day at the "villa." The carpet had been taken up in the long room so that the young folks might have a dance. Miss Matilda's piano had been moved in, and two fiddlers and a clarinet-player engaged to make music. All kinds of lamps had been put in requisition, and even colored wax-candles figured on the mantel-pieces. The costumes of the family had been tried on the day before: the Colonel's black suit fitted exceedingly well; his lady's velvet dress displayed her contours to advantage; Miss Matilda's flowered silk was considered superb; the eldest son of the family, Mr. T. Jordan Sprowle, called affectionately and elegantly "Geordie," voted himself "stunnin'"; and even the small youth who had borne Mr. Bernard's invitation was effective in a new jacket and trousers, buttony in front, and baggy in the reverse aspect, as is wont to be the case with the home-made garments of inland youngsters.

Great preparations had been made for the refection which was to be part of the entertainment. There was much clinking of borrowed spoons, which were to be carefully counted, and much clicking of borrowed china, which was to be tenderly handled,—for nobody in the country keeps those vast closets full of such things which one may see in rich city houses. Not a great deal could be done in the way of flowers, for there were no green-houses, and few plants were out as yet; but there were paper ornaments for the candlesticks, and colored mats for the lamps, and all the tassels of the curtains and bells were taken out of those brown linen bags in which, for reasons hitherto undiscovered, they are habitually concealed in some households. In the remoter apartments every imaginable operation was going on at once,—roasting, boiling, baking, beating, rolling, pounding in mortars, frying, freezing; for there was to be ice-cream to-night of domestic manufacture;—and in the midst of all these labors, Mrs. Sprowle and Miss Matilda were moving about, directing and helping as they best might, all day long. When the evening came, it might be feared they would not be in just the state of mind and body to entertain company. . . . .

The Colonel himself had been pressed into the service. He had pounded something in the great mortar. He had agitated a quantity of sweetened and thickened milk in what was called a cream-freezer. At eleven o'clock, A. M., he retired for a space. On returning, his color was noted to be somewhat heightened, and he showed a disposition to be jocular with the female help,—which tendency, displaying itself in livelier demonstrations than were approved at headquarters, led to his being detailed to out-of-door duties, such as raking gravel, arranging places for horses to be hitched to, and assisting in the construction of an arch of winter-green at the porch of the mansion.

A whiff from Mr. Geordie's cigar refreshed the toiling females from time to time: for the windows had to be opened occasionally, while all these operations were going on, and the youth amused himself with inspecting the interior, encouraging the operatives now and then in the phrases commonly employed by genteel young men,—for he had perused an odd volume of "Verdant Green," and was acquainted with a Sophomore from one of the fresh-water colleges.—"Go it on the feed!" exclaimed this spirited young man. "Nothin' like a good spread. Grub enough and good liquor, that's the ticket. Guv'nor'll do the heavy polite, and let me alone for polishin' off the young charmers." And Mr. Geordie looked expressively at a handmaid who was rolling gingerbread, as if he were rehearsing for "Don Giovanni."

Evening came at last, and the ladies were forced to leave the scene of their labors to array themselves for the coming festivities. The tables had been set in a back room, the meats were ready, the pickles were displayed, the cake was baked, the blanc-mange had stiffened, and the ice-cream had frozen.

At half past seven o'clock, the Colonel, in costume, came into the front parlor, and proceeded to light the lamps. Some were good-humored enough and took the hint of a lighted match at once. Others were as vicious as they could be,—would not light on any terms, any more than if they were filled with water, or lighted and smoked one side of the chimney, or sputtered a few sparks and sulked themselves out, or kept up a faint show of burning, so that their ground glasses looked as feebly phosphorescent as so many invalid fireflies. With much coaxing and screwing and pricking, a tolerable illumination was at last achieved. At eight there was a grand rustling of silks, and Mrs. and Miss Sprowle descended from their respective bowers or boudoirs. Of course they were pretty well tired by this time, and very glad to sit down,—having the prospect before them of being obliged to stand for hours. The Colonel walked about the parlor, inspecting his regiment of lamps. By-and-by Mr. Geordie entered.

"Mph! mph!" he sniffed, as he came in. "You smell of lamp-smoke here."

That always galls people,—to have a newcomer accuse them of smoke or close air, which they have got used to and do not perceive. The Colonel raged at the thought of his lamps' smoking, and tongued a few anathemas inside of his shut teeth, but turned down two or three wicks that burned higher than the rest.

Master H. Frederic next made his appearance, with questionable marks upon his fingers and countenance. Had been tampering with something brown and sticky. His elder brother grew playful, and caught him by the baggy reverse of his more essential garment.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Sprowle,—"there's the bell!"

Everybody took position at once, and began to look very smiling and altogether at ease.—False alarm. Only a parcel of spoons,—"loaned," as the inland folks say when they mean lent, by a neighbor.

"Better late than never!" said the Colonel, "let me heft them spoons."

Mrs. Sprowle came down into her chair again as if all her bones had been bewitched out of her.

"I'm pretty nigh beat out a'ready," said she, "before any of the folks has come."

They sat silent awhile, waiting for the first arrival. How nervous they got! and how their senses were sharpened!

"Hark!" said Miss Matilda,—"what's that rumblin'?"

It was a cart going over a bridge more than a mile off, which at any other time they would not have heard. After this there was a lull, and poor Mrs. Sprowle's head nodded once or twice. Presently a crackling and grinding of gravel;—how much that means, when we are waiting for those whom we long or dread to see! Then a change in the tone of the gravel-crackling.

"Yes, they have turned in at our gate. They're comin'! Mother! mother!"

Everybody in position, smiling and at ease. Bell rings. Enter the first set of visitors. The Event of the Season has begun.

"Law! it's nothin' but the Cranes' folks! I do believe Mahala's come in that old green delaine she wore at the Surprise Party!"

Miss Matilda had peeped through a crack of the door and made this observation and the remark founded thereon Continuing her attitude of attention, she overheard Mrs. Crane and her two daughters conversing in the attiring-room, up one flight.

"How fine everything is in the great house!" said Mrs. Crane,—"jest look at the picters!"

"Matildy Sprowle's drawins," said Ada Azuba, the eldest daughter.

"I should think so," said Mahala Crane, her younger sister,—a wide-awake girl, who hadn't been to school for nothing, and performed a little on the lead pencil herself. "I should like to know whether that's a haycock or a mountain!"

Miss Matilda winced; for this must refer to her favorite monochrome, executed by laying on heavy shadows and stumping them down into mellow harmony,—the style of drawing which is taught in six lessons, and the kind of specimen which is executed in something less than one hour. Parents and other very near relatives are sometimes gratified with these productions, and cause them to be framed and hung up, as in the present instance.

"I guess we won't go down jest yet," said Mrs. Crane, "as folks don't seem to have come."

So she began a systematic inspection of the dressing-room and its conveniences.

"Mahogany four-poster,—come from the Jordans', I cal'late. Marseilles quilt. Ruffles all round the piller. Chintz curtings,—jest put up,—o' purpose for the party I'll lay ye a dollar.—What a nice wash-bowl!" (Taps it with a white knuckle belonging to a red finger.) "Stone chaney.—Here's a bran'-new brush and comb,—and here's a scent-bottle. Come here, girls, and fix yourselves in the glass, and scent your pocket-handkerchers."

And Mrs. Crane bedewed her own kerchief with some of the *eau de Cologne* of native manufacture,—said on its label to be much superior to the German article.

It was a relief to Mrs. and the Miss Cranes when the bell rang and the next guests were admitted. Deacon and Mrs. Soper,—Deacon Soper of the Rev. Mr. Fairweather's church, and his lady. Mrs. Deacon Soper was directed, of course, to the ladies' dressing-room, and her husband to the other apartment, where gentlemen were to leave their outside coats and hats. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, and then the three Miss Spinneys, then Silas Peckham, Head of the Apollinean Institute, and Mrs. Peckham, and more after them, until at last the ladies' dressing-room got so full that one might have thought it was a trap none of them could get out of. In truth, they all felt a little awkwardly. Nobody wanted to be first to venture down-stairs. At last Mr. Silas Peckham thought it was time to make a move for the parlor, and for this purpose presented himself at the door of the ladies' dressing-room.

"Lorindy, my dear!" he exclaimed to Mrs. Peckham,—"I think there can be no impropriety in our joining the family down-stairs."

Mrs. Peckham laid her large, flaccid arm in the sharp angle made by the black sleeve which held the bony limb her husband offered, and the two took the stair and struck out for the parlor. The ice was broken, and the dressing-room began to empty itself into the spacious, lighted apartments below.

Mr. Silas Peckham slid into the room with Mrs. Peckham alongside, like a shad convoying a jelly-fish.

"Good evenin', Mrs. Sprowle! I hope I see you well this evenin'. How's your haälth, Colonel Sprowle?"

"Very well, much obleeged to you. Hope you and your good lady are well. Much pleased to see you. Hope you'll enjoy yourselves. We've laid out to have everything in good shape,—spared no trouble nor ex"——

——"pense,"—said Silas Peckham.

Mrs. Colonel Sprowle, who, you remember, was a Jordan, had nipped the Colonel's statement in the middle of the word Mr. Peckham finished, with a look that jerked him like one of those sharp twitches women keep giving a horse when they get a chance to drive one. . . . .

The guests were now arriving in the drawing-room pretty fast, and the Colonel's hand began to burn a good deal with the sharp squeezes which many of the visitors gave it. Conversation, which had begun like a summer shower, in scattering drops, was fast becoming continuous, and occasionally rising into gusty swells, with now and then a broad-chested laugh from some Captain or Major or other military personage,—for it may be noted that all large and loud men in the unpaved districts bear military titles.

Deacon Soper came up presently, and entered into conversation with Colonel Sprowle.

"I hope to see our pastor present this evenin'," said the Deacon.

"I don't feel quite sure," the Colonel answered. "His dyspepsy has been bad on him lately. He wrote to say, that, Providence permittin', it would be agreeable to him to take a part in the exercises of the evenin'; but I mistrusted he didn't mean to come. To tell the truth, Deacon Soper, I rather guess he don't like the idee of dancin', and some of the other little arrangements."

"Well," said the Deacon, "I know there's some condemns dancin'. I've heerd a good deal of talk about it among the folks round. Some have it that it never brings a blessin' on a house to have dancin' in it. Judge Tileston died, you remember, within a month after he had his great ball, twelve year ago, and some thought it was in the natur' of a judgment. I don't believe in any of them notions. If a man happened to be struck dead the night after he'd been givin' a ball" (the Colonel loosened his black stock a little, and winked and swallowed two or three times), "I shouldn't call it a judgment,—I should call it a coincidence. But I'm a little afraid our pastor won't come. Somethin' or other's the matter with Mr. Fairweather. I should sooner expect to see the old Doctor come over out of the Orthodox parsonage-house."

"I've asked him," said the Colonel.

"Well?" said Deacon Soper.

"He said he should like to come, but he didn't know what his people would say. For his part, he loved to see young folks havin' their sports together, and very often felt as if he should like to be one of 'em himself. 'But,' says I, 'Doctor, I don't say there won't be a little dancin'.' 'Don't!' says he, 'for I want Letty to go' (she's his grand-daughter that's been stayin' with him), 'and Letty's mighty fond of dancin'. You know,' says the Doctor, 'it isn't my business to settle whether other people's children should dance or not.' And the Doctor looked as if he should like to rigadoon and sashy across as well as the young one he was talkin' about. He's got blood in him, the old Doctor has. I wish our little man and him would swop pulpits."

Deacon Soper started and looked up into the Colonel's face, as if to see whether he was in earnest.

Mr. Silas Peckham and his lady joined the group.

"Is this to be a Temperance Celebration, Mrs. Sprowle?" asked Mr. Silas Peckham.

Mrs. Sprowle replied, "that there would be lemonade and srub for those that preferred such drinks, but that the Colonel had given folks to understand that he didn't mean to set in judgment on the marriage in Canaan, and that those that didn't like srub and such things would find somethin' that would suit them better."

Deacon Soper's countenance assumed a certain air of restrained cheerfulness. The conversation rose into one of its gusty paroxysms just then. Master H. Frederic got behind a door and began performing the experiment of stopping and unstopping his ears in rapid alternation, greatly rejoicing in the singular effect of mixed conversation chopped very small, like the contents of a mince-pie,—or meat pie; as it is more forcibly called in the deep-rutted villages lying along the unsalted streams. . . . .

The "great folks," meaning the mansion-house gentry, were just beginning to come; Dudley Venner and his daughter had been the first of them. Judge Thornton, white-headed, fresh-faced, as good at sixty as he was at forty, with a youngish second wife, and one noble daughter, Arabella, who, they said, knew as much law as her father, a stately, Portia-like girl, fit for a premier's wife, not like to find her match even in the great cities she sometimes visited; the Trecothicks, the family of a merchant (in the larger sense), who, having made himself rich enough by the time he had reached middle life, threw down his ledger as Sylla did his dagger, and retired to make a little paradise around him in one of the stateliest residences of the town, a family inheritance; the Vaughans, an old Rockland race, descended from its first settlers, Toryish in tendency in Revolutionary times, and barely escaping confiscation or worse; the Dunhams, a new family, dating its gentility only as far back as the Honorable Washington Dunham, M. C., but turning out a clever boy or two that went to college, and some showy girls with white necks and fat arms who had picked up professional husbands: these were the principal mansion-house people. All of them had made it a point to come; and as each of them entered, it seemed to Colonel and Mrs. Sprowle that the lamps burned up with a more cheerful light, and that the fiddles which sounded from the uncarpeted room were all half a tone higher and half a beat quicker. . . . .

The dancing went on briskly. Some of the old folks looked on, others conversed in groups and pairs, and so the evening wore along, until a little after ten o'clock. About this time there was noticed an increased bustle in the passages, with a considerable opening and shutting of doors. Presently it began to be whispered about that they were going to have supper. Many, who had never been to any large party before, held their breath for a moment at this announcement. It was rather with a tremulous interest than with open hilarity that the rumor was generally received.

One point the Colonel had entirely forgotten to settle. It was a point involving not merely propriety, but perhaps principle also, or at least the good report of the house,—and he had never thought to arrange it. He took Judge Thornton aside and whispered the important question to him,—in his distress of mind, mistaking pockets and taking out his bandanna instead of his white handkerchief to wipe his forehead.

"Judge," he said, "do you think, that, before we commence refreshing ourselves at the tables, it would be the proper thing to—crave a—

to request Deacon Soper or some other elderly person—to ask a blessing?"

The Judge looked as grave as if he were about giving the opinion of the Court in the great India-rubber case.

"On the whole," he answered, after a pause, "I should think it might, perhaps, be dispensed with on this occasion. Young folks are noisy, and it is awkward to have talking and laughing going on while a blessing is being asked. Unless a clergyman is present and makes a point of it, I think it will hardly be expected."

The Colonel was infinitely relieved. "Judge, will you take Mrs. Sprowle in to supper?" And the Colonel returned the compliment by offering his arm to Mrs. Judge Thornton.

The door of the supper-room was now open, and the company, following the lead of the host and hostess, began to stream into it, until it was pretty well filled.

There was an awful kind of pause. Many were beginning to drop their heads and shut their eyes, in anticipation of the usual petition before a meal; some expected the music to strike up,—others, that an oration would now be delivered by the Colonel.

"Make yourselves at home, ladies and gentlemen," said the Colonel; "good things were made to eat, and you're welcome to all you see before you."

So saying, he attacked a huge turkey which stood at the head of the table; and his example being followed first by the bold, then by the doubtful, and lastly by the timid, the clatter soon made the circuit of the tables. Some were shocked, however, as the Colonel had feared they would be, at the want of the customary invocation. Widow Leech, a kind of relation, who had to be invited, and who came with her old, back-country-looking string of gold beads round her neck, seemed to feel very serious about it.

"If she'd ha' known that folks would begrutch cravin' a blessin' over sech a heap o' provisions, she'd rather ha' staid t' home. It was a bad sign, when folks wasn't grateful for the baounties of Providence."

The elder Miss Spinney, to whom she made this remark, assented to it, at the same time ogling a piece of frosted cake, which she presently appropriated with great refinement of manner,—taking it between her thumb and forefinger, keeping the others well spread and the little finger in extreme divergence, with a graceful undulation of the neck, and a queer little sound in her throat, as of an *m* that wanted to get out and perished in the attempt.

The tables now presented an animated spectacle. Young fellows of the more dashing sort, with high stand-up collars and voluminous bows to their neckerchiefs, distinguished themselves by cutting up fowls and offering portions thereof to the buxom girls these knowing ones had commonly selected.

"A bit of the wing, Roxy, or of the—under limb?"

The first laugh broke out at this, but it was premature, a *sporadic* laugh, as Dr. Kittredge would have said, which did not become epidemic. People were very solemn as yet, many of them being new to such splendid scenes, and crushed, as it were, in the presence of so much crockery and so many silver spoons, and such a variety of unusual viands and beverages. When the laugh rose around Roxy and her saucy beau, several looked in that direction with an anxious expression, as if something had happened,—a lady fainted, for instance, or a couple of lively fellows come to high words.

"Young folks will be young folks," said Deacon Soper. "No harm done. Least said soonest mended."

"Have some of these shell-oysters?" said the Colonel to Mrs. Trecothick.

A delicate emphasis on the word *shell* implied that the Colonel knew what was what. To the New England inland native, beyond the reach of the east winds, the oyster unconditioned, the oyster absolute, without a qualifying adjective, is the *pickled* oyster. Mrs. Trecothick, who knew very well that an oyster long out of his shell (as is apt to be the case with the rural bivalve) gets homesick and loses his sprightliness, replied, with the pleasantest smile in the world, that the chicken she had been helped to was too delicate to be given up even for the greater rarity. But the word "shell-oysters" had been overheard; and there was a perceptible crowding movement towards their newly discovered habitat, a large soup tureen.

Silas Peckham had meantime fallen upon another locality of these recent mollusks. He said nothing, but helped himself freely, and made a sign to Mrs. Peckham.

"Lorindy," he whispered, "shell-oysters!"

And ladled them out to her largely, without betraying any emotion, just as if they had been the natural inland or pickled article.

After the more solid portion of the banquet had been duly honored, the cakes and sweet preparations of various kinds began to get their share of attention. There were great cakes and little cakes, cakes with raisins in them, cakes with currants, and cakes without either; there were brown cakes and yellow cakes, frosted cakes, glazed cakes, hearts and rounds, and *jumbles*, which playful youth slip over the forefinger before spoiling their annular outline. There were moulds of *blo'monje*, of the arrowroot variety,—that being undistinguishable from such as is made with Russia isinglass. There were jellies, which had been shaking, all the time the young folks were dancing in the next room, as if they were balancing to partners. There were built-up fabrics, called *Charlottes*, caky externally, pulpy within; there were also *marangs*, and likewise custards,—some of the indolent-fluid sort, others firm, in which every stroke of the teaspoon left a smooth, conchoidal surface like the fracture of chalcedony, with here and there a little eye like what one sees in cheeses. Nor was that most wonderful object of domestic art called *trifle* wanting, with its charming confusion of cream and cake and almonds and jam and jelly and wine and cinnamon and froth; nor yet the marvellous *floating-island*,—name suggestive of all that is romantic in the imaginations of youthful palates.

"It must have cost you a sight of work, to say nothin' of money, to get all this beautiful confectionery made for the party," said Mrs. Crane to Mrs. Sprowle.

"Well, it cost some consid'able labor, no doubt," said Mrs. Sprowle. "Matilda and our girls and I made 'most all the cake with our own hands, and we all feel some tired; but if folks get what suits 'em, we don't begrudge the time nor the work. But I do feel thirsty," said the poor lady, "and I think a glass of srub would do my throat good; it's dreadful dry. Mr. Peckham, would you be so polite as to pass me a glass of srub?"

Silas Peckham bowed with great alacrity, and took from the table a small glass cup, containing a fluid reddish in hue and subacid in taste.

This was *srub*, a beverage in local repute, of questionable nature, but suspected of owing its tint and sharpness to some kind of syrup derived from the maroon-colored fruit of the sumac. There were similar small cups on the table filled with lemonade, and here and there a decanter of Madeira wine, of the Marsala kind, which some prefer to, and many more cannot distinguish from, that which comes from the Atlantic island.

"Take a glass of wine, Judge," said the Colonel; "here is an article that I rather think 'll suit you."

The Judge knew something of wines, and could tell all the famous old Madeiras from each other,—"Eclipse," "Juno," the almost fabulously scarce and precious "White-top," and the rest. He struck the nativity of the Mediterranean Madeira before it had fairly moistened his lip.

"A sound wine, Colonel, and I should think of a genuine vintage. Your very good health."

"Deacon Soper," said the Colonel, "here is some Madary Judge Thornton recommends. Let me fill you a glass of it."

The Deacon's eyes glistened. He was one of those consistent Christians who stick firmly by the first miracle and Paul's advice to Timothy.

"A little good wine won't hurt anybody," said the Deacon. "Plenty, —plenty,—plenty. There!" He had not withdrawn his glass, while the Colonel was pouring, for fear it should spill, and now it was running over.

——It is very odd how all a man's philosophy and theology are at the mercy of a few drops of a fluid which the chemists say consists of nothing but $C_4O_2H_6$. The Deacon's theology fell off several points towards latitudinarianism in the course of the next ten minutes. He had a deep inward sense that everything was as it should be, human nature included. The little accidents of humanity, known collectively to moralists as sin, looked very venial to his growing sense of universal brotherhood and benevolence.

"It will all come right," the Deacon said to himself,—"I feel a joyful conviction that everything is for the best. I am favored with a blessed peace of mind, and a very precious season of good feelin' toward my fellow-creturs."

A lusty young fellow happened to make a quick step backward just at that instant, and put his heel, with his weight on top of it, upon the Deacon's toes.

"Aigh! What the d' d' didos are y' abaout with them great huffs o' yourn?" said the Deacon, with an expression upon his features not exactly that of peace and good-will to men. The lusty young fellow apologized; but the Deacon's face did not come right, and his theology backed round several points in the direction of total depravity.

Some of the dashing young men in stand-up collars and extensive neckties, encouraged by Mr. Geordie, made quite free with the "Madary," and even induced some of the more stylish girls—not of the mansion-house set, but of the tip-top two-story families—to taste a little. Most of these young ladies made faces at it, and declared it was "perfectly horrid," with that aspect of veracity peculiar to their age and sex.

About this time a movement was made on the part of some of the mansion-house people to leave the supper-table. Miss Jane Trecothick had quietly hinted to her mother that she had had enough of it. Miss Arabella Thornton had whispered to her father that he had better adjourn this court to the next room. There were signs of migration,—a loosening of people in their places,—a looking about for arms to hitch on to.

"Stop!" said the Colonel. "There's something coming yet.——Ice-Cream!"

The great folks saw that the play was not over yet, and that it was only polite to stay and see it out. The word "Ice-Cream" was no sooner whispered than it passed from one to another all down the tables. The effect was what might have been anticipated. Many of the guests had never seen this celebrated product of human skill, and to all the two-story population of Rockland it was the last expression of the art of pleasing and astonishing the human palate. Its appearance had been deferred for several reasons; first, because everybody would have attacked it, if it had come in with the other luxuries; secondly, because undue apprehensions were entertained (owing to want of experience) of its tendency to deliquesce and resolve itself with alarming rapidity into puddles of creamy fluid; and, thirdly, because the surprise would make a grand climax to finish off the banquet.

There is something so audacious in the conception of ice-cream, that it is not strange that a population undebauched by the luxury of great cities looks upon it with a kind of awe and speaks of it with a certain emotion. This defiance of the seasons, forcing Nature to do her work of congelation in the face of her sultriest noon, might well inspire a timid mind with fear lest human art were revolting against the Higher Powers, and raise the same scruples which resisted the use of ether and chloroform in certain contingencies. Whatever may be the cause, it is well known that the announcement at any private rural entertainment that there is to be ice-cream produces an immediate and profound impression. It may be remarked, as aiding this impression, that exaggerated ideas are entertained as to the dangerous effects this congealed food may produce on persons not in the most robust health.

There was silence as the pyramids of ice were placed on the table, everybody looking on in admiration. The Colonel took a knife and assailed the one at the head of the table. When he tried to cut off a slice, it didn't seem to understand it, however, and only tipped, as if it wanted to upset. The Colonel attacked it on the other side and it tipped just as badly the other way. It was awkward for the Colonel. "Permit me," said the Judge,—and he took the knife and struck a sharp slanting stroke which sliced off a piece just of the right size, and offered it to Mrs. Sprowle. This act of dexterity was much admired by the company.

The tables were all alive again.

"Lorindy, here's a plate of ice-cream," said Silas Peckham.

"Come, Mahaly," said a fresh-looking young fellow with a saucerful in each hand, "here's your ice-cream;—let's go in the corner and have a celebration, us two." And the old green delaine, with the young curves under it to make it sit well, moved off as pleased apparently as if it had been silk velvet with thousand-dollar laces over it.

"Oh, now, Miss Green! do you think it's safe to put that cold stuff into your stomick?" said the Widow Leech to a young married lady, who, finding the air rather warm, thought a little ice would cool her down very nicely. "It's jest like eatin' snowballs. You don't look very rugged; and I should be dreadful afeard, if I was you"——

"Carrie," said old Dr. Kittredge, who had overheard this,—"how well you're looking this evening! But you must be tired and heated;—sit down here, and let me give you a good slice of ice-cream. How you young folks do grow up, to be sure! I don't feel quite certain whether it's you or your older sister, but I know it's somebody I call Carrie, and that I've known ever since"——

A sound something between a howl and an oath startled the company and broke off the Doctor's sentence. Everybody's eyes turned in the direction from which it came. A group instantly gathered round the person who had uttered it, who was no other than Deacon Soper.

"He's chokin'! he's chokin'!" was the first exclamation,—"slap him on the back!"

Several heavy fists beat such a tattoo on his spine that the Deacon felt as if at least one of his vertebræ would come up.

"He's black in the face," said Widow Leech,—"he's swallered somethin' the wrong way. Where's the Doctor?—let the Doctor get to him, can't ye?"

"If you will move, my good lady, perhaps I can," said Dr. Kittredge, in a calm tone of voice.—"He's not choking, my friends," the Doctor added immediately, when he got sight of him.

"It's apoplexy,—I told you so,—don't you see how red he is in the face?" said old Mrs. Peake, a famous woman for "nussin" sick folks—determined to be a little ahead of the Doctor.

"It's not apoplexy," said Dr. Kittredge.

"What is it, Doctor? what is it? Will he die? Is he dead?—Here's his poor wife, the Widow Soper that is to be, if she a'n't a'ready"——

"Do be quiet, my good woman," said Dr. Kittredge.—"Nothing serious, I think, Mrs. Soper.—Deacon!"

The sudden attack of Deacon Soper had begun with the extraordinary sound mentioned above. His features had immediately assumed an expression of intense pain, his eyes staring wildly, and, clapping his hands to his face, he had rocked his head backward and forward in speechless agony.

At the Doctor's sharp appeal the Deacon lifted his head.

"It's all right," said the Doctor, as soon as he saw his face. "The Deacon had a smart attack of neuralgic pain. That's all. Very severe, but not at all dangerous."

The Doctor kept his countenance, but his diaphragm was shaking the change in his waistcoat-pockets with subterranean laughter. He had looked through his spectacles and seen at once what had happened. The Deacon, not being in the habit of taking his nourishment in the congealed state, had treated the ice-cream as a pudding of a rare species, and, to make sure of doing himself justice in its distribution, had taken a large mouthful of it without the least precaution. The consequence was a sensation as if a dentist were killing the nerves of twenty-five teeth at once with hot irons, or cold ones, which would hurt rather worse.

The Deacon swallowed something with a spasmodic effort, and recovered pretty soon and received the congratulations of his friends. There were different versions of the expressions he had used at the onset of his complaint,—some of the reported exclamations involving a breach of propriety, to say the least,—but it was agreed that a man in an attack of neuralgy wasn't to be judged of by the rules that applied to other folks.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, ~~its~~ sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

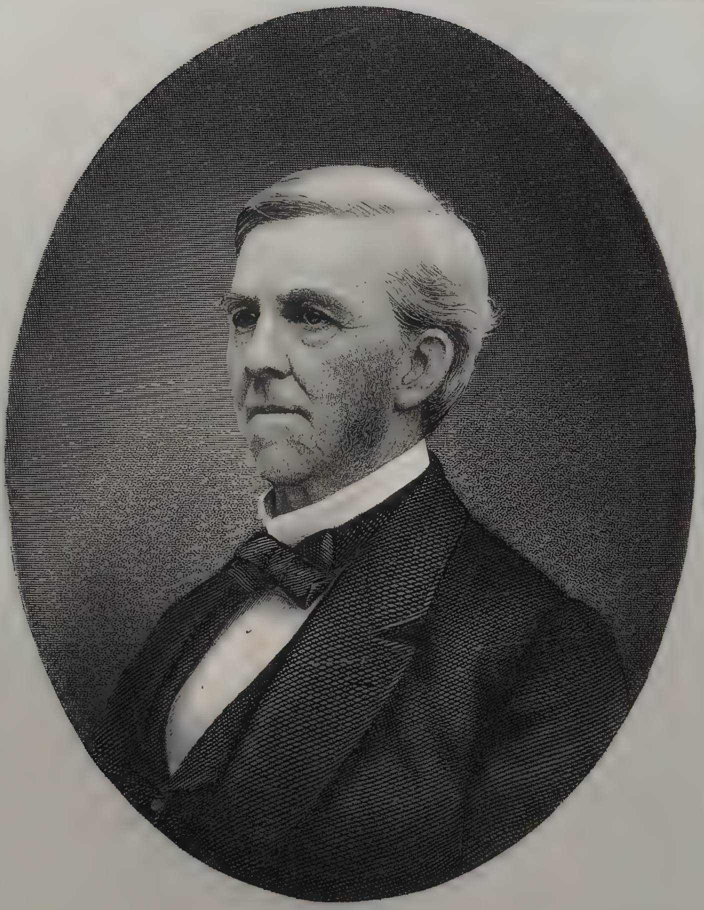
NOT in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.



Oliver Wendell Holmes

Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms!

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view,—
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;

Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring,—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover,—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own,—
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!—
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,

And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

1871.

NEW ENGLAND'S GENTLE ICONOCLAST.

[*Tribute to Emerson. Before the Mass. Historical Society*, 11 *May*, 1882.]

EMERSON'S was an Asiatic mind, drawing its sustenance partly from the hard soil of our New England, partly, too, from the air that has known Himalaya and the Ganges. So impressed with this character of his mind was Mr. Burlingame, as I saw him, after his return from his mission, that he said to me, in a freshet of hyperbole, which was the overflow of a channel with a thread of truth running in it, "There are twenty thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China."

What could we do with this unexpected, unprovided for, unclassified, half unwelcome new-comer, who had been for a while potted, as it were, in our Unitarian cold green-house, but had taken to growing so fast that he was lifting off its glass roof and letting in the hailstorms? Here was a protest that outflanked the extreme left of liberalism, yet so calm and serene that its radicalism had the accents of the gospel of peace. Here was an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship.

The scribes and pharisees made light of his oracular sayings. The lawyers could not find the witnesses to subpœna and the documents to refer to when his case came before them, and turned him over to their wives and daughters. The ministers denounced his heresies, and handled his writings as if they were packages of dynamite, and the grandmothers were as much afraid of his new teachings as old Mrs. Piozzi was of geology. We had had revolutionary orators, reformers, martyrs; it was but a few years since Abner Kneeland had been sent to jail for expressing an opinion about the great First Cause; but we had had nothing like this man, with his seraphic voice and countenance, his choice vocabulary, his refined utterance, his gentle courage, which, with a different manner, might have been called audacity, his temperate statement of opinions which threatened to shake the existing order of thought like an earthquake.

His peculiarities of style and of thinking became fertile parents of mannerisms, which were fair game for ridicule as they appeared in his imitators. For one who talks like Emerson or like Carlyle soon finds himself surrounded by a crowd of walking phonographs, who mechanically reproduce his mental and vocal accents. Emerson was before long talking in the midst of a babbling Simonetta of echoes, and not unnaturally was now and then himself a mark for the small-shot of criticism. He had soon reached that height in the "cold thin atmosphere" of thought where

"Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark his distant flight to do him wrong."

I shall add a few words, of necessity almost epigrammatic, upon his work and character. He dealt with life, and life with him was not merely this particular air-breathing phase of being, but the spiritual existence which included it like a parenthesis between the two infinities. He wanted his daily draughts of oxygen like his neighbors, and was as thoroughly human as the plain people he mentions who had successively owned or thought they owned the house-lot on which he planted his hearthstone. But he was at home no less in the interstellar spaces outside of all the atmospheres. The semi-materialistic idealism of Milton was a gross and clumsy medium compared to the imponderable ether of "The Oversoul" and the unimaginable vacuum of "Brahma." He followed in the shining and daring track of the *Graius homo* of Lucretius:

"Vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi."

It always seemed to me as if he looked at this earth very much as a visitor from another planet would look upon it. He was interested, and to some extent curious about it, but it was not the first spheroid he had been acquainted with, by any means. I have amused myself with comparing his descriptions of natural objects with those of the Angel Raphael in the seventh book of Paradise Lost. Emerson talks of his titmouse as Raphael talks of his emmet. Angels and poets never deal with nature after the manner of those whom we call naturalists.

To judge of him as a thinker, Emerson should have been heard as a lecturer, for his manner was an illustration of his way of thinking. He would lose his place just as his mind would drop its thought and pick up another, twentieth cousin or no relation at all to it. This went so far at times that one could hardly tell whether he was putting together a mosaic of colored fragments, or only turning a kaleidoscope where the pieces tumbled about as they best might. It was as if he had been looking in at a cosmic peep-show, and turning from it at brief intervals to tell us what he saw. But what fragments these colored sentences were, and what pictures they often placed before us, as if we too saw them! Never has this city known such audiences as he gathered; never was such an Olympian entertainment as that which he gave them.

It is very hard to speak of Mr. Emerson's poetry; not to do it injustice, still more to do it justice. It seems to me like the robe of a monarch patched by a New England housewife. The royal tint and stuff are unmistakable, but here and there the gray worsted from the darning-needle crosses and ekes out the Tyrian purple. Few poets who have written so little in verse have dropped so many of those "jewels five words long" which fall from their setting only to be more choicely treasured. *E pluribus unum* is hardly more familiar to our ears than "He builded better than he knew," and Keats's "thing of beauty" is little better known than Emerson's "beauty is its own excuse for being." One may not like to read Emerson's poetry because it is sometimes careless, almost as if carefully so, though never undignified even when slipshod; spotted with quaint archaisms and strange expressions that sound like the affectation of negligence, or with plain, homely phrases such as the self-made scholar is always afraid of. But if one likes Emerson's poetry he will be sure to love it; if he loves it, its phrases will cling to him as hardly any others do. It may not be for the multitude, but it finds its place like pollen-dust and penetrates to the consciousness it is to fertilize and bring to flower and fruit.

I have known something of Emerson as a talker, not nearly so much as many others who can speak and write of him. It is unsafe to tell how a great thinker talks, for perhaps, like a city dealer with a village customer, he has not shown his best goods to the innocent reporter of his sayings. However that may be in this case, let me contrast in a single glance the momentary effect in conversation of the two neighbors, Hawthorne and Emerson. Speech seemed like a kind of travail to Hawthorne. One must harpoon him like a cetacean with questions to make him talk at all. Then the words came from him at last, with bashful manifestations, like those of a young girl, almost,—words that gasped themselves forth, seeming to leave a great deal more behind them than they told, and died out discontented with themselves, like the monologue of thunder in the sky, which always goes off mumbling and grumbling as if it had not said half it wanted to, and ought to say.

Emerson was sparing of words, but used them with great precision and nicety. If he had been followed about by a shorthand-writing Boswell, every sentence he ever uttered might have been preserved. To hear him talk was like watching one crossing a brook on stepping-stones. His noun had to wait for its verb or its adjective until he was ready; then his speech would come down upon the word he wanted, and not Worcester and Webster could better it from all the wealth of their huge vocabularies.

These are only slender rays of side-light on a personality which is interesting in every aspect and will be fully illustrated by those who knew him best. One glimpse of him as a listener may be worth recalling. He was always courteous and bland to a remarkable degree; his smile was the well-remembered line of Terence written out in living features. But when anything said specially interested him he would lean toward the speaker with a look never to be forgotten, his head stretched forward, his shoulders raised like the wings of an eagle, and his eye watching the flight of the thought which had attracted his attention, as if it were his prey, to be seized in mid-air and carried up to his eyry.

To sum up briefly what would, as it seems to me, be the text to be unfolded in his biography, he was a man of excellent common sense, with a genius so uncommon that he seemed like an exotic transplanted from some angelic nursery. His character was so blameless, so beautiful, that it was rather a standard to judge others by than to find a place for on the scale of comparison. Looking at life with the profoundest sense of its infinite significance, he was yet a cheerful optimist, almost too hopeful, peeping into every cradle to see if it did not hold a babe with the halo of a new Messiah about it. He enriched the treasure-house of literature, but, what was far more, he enlarged the boundaries of thought for the few that followed him, and the many who never knew, and do not know to-day, what hand it was which took down their prison walls. He was a preacher who taught that the religion of humanity included both those of Palestine, nor those alone, and taught it with such consecrated lips that the narrowest bigot was ashamed to pray for him, as from a footstool nearer to the throne. "Hitch your wagon to a star"; this was his version of the divine lesson taught by that holy George Herbert whose words he loved. Give him whatever place belongs to him in our literature, in the literature of our language, of the world, but remember this: the end and aim of his being was to make truth lovely and manhood valorous, and to bring our daily life nearer and nearer to the eternal, immortal, invisible.

THE STRONG HEROIC LINE.

[*From the Poem delivered at a Dinner given to Dr. Holmes by the Medical Profession of New York City,* 12 *April,* 1883.]

FRIENDS of the Muse, to you of right belong
The first staid footsteps of my square-toed song;
Full well I know the strong heroic line
Has lost its fashion since I made it mine;

But there are tricks old singers will not learn,
And this grave measure still must serve my turn.
So the old bird resumes the self-same note
His first young summer wakened in his throat:
The self-same tune the old canary sings,
And all unchanged the bobolink's carol rings;
When the tired songsters of the day are still
The thrush repeats his long-remembered trill;
Age alters not the crow's persistent caw,
The Yankee's "Haow," the stammering Briton's "Haw";
And so the hand that takes the lyre for you
Plays the old tune on strings that once were new.
Nor let the rhymester of the hour deride
The straight-backed measure with its stately stride:
It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope;
It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of Pope;
In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter strain;
Byron and Campbell wore its clanking chain;
I smile to listen while the critic's scorn
Flouts the proud purple kings have nobly worn;
Bid each new rhymer try his dainty skill
And mould his frozen phrases as he will;—
We thank the artist for his neat device;
The shape is pleasing, though the stuff is ice.

Fashions will change—the new costume allures,
Unfading still the better type endures;
While the slashed doublet of the cavalier
Gave the old knight the pomp of chanticleer,
Our last-hatched dandy with his glass and stick
Recalls the semblance of a new-born chick;
(To match the model he is aiming at
He ought to wear an egg-shell for a hat);
Which of these objects would a painter choose,
And which Velasquez or Van Dyke refuse?

James Henry Hammond.

BORN in Newberry, S. C., 1807. DIED at Beech Island, Aiken Co., S. C., 1864.

THE PATRIARCHAL SYSTEM *VS.* WHITE SLAVERY.

[*Slavery in the Light of Political Science.—From "Cotton is King," by David Christy, and Pro-Slavery Arguments. Third and Revised Edition, edited by E. N. Elliott.* 1860.]

YOU next complain that our slaves are kept in bondage by the "law of force." In what country or condition of mankind do you see human affairs regulated merely by the law of love? Unless I am greatly mistaken, you will, if you look over the world, find nearly all certain and permanent rights, civil, social, and I may even add religious, resting on and ultimately secured by the "law of force." The power of majorities—of aristocracies—of kings—nay of priests, for the most part, and of property, resolves itself at last into "force," and could not otherwise be long maintained. Thus, in every turn of your argument against our system of slavery, you advance, whether conscious of it or not, radical and revolutionary doctrines calculated to change the whole face of the world, to overthrow all government, disorganize society, and reduce man to a state of nature—red with blood, and shrouded once more in barbaric ignorance. But you greatly err, if you suppose, because we rely on force in the last resort to maintain our supremacy over our slaves, that ours is a stern and unfeeling domination, at all to be compared in hard-hearted severity to that exercised, not over the mere laborer only, but by the higher over each lower order, wherever the British sway is acknowledged. You say, that if those you address were "to spend one day in the South, they would return home with impressions against slavery never to be erased." But the fact is universally the reverse. I have known numerous instances, and I never knew a single one, where there was no other cause of offence, and no object to promote by falsehood, that individuals from the non-slaveholding States did not, after residing among us long enough to understand the subject, "return home" *to defend our slavery.* It is matter of regret that you have never tried the experiment yourself. I do not doubt you would have been converted, for I give you credit for an honest though perverted mind. You would have seen how weak and futile is all abstract reasoning about this matter, and that, as a building may not be less elegant in its proportions, or tasteful in its ornaments, or virtuous in its uses, for being based upon granite, so a system of human government, though founded on force, may develop and cultivate the tenderest and purest sentiments of the human heart. And our patriarchal scheme of domestic servitude is indeed well calculated to awaken the higher and finer feelings of our nature. It is not wanting in its enthusiasm and its poetry. The relations of the most beloved and honored chief, and the most faithful and admiring subjects, which, from the time of Homer, have been the theme of song, are frigid and unfelt compared with those existing between the master and his slaves—who served his father, and rocked his cradle, or have been born in his household, and look forward to serve his children—who have been through life the props of his fortune, and the objects of his care—who have partaken of his griefs, and looked to him for comfort in their own —whose sickness he has so frequently watched over and relieved—whose holidays he has so often made joyous by his bounties and his presence; for whose welfare, when absent, his anxious solicitude never ceases, and whose hearty and affectionate greetings never fail to welcome him home. In this cold, calculating, ambitious world of ours, there are few ties more heartfelt, or of more benignant influence, than those which mutually bind the master and the slave, under our ancient system, handed down from the father of Israel. The unholy purpose of the abolitionists is, to destroy by defiling it; to infuse into it the gall and bitterness which rankle in their own envenomed bosoms; to poison the minds of the master and servant; turn love to hatred, array "force" against force and hurl all

> "With hideous ruin and combustion, down
> To bottomless perdition."

You think it a great "crime" that we do not pay our slaves "wages," and on this account pronounce us "robbers." In my former letter, I showed that the labor of our slaves was not without great cost to us, and that in fact they themselves receive more in return for it than your hirelings do for theirs. For what purpose do men labor, but to support themselves and their families in what comfort they are able? The efforts of mere physical labor seldom suffice to provide more than a livelihood. And it is a well known and shocking fact that while a few operatives in Great Britain succeed in securing a comfortable living, the greater part drag out a miserable existence, and sink at last under absolute want. Of what avail is it that you go through the form of paying them a pittance of what you call "wages," when you do not, in return for their services, allow them what alone they ask—and have a just right to demand—enough to feed, clothe, and lodge them, in health and sickness, with reasonable comfort? Though we do not give "wages" in money, we do this for our slaves, and they are therefore better rewarded than yours. It is the prevailing vice and error of the age, and one from which the abolitionists, with all their saintly pretensions, are far from being free, to bring everything to the standard of money. You make gold and silver the great test of happiness. The American slave must be wretched indeed, because he is not compensated for his services *in cash.* It is altogether praiseworthy to pay the laborer a shilling a day, and let him starve on it. To supply all his wants abundantly, and at all times, yet withhold from him *money,* is among "the most reprobated crimes." The fact cannot be denied, that the mere laborer is now, and always has been, everywhere that barbarism has ceased, enslaved. Among the innovations of modern times, following "the decay of villeinage," has been the creation of a new system of slavery. The primitive and patriarchal, which may also be called the sacred and natural system, in which the laborer is under the personal control of a fellow-being endowed with the sentiments and sympathies of humanity, exists among us. It has been almost everywhere else superseded by the modern *artificial money-power system*, in which man—his thews and sinews, his hopes and affections, his very being, are all subjected to the dominion of Capital—a monster without a heart—cold, stern, arithmetical—sticking to the bond—taking ever the "pound of flesh,"—working up human life with engines, and retailing it out by weight and measure. His name of old was "Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell from heaven." And it is to extend his empire that you and your deluded coadjutors dedicate your lives. You are stirring up mankind to overthrow our heaven-ordained system of servitude, surrounded by innumerable checks, designed and planted deep in the human heart by God and nature, to substitute the absolute rule of this "spirit reprobate," whose proper place was hell.

You charge us with looking on our slaves "as chattels or brutes," and enter into a somewhat elaborate argument to prove that they have "human forms," "talk," and even "think." Now, the fact is, that however you may indulge in this strain for effect, it is the abolitionists, and not the slaveholders, who, practically, and in the most important point of view, regard our slaves as "chattels or brutes." In your calculations of the consequences of emancipation, you pass over entirely those which must prove most serious, and which arise from the fact of their being *persons.*

You appear to think that we might abstain from the use of them as readily as if they were machines to be laid aside, or cattle that might be turned out to find pasturage for themselves. I have heretofore glanced at some of the results that would follow from breaking the bonds of so many human beings, now peacefully and happily linked into our social system. The tragic horrors, the decay and ruin that would for years, perhaps for ages, brood over our land, if it could be accomplished, I will not attempt to portray. But do you fancy the blight would, in such an event, come to us alone? The diminution of the sugar crop of the West Indies affected Great Britain only, and there chiefly the poor. It was a matter of no moment to capital, that labor should have one comfort less. Yet it has forced a reduction of the British duty on sugar. Who can estimate the consequences that must follow the annihilation of the cotton crop of the slaveholding States? I do not undervalue the importance of other articles of commerce, but no calamity could befall the world at all comparable to the sudden loss of two millions of bales of cotton annually. From the deserts of Africa to the Siberian wilds—from Greenland to the Chinese wall—there is not a spot of earth but would feel the sensation. The factories of Europe would fall with a concussion that would shake down castles, palaces, and even thrones; while the "purse-proud, elbowing insolence" of our Northern monopolist would soon disappear forever under the smooth speech of the pedler, scourging our frontiers for a livelihood, or the bluff vulgarity of the South Sea whaler, following the harpoon amid storms and shoals. Doubtless the abolitionists think we could grow cotton without slaves, or that at worst the reduction of the crop would be moderate and temporary. Such gross delusions show how profoundly ignorant they are of our condition here.

Albert Taylor Bledsoe.

Born in Frankfort, Ky., 1809.—Died at Alexandria, Va., 1877.

PREDICTING THE CONSEQUENCES OF ABOLITION.

[*Liberty and Slavery.—From "Cotton is King," by David Christy, and Pro-Slavery Arguments. Third and Revised Edition, edited by E. N. Elliott.* 1860.]

NOR do we wish to see the experiment, which has brought down such widespread ruin on all the great interests of St. Domingo and the British colonies, tried in this prosperous and now beautiful land of ours. It requires no prophet to foresee the awful consequences of such an experiment on the lives, the liberties, the fortunes, and the morals of the people of the Southern States. Let us briefly notice some of these consequences.

Consider, in the first place, the vast amount of property which would be destroyed by the madness of such an experiment. According to the estimate of Mr. Clay, "the total value of the slave property in the United States is twelve hundred millions of dollars," all of which the people of the South are expected to sacrifice on the altar of abolitionism.

It only moves the indignation of the abolitionist that we should for one moment hesitate. "I see," he exclaims, "in the immenseness of the value of the slaves, the enormous amount of robbery committed on them. I see 'twelve hundred millions of dollars' seized, extorted by unrighteous force." But, unfortunately, his passions are so furious that his mind no sooner comes into contact with any branch of the subject of slavery than instantly, as if by a flash of lightning, his opinion is formed, and he begins to declaim and denounce as if reason should have nothing to do with the question. He does not even allow himself time for a single moment's serious reflection. Nay, resenting the opinion of the most sagacious of our statesmen as an insult to his understanding, he deems it beneath his dignity even to make an attempt to look beneath the surface of the great problem on which he condescends to pour the illumination of his genius. Ere we accept his oracles as inspired, we beg leave to think a little, and consider their intrinsic value.

Twelve hundred millions of dollars extorted by unrighteous force! What enormous robbery! Now, let it be borne in mind that this is the language of a man who, as we have seen, has—in one of his lucid intervals—admitted that *it is right to apply force* to compel those to work who will not labor from rational motives. Such is precisely the application of the force which now moves his righteous indignation.

This force, so justly applied, has created this enormous value of twelve hundred millions of dollars. It has neither seized nor extorted this vast amount from others; it has simply created it out of that which, but for such force, would have been utterly valueless. And if experience teaches anything, then, no sooner shall this force be withdrawn than the great value in question will disappear. It will not be restored; it will be annihilated. The slaves—now worth so many hundred millions of dollars—would become worthless to themselves and nuisances to society. No free State in the Union would be willing to receive them—or a considerable portion of them—into her dominions. They would be regarded as pests, and, if possible, everywhere expelled from the empires of freemen.

Our lands, like those of the British West Indies, would become almost valueless for the want of laborers to cultivate them. The most beautiful garden-spots of the sunny South would, in the course of a few years, be turned into a jungle, with only here and there a forlorn plantation. Poverty and distress, bankruptcy and ruin, would everywhere be seen. In one word, the condition of the Southern States would, in all material respects, be like that of the once flourishing British colonies in which the fatal experiment of emancipation has been tried.

Such are some of the fearful consequences of emancipation. But these are not all. The ties that would be severed, and the sympathies crushed, by emancipation, are not at all understood by abolitionists. They are, indeed, utter strangers to the moral power which these ties and sympathies now exert for the good of the inferior race. . .

Let the slaves be emancipated, then, and, in one or two generations, the white people of the South would care as little for the freed blacks among us as the same class of persons are now cared for by the white people of the North. The prejudice of race would be restored with unmitigated violence. The blacks are contented in servitude, so long as they find themselves excluded from none of the privileges of the condition to which they belong; but let them be delivered from the authority of their masters, and they will feel their rigid exclusion from the society of the whites and all participation in their government. They would become clamorous for "their inalienable rights." Three millions of freed blacks, thus circumstanced, would furnish the elements of the most horrible civil war the world has ever witnessed.

These elements would soon burst in fury on the land. There was no civil war in Jamaica, it is true, after the slaves were emancipated; but this was because the power of Great Britain was over the two parties, and held them in subjection. It would be far otherwise here. For here there would be no power to check—while there would be infernal agencies at work to promote—civil discord and strife. As Robespierre caused it to be proclaimed to the free blacks of St. Domingo that they were naturally entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizens; as Mr. Seward proclaimed the same doctrine to the free blacks of New York; so there would be kind benefactors enough to propagate the same sentiments among our colored population. They would be instigated, in every possible way, to claim their natural equality with the whites; and, by every diabolical art, their bad passions would be inflamed. If the object of such agitators were merely to stir up scenes of strife and blood, it might be easily attained; but if it were to force the blacks into a social and political equality with the whites, it would most certainly and forever fail. For the government of these Southern States was, by our fathers, founded on the virtue and intelligence of the people, and there we intend it shall stand. The African has neither part nor lot in the matter.

We cannot suppose, for a moment, that abolitionists would be in the slightest degree moved by the awful consequences of emancipation. Poverty, ruin, death, are very small items with these sublime philanthropists. They scarcely enter into their calculations. The dangers of a civil war—though the most fearful the world has ever seen—lie quite beneath the range of their humanity.

Indeed, we should expect our argument from the consequences of emancipation to be met by a thoroughgoing abolitionist with the words, "Perish the Southern States rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!" We ask them not to sacrifice their principles to us; nor do we intend that they shall sacrifice us to their principles. For if perish we must, it shall be as a sacrifice to our own principles, and not to theirs.

Elihu Burritt.

Born in New Britain, Conn., 1810. Died there, 1879.

A LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

[*Elihu Burritt; A Memorial Volume. Edited by Chas. Northend.* 1879.]

I WAS the youngest of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school; and those, again, were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the social library, all the historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half of my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors, I commenced the Greek. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me, against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupto*, *tupteis*, *tuptei*, unperceived by my fellow-apprentices, and, to my confusion of face, sometimes with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter.

I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself, in these investigations, to a few hours, after the arduous labors of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New Haven, where I recited to native teachers, in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. At the expiration of two years I returned to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew, with an awakened desire for examining another field; and, by assiduous application, I was enabled, in a few weeks, to read this language with such facility that I allotted it to myself, as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible, before breakfast, each morning; this and an hour at noon being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day.

After becoming somewhat familiar with the Hebrew, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of Oriental literature, and to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books. I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor, on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities for collecting, at different ports, such works in the modern and Oriental languages as I found necessary for my object. I left the forge and my native place, to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed; and while revolving in my mind what step next to take, I accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society, in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the hall of the Antiquarian Society, and found there, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental languages as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours, daily, at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and Oriental languages as to be able to read upwards of *fifty* of them with more or less facility.

Mary Lowell Putnam.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1810.

AFRICAN PREACHERS.

[*Record of an Obscure Man.* 1861.]

"I HAVE heard much," I said, after a few moments' pause, "of the eloquence of African preachers, but I have not yet had the good fortune to meet with one who justified their reputation."

"It is possible you may not have it. It has more than once been my chance to observe a remarkable phenomenon. I have been standing entranced, like the rest of his hearers, before one of these rude prophets, when suddenly the electric current has been broken. The spell by which he held his audience is dissolved. The seer has vanished. An ordinary man is before you, dealing out commonplaces in language trite or turgid. I have looked for the explanation,—nor long. A party of white persons had entered,—fashionable women, perhaps, and men condescending or supercilious,—brought by curiosity to hear a specimen of negro eloquence."

"The poor slave—even in his moments of exaltation he is quelled by the lordly eye of his superior."

"I believe," replied Edward, "that, in general, it is not awe that works the change, but the sudden introduction of an unsympathizing element."

"I have seen the same failure in an illiterate white preacher of real eloquence, when called to speak before a cultivated audience. I confess, in his case, I thought the desire of being equal to his reputation had something to do with his falling so far below it. He abandoned his usual simple, nervous language for a studied diction, and made a little display of scholarship quite uncalled for. I afterwards heard him in his own Bethel, and formed a very different estimate of his powers."

"Among the weaker sort," Edward answered, "vanity has, no doubt, a share in this sudden destitution of apostolic gifts. I have seen among the black preachers men of real ability, sincere men, too, make themselves absurd, when called upon to speak before an audience composed of white persons. This is especially apt to be the case when the occasion has been foreseen and prepared for. But, in general, this temporary suspension or inthralment of the powers, of which we have been speaking, is due neither to servility nor self-love, but to an influence of which all men are more or less susceptible. No faculty is more under the control of exhilarating or depressing influences than that of language. Sympathy is the breath of life to the poet. I have known men strong enough to hold themselves independent of it,—yet few. These have been men severely schooled by suffering, and whose whole being was possessed by an earnest purpose. The slave does not commonly want the needed discipline; and when he is great enough to be formed, not crushed by it, no man is more likely to devote himself to a single and unselfish object. The adoration of the Deity, and the awakening of other souls to his love and worship, often make the voluntary life of the man whose material existence has no office for his will or his hope."

"I can understand the power of these men over their fellows, but not that they should have any over you. Yet it is true that those who are in continual attendance on their masters wear off all coarseness, and have nothing in their manner which offends."

"The ablest and most eloquent among them," said Edward, smiling, "are not usually those who are in constant communication with the master race, nor, indeed, those who have received most instruction. They are more commonly found among the followers of mechanic arts which employ the hands without engrossing the thoughts. These men enjoy greater independence than the others. They are necessarily more trusted to themselves. They are forced to use their own faculties. They do not commonly work under the eye of a taskmaster. They are not obliged to be always ready at call. Wood-cutting, cattle-tending, boating of produce, any occupation which implies a certain independence and gives opportunity for silent meditation, is more favorable than household service. Agriculture on a small plantation, where few hands are employed, does not so much impede the expansion of the intellect. But the obsequiousness, the alertness, required of a domestic servant, accord very ill with the grand, tranquil flow of religious inspiration. And the wretch—one of a gang as abject as himself—who has toiled all day under the lash of a driver, what has he strength for but perhaps a dumb, imploring prayer to a Protection divined, but not yet made manifest?"

"But from what source do the men you speak of draw their ideas, their language?"

"They owe, indeed," Edward answered, "little to schools. And that great garden of modern literature in which we wander at will, passing from one flower or fruit to another so carelessly that we hardly know well the perfume or flavor of any, is shut to them. But they have, perhaps, their compensation. If they are confined to one volume, it is a volume which is in itself a library. Let us not forget that they have been trained by that great teacher through whose influence England learned to speak with one tongue and to feel with one heart,—the same that gave to Germany a classic language, and that infused into the springing literature of these countries those elements of elevation and energy that have distinguished the productions of English and German mind from those of any other modern people. Shall we call that man uncultivated whose mind is imbued with the deep wisdom, the sublime devotion, the grand imagery of the Book of Books? And where shall we find a better school of language, a deeper well of English undefiled, than in our common version of the Old and New Testaments?"

"Do all these preachers know how to read?"

"Many of them. Those who do not, when they are men of strong intellect, lose less by the deprivation than we are apt to suppose. For every aid that civilization gives us, we sacrifice something of our self-reliance, and, with this, something of our power. The force of memory possessed by some of these men, who cannot store learning up in libraries and find it ready to their hand, but must trust to their own brain for the preservation of whatever mental treasures they collect, would astonish many a German scholar. Only the Druids, perhaps, may have surpassed them. Their wealth, too, is gathered slowly; each new accession is pondered and scrutinized."

"I have had few opportunities of listening to negro eloquence. I once, indeed, heard a black man relate to an audience of his own race a mournful incident in simple and touching language. I was moved with the rest. But when he heightened the pathos of his narrative by noting the fineness of the handkerchief with which his heroine dried her tears, my sympathies received a sudden shock. He passed from the grief of the bereaved to the procession of carriages to the grave, and described with unction the splendor and profusion of the funeral-feast. I have always found my interest thus cut short. It is true, I have heard no black preacher of eminence. I have seen reports of negro discourses in which I have found originality certainly, and rude power; but the grotesque and vulgar images, which no doubt were well enough adapted to those they were meant for, would, I am afraid, have made me laugh in spite of myself, if I had been of the audience."

James Freeman Clarke.

Born in Hanover, N. H., 1810. Died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., 1888.

THE BELIEF IN GOD.

[*Ten Great Religions.* 1883.]

WHENCE was this belief in God, which we find so universal, derived? We have seen that all men believe in and adore unseen powers, higher than themselves. This worship begins in one great faith, universal and the same,—the belief in the presence and power of invisible spirits. It passes up through various phases of belief, and then at last becomes once more the same faith; namely, belief in one Supreme Spiritual Being. It is one in its lowest form as Animism; one, finally, in its highest form, as Monotheism.

The only source from which man's belief in spirits could have been derived is the consciousness that he is himself a soul, a soul with a body for its present organ, but capable of existing without this organism. Apart from this consciousness, it is difficult to see how his belief in disembodied spirits could have come.

The second step is taken by means of another universal and necessary law of thought—belief in causation. All things around are in perpetual change; but a law of the mind compels us to believe that every event must have a cause; that for every change there must exist a motive force.

This notion of cause is deeply rooted in every human mind. It is a universal idea, for all men have it. It is a necessary idea, for we cannot help having it, even if we deny its existence. It probably arises first in the mind on the occasion of our making an effort and seeing some result follow. Cause is an idea connected intimately with personal action, effort, choice, the exercise of an intelligent will. Childlike races, looking out on the phenomena of nature, the coming of dawn, day and night, storm and sunshine, spring-time and harvest, flowers and fruits, and, seeing that these were caused by the sun, the atmosphere, the spring rains and summer heats, personified these causes as the Sun-god and Rain-god, as Agin, God of fire, and Indra, God of Storms. Thus the second step in religious belief was taken.

The next idea associated with the gods is that of creation. This belief in a God, who has created the heavens and the earth, we have also found to be very widely disseminated among races in every degree of civilization.

What was the origin of this belief? It seems to have risen in the mind by adding to the idea of causation that of finality or design. There is a universal law of thought, by which from the perception of adaptation we infer design. I do not here undertake to decide if this be an original intuition or not, but at present it is a law of thought which works like an instinct. Nearly the whole life of man is spent in adapting means to foreseen and intended ends. From the hunter setting his trap to catch game, up to Shakespeare designing the play of "Hamlet," or the Apostle Paul planning the conversion of Europe, through all human industries, arts, amusements, man is adapting means to ends during all his life. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Cape Cod, before they knew whether the region was inhabited they "came to a tree where a young sprit was bowed down, and some acorns strewed under it. As we were looking at it William Bradford came up, and as he went about, it gave a sudden jerk up, and he was caught by the leg. Stephen Hopkins said, 'It was made to catch some deer.' It is a very pretty device." No one thought it a freak of nature. Adaptation proved design. In a stratum of sand belonging to a geological epoch where the presence of man had not then been suspected, there were found stones rudely shaped into some kind of tools. Their adaptation to cutting and grinding was at once regarded as a sufficient proof of design, therefore as evidence that men had existed on the earth at that remote period. No one can contemplate the myriad adaptations of means to ends in nature without being impressed with the sense of intelligent purpose. We do not stop now to consider the modern metaphysical objections to finality in nature. Such objections certainly never disturbed the primitive reason of mankind. To the common sense of the childlike races, no less than to the penetrating thought of Socrates, it was enough to look at the immense order of the universe, its infinite variety and majestic unity, its thousandfold adaptations to life, growth, and the progress of the creature, to lead to the conclusion that it was the work of some divine architect, some celestial Demiurg.

One more step was to be taken. If there are supernatural beings above man, yet caring for man, and if among these there is a Supreme Being maintaining the order of the universe, it needs only to proceed a little farther in this process of thought to reach the pure Monotheism of the Greek philosophy and the Egyptian mysteries. A contemplation of the world without shows universal law, fixed and invariable order, the permanence of being; and on this permanence of existing law our whole mind and heart repose securely. The invariable order of things is the only guarantee of our sanity, and to maintain this order we need infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite goodness. This conception of Infinite Being, existing in boundless space and eternal duration, is given us by another law of thought behind which we cannot go. Given the finite, there is a necessity to believe in the infinite. This is a conception so lofty as to seem above the capacity of a created mind, and yet it is one of the primal truths from which no human reason can escape. It is one of those of which Epictetus says: "He who denies self-evident truths cannot be reasoned with."

William Henry Channing.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1810. **Died** in London, England, 1884.

MARGARET FULLER.

[*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.* 1852.]

AS, leaning on one arm, she poured out her stream of thought, turning now and then her eyes full upon me, to see whether I caught her meaning, there was leisure to study her thoroughly. Her temperament was predominantly what the physiologists would call nervous sanguine; and the gray eye, rich brown hair, and light complexion, with the muscular and well-developed frame, bespoke delicacy balanced by vigor. Here was a sensitive yet powerful being, fit at once for rapture or sustained effort, intensely active, prompt for adventure, firm for trial. She certainly had not beauty, yet the high arched dome of the head, the changeful expressiveness of every feature, and her whole air of mingled dignity and impulse, gave her a commanding charm. Especially characteristic were two physical traits. The first was a contraction of the eyelids almost to a point,—a trick caught from near-sightedness,—and then a sudden dilation, till the iris seemed to emit flashes;—an effect, no doubt, dependent on her highly magnetized condition. The second was a singular pliancy of the vertebræ and muscles of the neck, enabling her by a mere movement to denote each varying emotion; in moments of tenderness, or pensive feeling, its curves were swan-like in grace, but when she was scornful or indignant it contracted, and made swift turns like that of a bird of prey. Finally, in the animation, yet *abandon*, of Margaret's attitude and look, were rarely blended the fiery force of northern, and the soft languor of southern races.

Meantime, as I was thus, through her physiognomy, tracing the outlines of her spiritual form, she was narrating chapters from the book of experience. How superficially, heretofore, had I known her. We had met chiefly as scholars. But now I saw before me one whose whole life had been a poem,—of boundless aspiration and hope almost wild in its daring,—of indomitable effort amidst poignant disappointment,—of widest range, yet persistent unity. Yes, here was a poet indeed, a true worshipper of Apollo, who had steadfastly striven to brighten and make glad existence, to harmonize all jarring and discordant strings, to fuse most hard conditions and cast them in a symmetric mould, to piece fragmentary fortunes into a mosaic symbol of heavenly order. Here was one, fond as a child of joy, eager as a native of the tropics for swift transition from luxurious rest to passionate excitement, prodigal to pour her mingled force of will, thought, sentiment, into the life of the moment, all radiant with imagination, longing for communion with artists of every age in their inspired hours, fitted by genius and culture to mingle as an equal in the most refined circles of Europe, and yet her youth and early womanhood had passed away amid the very decent, yet drudging, descendants of the prim Puritans. Trained among those who could have discerned her peculiar power, and early fed with the fruits of beauty for which her spirit pined, she would have developed into one of the finest lyrists, romancers, and critics, that the modern literary world has seen. This she knew; and this tantalization of her fate she keenly felt.

But the tragedy of Margaret's history was deeper yet. Behind the poet was the woman,—the fond and relying, the heroic and disinterested woman. The very glow of her poetic enthusiasm was but an outflush of trustful affection; the very restlessness of her intellect was the confession that her heart had found no home. A "bookworm," "a dilettante," "a pedant," I had heard her sneeringly called; but now it was evident that her seeming insensibility was virgin pride, and her absorption in study the natural vent of emotions, which had met no object worthy of life-long attachment. At once, many of her peculiarities became intelligible. Fitfulness, unlooked-for changes of mood, misconceptions of words and actions, substitution of fancy for fact,—which had annoyed me during the previous season, as inconsistent in a person of such capacious judgment and sustained self-government,—were now referred to the morbid influence of affections pent up to prey upon themselves. And, what was still more interesting, the clue was given to a singular credulousness, by which, in spite of her unusual penetration, Margaret might be led away blindfold. As this revelation of her ardent nature burst upon me, and as, rapidly recalling the past, I saw how faithful she had kept to her high purposes,—how patient, gentle, and thoughtful for others, how active in self-improvement and usefulness, how wisely dignified she had been,—I could not but bow to her in reverence.

We walked back to the house amid a rosy sunset, and it was with no surprise that I heard her complain of an agonizing nervous headache, which compelled her at once to retire and call for assistance. As for myself, while going homeward, I reflected with astonishment on the unflagging spiritual energy with which, for hour after hour, she had swept over lands and seas of thought, and, as my own excitement cooled, I became conscious of exhaustion, as if a week's life had been concentrated in a day.

The interview, thus hastily sketched, may serve as a fair type of our usual intercourse. Always I found her open-eyed to beauty, fresh for wonder, with wings poised for flight, and fanning the coming breeze of inspiration. Always she seemed to see before her—

" A shape all light, which with one hand did fling
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,
And the invisible rain did ever sing
A silver music on the mossy lawn."

Yet more and more distinctly did I catch a plaintive tone of sorrow in her thought and speech, like the wail of an Æolian harp heard at intervals from some upper window. She had never met one who could love her as she could love; and in the orange-grove of her affections the white, perfumed blossoms and golden fruit wasted away unclaimed. Through the mask of slight personal defects and ungraceful manners, of superficial hauteur and egotism, and occasional extravagance of sentiment, no equal had recognized the rare beauty of her spirit. She was yet alone.

Cassius Marcellus Clay.

BORN in Madison Co., Ky., 1810.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[*Memoirs, Writings, and Speeches.* 1886.]

WE all know Mr. Lincoln was not learned in books; but he had a higher education in actual life than most of his compeers. I have always placed him first of all the men of the times in common sense. He was not a great projector—not a great pioneer—hence not in the first rank of thinkers among men; but, as an observer of men and measures, he was patient, conservative, and of sure conclusions. I do not say that more heroic surgery might not have put down the Rebellion; but it is plain that Lincoln was a man fitted for the leadership at a time when men differed so much about the ends as well as the methods of the war. The anti-slavery element in these States was never, and is not now, great. The Americans, like the English, are ever much in favor of their own liberty. Only when the slave-power projected universal dominion was the North aroused; and only when it was the death of Slavery, or the death of the Union, did the great mass of Americans assent to its destruction. So Lincoln was not indifferent to slavery, as some of his superficial critics assert; but he was a type of the majority of Americans who, whilst conscious of the evils of slavery, were not yet so enthusiastic as to desire to grapple with its difficulties. But Lincoln was not only wise, but good. He was not only good, but eminently patriotic. He was the most honest man that I ever knew. Religiously, he was an agnostic; but practically, as the responsibilities of his position increased, his devotion to duty increased. So, like the great leaders of all times, he became more conscious of the weakness of Man and the power of God.

These sentiments are variously characterized,—with Cyrus it was the gods; with Cæsar and Napoleon it was individuality and destiny; and with Lincoln it grew more and more into a lively belief in the personal government of God. This I inferred not so much from his words as his acts, and that sad submission to events and close observance of duty which seemed to rise above all human power over events. I think, therefore, that morality and religion gain nothing by a perversion of facts; and the noblest heroism of all the ages has followed close on to Theism. For then are the highest faculties of the mind, and the noblest aspirations of the soul, moving in the same direction to the grandest results of human achievements. Lincoln's death only added to the grandeur of his figure; and in all our history no man will ascend higher on the steep where—

"Fame's proud temple shines afar."

Robert Taylor Conrad.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1810. Died there, 1858.

THE DEATH OF JACK CADE.

[*Aylmere, or, The Bondman of Kent. A Tragedy. Written for Edwin Forrest, and first produced by him at the Park Theatre, New York,* 24 *May*, 1841.—*Aylmere . . . and Other Poems.* 1852.]

Scene: *The Guildhall in London.* Aylmere *seated at a table. Enter* Mowbray, Worthy, *and others, with* Buckingham *and* Archbishop of Canterbury.

Buck. In the King's name, Lord Mortimer, we come,
To ask why thus you fright his peaceful realm
With wild rebellion?
Ayl. Why!—You mock us, lords!
Are ye so deaf that England's shrieks ye hear not?
So blind, ye see not her wan brow sweat blood?
Buck. My lord, if you seek power in this, remember,
The greatness which is born in anarchy,
And thrown aloft in tumult, cannot last.
It mounts, like rocks hurled skywards by volcanoes,
Flashes a guilty moment, and falls back
In the red earthquake's bosom.

AYL. Sagely said!
Go back unto the court, and preach it, where
Fraud laughs at faith, and force at right, and where
Success is sainted if it come from hell!
I leave your royal toys to idiot kings;
And seek the right—the right!
BUCK. Disband your force;
We promise mercy.
AYL. Now 'fore Heaven, you're kind,
You've scourged, and chained, and mocked us; made God's earth
A dungeon, and a living grave; and now,
When we are free,—our swords in our right hands,
Our tyrants shivering at our feet—ye prate
Of promised mercy. Hark ye! if you yield not,
The wolf shall howl in your spoiled palaces!
Better were England made a wild, than be
The home of bondmen!
BUCK. What do you demand?
We would have peace, if not too dearly bought.
AYL. We're deaf. Say lives! Till he be rendered up,
We know no word like peace!
BUCK. He is in ward,
And, to appease the commons, shall be tried.
AYL. Pah! He is tried and sentenced by a nation!
Give him, or—we will take him!—We can do it;
And, gentle sirs, ye know it!
BUCK. Be it so;
[*To attendant.*] Bring from the tower Lord Say!
ARCHBISHOP. [*aside.*] Can we not save him?
BUCK. [*aside.*] 'Tis now too late.
AYL. [*aside.*] It is no dream—no dream!
The hour has come!
BUCK. We yield thee Say:—what further?
AYL. That the king grant this charter to his people.
[*Unrolling and exhibiting the scroll.*]
BUCK. What doth it covenant?
AYL. Freedom for the bond!
BUCK. For all?
AYL. For all; all who breathe England's air,
Henceforward shall be free!
[BUCKINGHAM *and* ARCHBISHOP *confer.*]
BUCK. This too, we grant.
AYL. Now can I die in peace!—It frees, moreover,
The people from all tyrannous exactions,
Taxes, and aids, to feed a rotten court.
BUCK. All this,—conditioned you withdraw your host.
AYL. A pen, a pen!—I will, my lord—I will.
Your name, my Lord Archbishop.
[ARCHBISHOP *signs.*]
Yours, my lord.
[BUCKINGHAM *signs.*]

BUCK. Art now content?
AYL. Not till the realm's broad seal
Make the chart sacred.
BUCK. Nay—
AYL. [*impatiently.*] The seal—the seal!
BUCK. As you will. [*To officer.*] Bear this to the tower, and bid
My secretary stamp this charter with
The great seal of the realm.
AYL. And, Mowbray, thou
With him and haste! That hope! that hope!—And when
'Tis done, shout the glad tidings to our host;
And bid their hearts and voices tell the heavens,
That they are slaves no more!
[*Exit* MOWBRAY.]

Enter officer with SAY.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Now do I almost love thee, for this hour!
Why bridegroom ne'er met bride with such a joy
As I meet thee!
STRAW. [*rushing forward.*] I'll strike him down!
AYL. Hold, knave!
I cannot spare a hair of that proud head—
A drop of that foul heart. All, all is mine!
SAY. Thou fierce and savage man!
AYL. Fierce! I am gentle;
Gentle and joyous. Fierce! You see I laugh!
[*Sternly.*] Thou hadst a bondman once—his name was Cade,
A white-haired man?
SAY. I had.
AYL. And for some toy,
That harmless man was flayed. And thou stoodst by,
And saw the red whip pierce his quivering flesh,
Until it fell, piecemeal, into the blood
That gathered at his feet! You murdered him!
SAY. The villain was my bond.
AYL. Your bond! His child,
A pale boy, struck you down, and spurned you—spurned you.
And he, too, was your bond!
SAY. The carle escaped.
AYL. Ay, but forgot you not, though years and troubles
Passed darkly o'er him! But thy victim's widow—
Ha! doth her name appall thee? Thine the arm—
Coward! that smote her! Thou it was that gave
Her wasted form to the fierce flames! thou! thou!
Thought'st thou not of her boy? The poor Jack Cade
Is now the avenger! Mortimer no more—
Behold me—Cade the bondman!
SAY. Thou! Heaven shield me!
AYL. Even I! Ha! ha! The grace of noble birth!
Poor Cade, the bondman, worshipped as a prince!
Poor Cade, the bondman, giving laws to princes!

But no! Cade is no bondman! England's sun
Sees not a slave; and her glad breeze floats by,
And bears no groans save those of her oppressors.
Now for thy doom. The scourge that slew my father
Shall, from thy shrinking flesh, lap up the blood
That gushes at its greeting, till thy frame
Is ragged from the lash. Then to the stake!
My father's torture and my mother's death!
SAY. [*aside.*] No, never by the torture will I die—
Nor die alone! I have a weapon still.
[*Tauntingly.*] How fareth Mariamne?
AYL. Wretch! But he
Shall move me not.
SAY. Clifford was a rough wooer.
AYL. And wooed his death.
SAY. The murderess sank a maniac;
And dainty warders had she in the castle.
Her mingled shrieks and laughter liked me not.
I sent her to the dungeon.
AYL. To the dungeon!
SAY. And, as she raved, we bound her.
AYL. Bound! Just Heaven!
SAY. To the damp wall, unlit and cold, we bound her.
On you she called, in mingled shrieks and prayers.
To calm her, we withheld both food and drink,
Till nature sank within her.
AYL. God of heaven!
SAY. 'Tis said the scourge will tame the wildest maniac,
And—
AYL. And what?
SAY. I bade the steward bring
The hangman's whip.
AYL. The whip! I'll hear no more!
Die, dog, and rot!

[AYLMERE *stabs* SAY. *They grapple.* SAY *strikes* AYLMERE *with his dagger. Attendants interpose.* SAY *falls.*]

LACY. [*to* AYLMERE.] You bleed!
SAY. He bleeds? Why then I triumph still!
My steel was venomed and its point is fate.

[SAY *is withdrawn.*]

AYL. Take down to hell my curse, thou blackest fiend
That e'er its gates let forth! Oh, Mariamne!

Enter MARIAMNE.

MAR. Have I been dreaming? or have I been mad?
The smoke that palled my brain
Flies from life's deadening embers now away,
And leaves me but the ashes. Ha! my Aylmere!

[*She totters to his arms.*]

AYL. Thou knowest me? Dost thou not? Now blessings on thee!
MAR. Nearer, my Aylmere, nearer! I do lose thee!

Is not this death? Our boy, they tore me from him:
Buried they him?
AYL. Alas, I know not. [*She faints.*] Faint not!
'Tis I—'tis Aylmere holds thee, Mariamne!
MAR. I see thee not, nor hear thee.—Bless thee! Bless thee!
[*Dies.*]
AYL. Look up, love! Wife! My Mariamne! Cold!
Dead! dead! [*Weeps.*]
[*He rises—sinks again—is caught and supported.*]
Why should I weep? Go I not with her?
Is Atlas' burthen on me? Say struck home!
The charter—is it come?
LACY. Not yet.
AYL. All slain!
Say hath slain all! I come, my Mariamne!
[*He sinks upon her body. A distant shout. Another and nearer.* AYLMERE *partly rises.*]
AYL. That shout?
LACY. Mowbray proclaims the charter.
AYL. Doth he?
[*Another shout.*]
Again!
[*"A cry without, "The charter! the charter!"* MOWBRAY *rushes in, bearing the charter, unrolled, and exhibiting the seal.*]
MOW. The charter! seal and all!
[AYLMERE *starts up with a wild burst of exultation, rushes to him, catches the charter, kisses it, and clasps it to his bosom.*]
AYL. Free! free!
The bondman is avenged, and England free!
[*Totters towards* MARIAMNE *and sinks.*]

Robert Hinckley Messinger.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1811. DIED at Stamford, Conn., 1874.

A WINTER WISH.

[*First printed in the "New York American,"* 26 *April*, 1838.]

Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with.—*Alfonso of Castile.*

OLD wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,

And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
Nor leave behind
The holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learned Will,
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still
For every mood).

These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
If these I tine,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

Wendell Phillips.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1811. Died there, 1884.

THE WISDOM OF ANCIENT DAYS.

[*From his Lecture on "The Lost Arts." First delivered in* 1838–39.—*The Lost Arts.* 1884.]

TAKE the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty, or form, we are borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and, when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

Take the stories of Shakespeare, who has, perhaps, written his forty-odd plays. Some are historical. The rest, two-thirds of them, he did not stop to invent, but he found them. These he clutched, ready made to his hand, from the Italian novelists, who had taken them before from the East. Cinderella and her slipper is older than all history, like half a dozen other baby legends. The annals of the world do not go back far enough to tell us from where they first came.

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges or the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunlop, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If this were my topic, which it is not, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls and the laughable mistakes of the Irish. Even the tale which either Maria Edgeworth or her father thought the best is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows: "My dear friend, I would write you in detail, more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder, reading every word." ("No, you lie: I've not read a word you have written!") This is an Irish bull, still it is a very old one. It is only two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and thought the other Irish bull was the best,—of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in the cradle." That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greek stole it from the Egyptian hundreds of years back.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related, of a man who went into an inn, and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wineglass about half the usual size; the tea-cups also in that day were not more than half the present size. The landlord said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old."—"Well," said the thirsty traveller, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw." That story as told is given as a story of Athens three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ was born. Why! all these Irish bulls are Greek,—every one of them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who shut his eyes, and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; take the Irishman that bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend who said to him, "Why, sir, I heard you were dead."—"Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not."—"Oh, no!" says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." Well, those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of the parallel character, come from Athens.

Our old Boston patriots felt that tarring and feathering a Tory was a genuine patent Yankee fire-brand,—Yankeeism. They little imagined that when Richard Cœur de Lion set out on one of his crusades, among the orders he issued to his camp of soldiers was, that any one who robbed a hen-roost should be tarred and feathered. Many a man who lived in Connecticut has repeated the story of taking children to the limits of the town, and giving them a sound thrashing to enforce their memory of the spot. But the Burgundians in France, in a law now eleven hundred years old, attributed valor to the East of France because it had a law that the children should be taken to the limits of the district, and there soundly whipped, in order that they might forever remember where the limits came. . . .

In Boston, lately, we have moved the Pelham Hotel, weighing fifty thousand tons, fourteen feet, and are very proud of it; and since then we have moved a whole block of houses twenty-three feet, and I have no doubt we will write a book about it: but there is a book telling how Domenico Fontana of the sixteenth century set up the Egyptian obelisk at Rome on end, in the Papacy of Sixtus V. Wonderful! Yet the Egyptians quarried that stone, and carried it a hundred and fifty miles, and the Romans brought it seven hundred and fifty miles, and never said a word about it. Mr. Batterson of Hartford, walking with Brunel, the architect of the Thames tunnel, in Egypt, asked him what he thought of the mechanical power of the Egyptians; and he said, "There is Pompey's Pillar: it is a hundred feet high, and the capital weighs two thousand pounds. It is something of a feat to hang two thousand pounds at that height in the air, and the few men that can do it would better discuss Egyptian mechanics."

Take canals. The Suez Canal absorbs half its receipts in cleaning out the sand which fills it continually, and it is not yet known whether it is a pecuniary success. The ancients built a canal at right angles to ours; because they knew it would not fill up if built in that direction, and they knew such an one as ours would. There were magnificent canals in the land of the Jews, with perfectly arranged gates and sluices. We have only just begun to understand ventilation properly for our houses; yet late experiments at the Pyramids in Egypt show that those Egyptian tombs were ventilated in the most perfect and scientific manner.

Again: cement is modern, for the ancients dressed and joined their stones so closely, that, in buildings thousands of years old, the thin blade of a penknife cannot be forced between them. The railroad dates back to Egypt. Arago has claimed that they had a knowledge of steam. A painting has been discovered of a ship full of machinery, and a French engineer said that the arrangement of this machinery could only be accounted for by supposing the motive power to have been steam. Bramah acknowledges that he took the idea of his celebrated lock from an ancient Egyptian pattern. De Tocqueville says there was no social question that was not discussed to rags in Egypt.

"Well," say you, "Franklin invented the lightning-rod." I have no doubt he did; but years before his invention, and before muskets were invented, the old soldiers on guard on the towers used Franklin's invention to keep guard with; and if a spark passed between them and the spear-head, they ran and bore the warning of the state and condition of affairs. After that you will admit that Benjamin Franklin was not the only one that knew of the presence of electricity, and the advantages derived from its use. Solomon's Temple, you will find, was situated on an exposed point of the hill: the temple was so lofty that it was often in peril, and was guarded by a system exactly like that of Benjamin Franklin.

Well, I may tell you a little of ancient manufactures. The Duchess of Burgundy took a necklace from the neck of a mummy, and wore it to a ball given at the Tuileries; and everybody said they thought it was the newest thing there. A Hindoo princess came into court; and her father, seeing her, said, "Go home, you are not decently covered,—go home"; and she said, "Father, I have seven suits on"; but the suits were of muslin, so thin that the king could see through them. A Roman poet says, "The girl was in the poetic dress of the country." I fancy the French would be rather astonished at this. Four hundred and fifty years ago, the first spinning-machine was introduced into Europe. I have evidence to show that it made its appearance two thousand years before.

Well, I tell you this fact to show that perhaps we don't invent just everything. Why did I think to grope in the ashes for this? Because all Egypt knew the secret, which was not the knowledge of the professor, the king, and the priest. Their knowledge won an historic privilege which separated them from and brought down the masses; and this chain was broken when Cambyses came down from Persia, and by his genius and intellect opened the gates of knowledge, thundering across Egypt, drawing out civilization from royalty and priesthood.

Such was the system which was established in Egypt of old. It was four thousand years before humanity took that subject to a proper consideration; and, when this consideration was made, civilization changed her character. Learning no longer hid in a convent, or slumbered in the palace. No! she came out, joining hands with the people, ministering and dealing with them.

We have not an astrology in the stars, serving only the kings and priests; we have an astrology serving all those around us. We have not a chemistry hidden in underground cells, striving for wealth, striving to change everything into gold. No: we have a chemistry laboring with the farmer, and digging gold out of the earth with the miner. Ah! this is the nineteenth century; and, of the hundred of things we know, I can show you ninety-nine of them which have been anticipated. It is the liberty of intellect, and a diffusion of knowledge, that has caused this anticipation.

When Gibbon finished his History of Rome, he said, "The hand will never go back upon the dial of time, when everything was hidden in fear in the dark ages." He made that boast as he stood at night in the ruins of the Corsani Palace, looking out upon the places where the monks were chanting. That vision disappeared, and there arose in its stead the Temple of Jupiter. Could he look back upon the past, he would see nations that went up in their strength, and down to graves with fire in one hand, and iron in the other hand, before Rome was peopled, which, in their strength, were crushed in subduing civilization. But it is a very different principle that governs this land; it is one which should govern every land; it is one which this nation needs to practise this day. It is the human property: it is the divine will that any man has the right to know anything which he knows will be serviceable to himself and to his fellow-man, and that will make art immortal if God means that it shall last.

UNDER THE FLAG.

[*From a Discourse delivered in Music Hall, Boston*, 21 *April*, 1861.—*Speeches, Lectures, and Letters*. 1863.]

MANY times this winter, here and elsewhere, I have counselled peace,—urged, as well as I knew how, the expediency of acknowledging a Southern Confederacy, and the peaceful separation of these thirty-four States. One of the journals announces to you that I come here this morning to retract those opinions. No, not one of them! I need them all,—every word I have spoken this winter,—every act of twenty-five years of my life, to make the welcome I give this war hearty and hot. Civil war is a momentous evil. It needs the soundest, most solemn justification. I rejoice before God to-day for every word that I have spoken counselling peace; but I rejoice also with an especially profound gratitude, that now, the first time in my anti-slavery life, I speak under the stars and stripes, and welcome the tread of Massachusetts men marshalled for war. No matter what the past has been or said; to-day the slave asks God for a sight of this banner, and counts it the pledge of his redemption. Hitherto it may have meant what you thought, or what I did; to-day it represents sovereignty and justice. The only mistake that I have made was in supposing Massachusetts wholly choked with cotton-dust and cankered with gold. The South thought her patience and generous willingness for peace were cowardice; to-day shows the mistake. She has been sleeping on her arms since '83, and the first cannon-shot brings her to her feet with the war-cry of the Revolution on her lips. Any man who loves either liberty or manhood must rejoice at such an hour. . . . .

Every public meeting in Athens was opened with a curse on any one who should not speak what he really thought. "I have never defiled my conscience from fear or favor to my superiors," was part of the oath every Egyptian soul was supposed to utter in the Judgment Hall of Osiris, before admission to heaven. Let us show to-day a Christian spirit as sincere and fearless. No mobs in this hour of victory, to silence those whom events have not converted. We are strong enough to tolerate dissent. That flag which floats over press or mansion at the bidding of a mob disgraces both victor and victim.

All winter long, I have acted with that party which cried for peace. The antislavery enterprise to which I belong started with peace written on its banner. We imagined that the age of bullets was over; that the age of ideas had come; that thirty millions of people were able to take a great question, and decide it by the conflict of opinions; that, without letting the ship of state founder, we could lift four millions of men into Liberty and Justice. We thought that if your statesmen would throw away personal ambition and party watchwords, and devote themselves to the great issue, this might be accomplished. To a certain extent it has been. The North has answered to the call. Year after year, event by event, has indicated the rising education of the people,—the readiness for a higher moral life, the calm, self-poised confidence in our own convictions that patiently waits—like master for a pupil—for a neighbor's conversion. The North has responded to the call of that peaceful, moral, intellectual agitation which the anti-slavery idea has initiated. Our mistake, if any, has been that we counted too much on the intelligence of the masses, on the honesty and wisdom of statesmen as a class. Perhaps we did not give weight enough to the fact we saw, that this nation is made up of different ages; not homogeneous, but a mixed mass of different centuries. The North *thinks*,—can appreciate argument,—is the nineteenth century,—hardly any struggle left in it but that between the working class and the money-kings. The South *dreams*,—it is the thirteenth and fourteenth century,—baron and serf,—noble and slave. Jack Cade and Wat Tyler loom over its horizon, and the serf, rising, calls for another Thierry to record his struggle. There the fagot still burns which the Doctors of the Sorbonne called, ages ago, "the best light to guide the erring." There men are tortured for opinions, the only punishment the Jesuits were willing their pupils should look on. This is, perhaps, too flattering a picture of the South. Better call her, as Sumner does, "the Barbarous States." Our struggle, therefore, is between barbarism and civilization. Such can only be settled by arms. The government has waited until its best friends almost suspected its courage or its integrity; but the cannon shot against Fort Sumter has opened the only door out of this hour. There were but two. One was compromise; the other was battle. The integrity of the North closed the first; the generous forbearance of nineteen States closed the other. The South opened this with cannon-shot, and Lincoln shows himself at the door. The war, then, is not aggressive, but in self-defence, and Washington has become the Thermopylæ of Liberty and Justice. Rather than surrender that Capital, cover every square foot of it with a living body; crowd it with a million of men, and empty every bank vault at the North to pay the cost. Teach the world once for all, that North America belongs to the Stars and Stripes, and under them no man shall wear a chain. In the whole of this conflict, I have looked only at Liberty,—only at the slave. Perry entered the battle of the Lakes with "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" floating from the masthead of the Lawrence. When with his fighting flag he left her crippled, heading north, and, mounting the deck of the Niagara, turned her bows due west, he did all for one and the same purpose,—to rake the decks of the foe. Steer north or west, acknowledge secession or cannonade it, I care not which; but "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

A HERO OF THE BLACK RACE.

[*Lecture delivered in New York and Boston, December,* 1861.—*From the Same.*]

SOME doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them. And if that does not satisfy you, come home, and if it had been October, 1859, you might have come by way of quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

You may also remember this,—that we Saxons were slaves about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of America, melted away their chains. Spartacus in Italy led the slaves of Rome against the Empress of the world. She murdered him, and crucified them. There never was a slave rebellion successful but once, and that was in St. Domingo. Every race has been, some time or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo. God grant that the wise vigor of our government may avert that necessity from our land,—may raise into peaceful liberty the four million committed to our care, and show under democratic institutions a statesmanship as far-sighted as that of England, as brave as the negro of Hayti!

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his endurance. In 1805 he said to the white men, "This island is ours; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him stood the South American republics, planted by the best blood of the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could no more daguerreotype their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And yet, at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself. It is said that at first, with rare patriotism, the Haytien government ordered the destruction of all the sugar plantations remaining, and discouraged its culture, deeming that the temptation which lured the French back again to attempt their enslavement. Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, sink every ship, destroy her railroads, blot out every remnant of education from her sons, let her be ignorant and penniless, with nothing but her hands to begin the world again,—how much could she do in sixty years? And Europe, too, would lend you money, but she will not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Thus far, she has foiled the ambition of Spain, the greed of England, and the malicious statesmanship of Calhoun. Toussaint made her what she is. In this work there was grouped around him a score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. They were able in war and skilful in civil affairs, but not, like him, remarkable for that rare mingling of high qualities which alone makes true greatness, and insures a man leadership among those otherwise almost his equals. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance,—these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "NO RETALIATION" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noon-day; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Charles Sumner.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1811. DIED in Washington, D. C., 1874.

THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS.

[*Speech on the Admission of Kansas, U. S. Senate,* 19-20 *May,* 1856.—*Works of Charles Sumner.* 1875-83.]

SIR, the people of Kansas, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, with the education of freemen and the rights of American citizens, now stand at your door. Will you send them away, or bid them enter? Will you push them back to renew their struggle with a deadly foe, or will you preserve them in security and peace? Will you cast them again into the den of Tyranny, or will you help their despairing efforts to escape? These questions I put with no common solicitude, for I feel that on their just determination depend all the most precious interests of the Republic; and I perceive too clearly the prejudices in the way, and the accumulating bitterness against this distant people, now claiming a simple birthright, while I am bowed with mortification, as I recognize the President of the United States, who should have been a staff to the weak and a shield to the innocent, at the head of this strange oppression.

At every stage the similitude between the wrongs of Kansas and those other wrongs against which our fathers rose becomes more apparent. Read the Declaration of Independence, and there is hardly an accusation against the British Monarch which may not now be hurled with increased force against the American President. The parallel has fearful particularity. Our fathers complained that the King had "sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance,"—that he had "combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, *giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation,*"—that he had "abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and *waging war against us,*"—that he had "excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and *endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers* *the merciless savages*,"—that "our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury." And this arraignment was aptly followed by the damning words, that "a Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." And surely the President who does all these things cannot be less unfit than a Prince. At every stage the responsibility is brought directly to him. His offence is of commission and omission. He has done that which he ought not to have done, and has left undone that which he ought to have done. By his activity the Prohibition of Slavery was overturned. By his failure to act the honest emigrants in Kansas are left a prey to wrong of all kinds. His activity and inactivity are alike fatal. And now he stands forth the most conspicuous enemy of that unhappy Territory.

As the tyranny of the British King is all renewed in the President, so are renewed on this floor the old indignities which embittered and fomented the troubles of our fathers. The early petition of the American Congress to Parliament, long before any suggestion of Independence, was opposed—like the petitions of Kansas—because that body "was assembled without any requisition on the part of the Supreme Power." Another petition from New York, presented by Edmund Burke, was flatly rejected, as claiming rights derogatory to Parliament. And still another petition, from Massachusetts Bay, was dismissed as "vexatious and scandalous," while the patriot philosopher who bore it was exposed to peculiar contumely. Throughout the debates our fathers were made the butt of sorry jest and supercilious assumption. And now these scenes, with these precise objections, are renewed in the American Senate.

With regret I come again upon the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Butler], who, omnipresent in this debate, overflows with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas has applied for admission as a State, and, with incoherent phrase, discharges the loose expectoration of his speech, now upon her representative, and then upon her people. There was no extravagance of the ancient parliamentary debate which he did not repeat; nor was there any possible deviation from truth which he did not make,—with so much of passion, I gladly add, as to save him from the suspicion of intentional aberration. But the Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure—with error, sometimes of principle, sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy, whether in stating the Constitution or in stating the law, whether in details of statistics or diversions of scholarship. He cannot ope his mouth, but out there flies a blunder. Surely he ought to be familiar with the life of Franklin; and yet he referred to this household character, while acting as agent of our fathers in England, as above suspicion: and this was done that he might give point to a false contrast with the agent of Kansas,—not knowing that, however the two may differ in genius and fame, they are absolutely alike in this experience: that Franklin, when entrusted with the petition of Massachusetts Bay, was assaulted by a foul-mouthed speaker where he could not be heard in defence, and denounced as "thief," even as the agent of Kansas is assaulted on this floor, and denounced as "forger." And let not the vanity of the Senator be inspired by parallel with the British statesmen of that day; for it is only in hostility to Freedom that any parallel can be found.

But it is against the people of Kansas that the sensibilities of the Senator are particularly aroused. Coming, as he announces, "from a State,"—ay, sir, from South Carolina,—he turns with lordly disgust from this newly-formed community, which he will not recognize even as "a member of the body politic." Pray, sir, by what title does he indulge in this egotism? Has he read the history of the "State" which he represents? He cannot, surely, forget its shameful imbecility from Slavery, confessed throughout the Revolution, followed by its more shameful assumptions for Slavery since. He cannot forget its wretched persistence in the slave-trade, as the very apple of its eye, and the condition of its participation in the Union. He cannot forget its Constitution, which is republican only in name, confirming power in the hands of the few, and founding the qualifications of its legislators on "a settled freehold estate of five hundred acres of land *and* ten negroes." And yet the Senator to whom this "State" has in part committed the guardianship of its good name, instead of moving with backward-treading steps to cover its nakedness, rushes forward, in the very ecstasy of madness, to expose it, by provoking comparison with Kansas. South Carolina is old; Kansas is young. South Carolina counts by centuries, where Kansas counts by years. But a beneficent example may be born in a day; and I venture to declare, that against the two centuries of the older "State" may be set already the two years of trial, evolving corresponding virtue, in the younger community. In the one is the long wail of Slavery; in the other, the hymn of Freedom. And if we glance at special achievement, it will be difficult to find anything in the history of South Carolina which presents so much of heroic spirit in an heroic cause as shines in that repulse of the Missouri invaders by the beleaguered town of Lawrence, where even the women gave their effective efforts to Freedom. The matrons of Rome who poured their jewels into the treasury for the public defence, the wives of Prussia who with delicate fingers clothed their defenders against French invasion, the mothers of our own Revolution who sent forth their sons covered over with prayers and blessings to combat for Human Rights, did nothing of self-sacrifice truer than did these women on this occasion. Were the whole history of South Carolina blotted out of existence, from its very beginning down to the day of the last election of the Senator to his present seat on this floor, civilization might lose—I do not say how little, but surely less than it has already gained by the example of Kansas, in that valiant struggle against oppression, and in the development of a new science of emigration. Already in Lawrence alone are newspapers and schools, including a High School, —and throughout this infant Territory there is more of educated talent, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in his vaunted "State." Ah, sir, I tell the Senator, that Kansas, welcomed as a Free State, "a ministering angel shall be" to the Republic, when South Carolina, in the cloak of darkness which she hugs, "lies howling."

The Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] naturally joins the Senator from South Carolina, and gives to this warfare the superior intensity of his nature. He thinks that the National Government has not completely proved its power, as it has never hanged a traitor,—but, if occasion requires, he hopes there will be no hesitation; and this threat is directed at Kansas, and even at the friends of Kansas throughout the country. Again occurs a parallel with the struggles of our fathers; and I borrow the language of Patrick Henry, when, to the cry from the Senator of "Treason! treason!" I reply, "If this be treason, make the most of it." Sir, it is easy to call names; but I beg to tell the Senator, that, if the word "traitor" is in any way applicable to those who reject a tyrannical Usurpation, whether in Kansas or elsewhere, then must some new word, of deeper color, be invented to designate those mad spirits who would endanger and degrade the Republic, while they betray all the cherished sentiments of the Fathers and the spirit of the Constitution, that Slavery may have new spread. Let the Senator proceed. Not the first time in history will a scaffold become the pedestal of honor. Out of death comes life, and the "traitor" whom he blindly executes will live immortal in the cause.

> "For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
> On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
> Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
> While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
> To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

Among these hostile Senators is yet another, with all the prejudices of the Senator from South Carolina, but without his generous impulses, who, from his character before the country, and the rancor of his opposition, deserves to be named: I mean the Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason], who, as author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, has associated himself with a special act of inhumanity and tyranny. Of him I shall say little, for he has said little in this debate, though within that little was compressed the bitterness of a life absorbed in support of Slavery. He holds the commission of Virginia; but he does not represent that early Virginia, so dear to our hearts, which gave to us the pen of Jefferson, by which the equality of men was declared, and the sword of Washington, by which Independence was secured: he represents that other Virginia, from which Washington and Jefferson avert their faces, where human beings are bred as cattle for the shambles, and a dungeon rewards the pious matron who teaches little children to relieve their bondage by reading the Book of Life. It is proper that such a Senator, representing such a State, should rail against Free Kansas.

Such as these are natural enemies of Kansas, and I introduce them with reluctance, simply that the country may understand the character of the hostility to be overcome. Arrayed with them are all who unite, under any pretext or apology, in propagandism of Human Slavery. To such, indeed, time-honored safeguards of popular rights can be a name and nothing more. What are trial by jury, *Habeas Corpus*, ballot-box, right of petition, liberty in Kansas, your liberty, sir, or mine, to one who lends himself, not merely to the support at home, but to propagandism abroad, of that preposterous wrong which denies even the right of a man to himself? Such a cause can be maintained only by the practical subversion of all rights. It is, therefore, merely according to reason that its partisans should uphold the Usurpation in Kansas.

To overthrow this Usurpation is now the special, importunate duty of Congress, admitting of no hesitation or postponement. To this end must it ascend from the cabals of candidates, the machinations of party, and the low level of vulgar strife. Especially must it turn from that Slave Oligarchy now controlling the Republic, and refuse to be its tool. Let its power be stretched forth into this distant Territory, not to bind, but to release,—not for oppression of the weak, but for subversion of the tyrannical,—not for prop and maintenance of revolting Usurpation, but for confirmation of Liberty.

"These are imperial arts, and worthy thee!"

Let it now take stand between the living and dead, and cause this plague to be stayed. All this it can do; and if the interests of Slavery were not hostile, all this it would do at once, in reverent regard for justice, law, and order, driving far away all alarms of war; nor would it dare to brave the shame and punishment of this "Great Refusal." But the Slave Power dares anything; and it can be conquered only by the united masses of the People. From Congress to the People I appeal.

Already Public Opinion gathers unwonted forces to scourge the aggressors. In the press, in daily conversation, wherever two or three are gathered together, there the indignant utterance finds vent. And trade, by unerring indications, attests the growing energy. Public credit in

Missouri droops. The six per cents of that State, which at par should be 102, have sunk to 84.—thus at once completing the evidence of Crime, and attesting its punishment. Business is now turning from the Assassins and Thugs that infest the Missouri River, to seek some safer avenue. And this, though not unimportant in itself, is typical of greater change. The political credit of the men who uphold the Usurpation droops even more than the stocks; and the People are turning from all those through whom the Assassins and Thugs derive their disgraceful immunity.

It was said of old, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's Landmark. *And all the people shall say, Amen.*" "Cursed," it is said, "in the city and in the field; cursed in basket and store; cursed when thou comest in, and cursed when thou goest out." These are terrible imprecations; but if ever any Landmark were sacred, it was that by which an immense territory was guarded *forever* against Slavery; and if ever such imprecations could justly descend upon any one, they must descend now upon all who, not content with the removal of this sacred Landmark, have since, with criminal complicity, fostered the incursions of the great Wrong against which it was intended to guard. But I utter no imprecations. These are not my words; nor is it my part to add to or subtract from them. But, thanks be to God! they find response in the hearts of an aroused People, making them turn from every man, whether President or Senator or Representative, engaged in this Crime,—especially from those who, cradled in free institutions, are without the apology of education or social prejudice—until upon all such those other words of the Prophet shall be fulfilled: "I will set my face against that man, and will make him a sign and a proverb, and I will cut him off from the midst of my people." Turning thus from the authors of this Crime, the People will unite once more with the Fathers of the Republic in just condemnation of Slavery, determined especially that it shall find no home in the National territories, while the Slave Power, in which the Crime had its beginning, and by which it is now sustained, will be swept into the charnel-house of defunct Tyrannies.

In this contest Kansas bravely stands forth, the stripling leader. clad in the panoply of American Institutions. Calmly meeting and adopting a frame of government, her people with intuitive promptitude perform the duties of freemen; and when I consider the difficulties by which she is beset, I find dignity in her attitude. *Offering herself for admission into the Union as a* FREE STATE, *she presents a single issue for the people to decide.* And since the Slave Power now stakes on this issue all its ill-gotten supremacy, the People, while vindicating Kansas, will at the same time overthrow this Tyranny. Thus the contest which she begins involves Liberty not only for herself, but for the whole country. God be praised that Kansas does not bend ignobly beneath the yoke. Far away on the prairies, she is now battling for the Liberty of all, against the President, who misrepresents all. Everywhere among those not insensible to Right, the generous struggle meets a generous response. . . . In all this sympathy there is strength. But in the cause itself there is angelic power. Unseen of men, the great spirits of History combat by the side of the people of Kansas, breathing divine courage. Above all towers the majestic form of Washington, once more, as on the bloody field, bidding them remember those rights of Human Nature for which the War of Independence was waged. Such a cause, thus sustained, is invincible.

The contest, which, beginning in Kansas, reaches us, will be transferred soon from Congress to that broader stage, where every citizen is not only spectator, but actor; and to their judgment I confidently turn. To the People, about to exercise the electoral franchise, in choosing a Chief Magistrate of the Republic, I appeal, to vindicate the electoral franchise in Kansas. Let the ballot-box of the Union, with multitudinous might, protect the ballot-box in that Territory. Let the voters everywhere, while rejoicing in their own rights, help guard the equal rights of distant fellow-citizens, that the shrines of popular institutions, now desecrated, may be sanctified anew,—that the ballot-box, now plundered, may be restored,—and that the cry, "I am an American citizen," shall no longer be impotent against outrage. In just regard for free labor, which you would blast by deadly contact with slave labor,—in Christian sympathy with the slave, whom you would task and sell,—in stern condemnation of the Crime consummated on that beautiful soil,—in rescue of fellow-citizens, now subjugated to Tyrannical Usurpation,—in dutiful respect for the early Fathers, whose aspirations are ignobly thwarted,—in the name of the Constitution outraged, of the Laws trampled down, of Justice banished, of Humanity degraded, of Peace destroyed, of Freedom crushed to earth,—and in the name of the Heavenly Father, whose service is perfect Freedom, I make this last appeal.

THE EFFECT OF SLAVE OWNERSHIP.

[*Speech on the Admission of Kansas. U. S. Senate,* 4 *June,* 1860.—*From the Same.*]

ONE of the choicest passages of the master Italian poet, Dante, is where we are permitted to behold a passage of transcendent virtue sculptured in "visible speech" on the long gallery leading to the Heavenly Gate. The poet felt the inspiration of the scene, and placed it on the wayside, where it could charm and encourage. This was natural. Nobody can look upon virtue and justice, if only in images and pictures, without feeling a kindred sentiment. Nobody can be surrounded by vice and wrong, by violence and brutality, if only in images and pictures, without coming under their degrading influence. Nobody can live with the one without advantage; nobody can live with the other without loss. Who could pass life in the secret chamber where are gathered the impure relics of Pompeii, without becoming indifferent to loathsome things? But if these loathsome things are not merely sculptured and painted,—if they exist in living reality,—if they enact their hideous, open indecencies, as in the criminal pretensions of Slavery,—while the lash plays and the blood spurts,—while women are whipped and children are sold, —while marriage is polluted and annulled,—while the parental tie is rudely torn,—while honest gains are filched or robbed,—while the soul itself is shut down in all the darkness of ignorance, and God himself is defied in the pretension that man can have property in his fellow-man,—if all these things are "visible," not merely in images and pictures, but in reality, the influence on character must be incalculably deplorable.

According to irresistible law, men are fashioned by what is about them, whether climate, scenery, life, or institutions. Like produces like, and this ancient proverb is verified always. Look at the miner, delving low down in darkness, and the mountaineer, ranging on airy heights, and you will see a contrast in character, and even in personal form. The difference between a coward and a hero may be traced in the atmosphere which each has breathed,—and how much more in the institutions under which each is reared. If institutions generous and just ripen souls also generous and just, then other institutions must exhibit their influence also. Violence, brutality, injustice, barbarism, must be reproduced in the lives of all living within their fatal sphere. The meat eaten by man enters into and becomes part of his body; the madder eaten by the dog changes his bones to red; and the Slavery on which men live, in all its fivefold foulness, must become part of themselves, discoloring the very soul, blotting the character, and breaking forth in moral leprosy. This language is strong, but the evidence is even stronger. Some there may be of happy natures—like honorable Senators—who can thus feed and not be harmed. Mithridates fed on poison, and lived. It may be that there is a moral Mithridates, who can swallow without bane the poison of Slavery.

Instead of "ennobling" the master, nothing is clearer than that the slave drags his master down; and this process, beginning in childhood, is continued through life. Living much in association with his slave, the master finds nothing to remind him of his own deficiencies, to prompt his ambition or excite his shame. He is only a little better than his predecessor in ancient Germany, as described by Tacitus, who was distinguishable from his slave by none of the charms of education, while the two burrowed among the same flocks and in the same ground. Without provocation to virtue, or elevating example, he naturally shares the Barbarism of the society he keeps. Thus the very inferiority which the Slave-Master attributes to the African explains the melancholy condition of the communities in which his degradation is declared by law.

A single false principle or vicious thought may debase a character otherwise blameless; and this is practically true of the Slave-Master. Accustomed to regard men as property, the sensibilities are blunted and the moral sense is obscured. He consents to acts from which Civilization recoils. The early Church sacrificed its property, and even its sacred vessels, for the redemption of captives. On a memorable occasion this was done by St. Ambrose, and successive canons confirmed the example. But in the Slave States all is reversed. Slaves there are hawked as property of the Church; and an instance is related of a slave sold in South Carolina to buy plate for the communion-table. Who can estimate the effect of such an example?

Surrounded by pernicious influences of all kinds, positive and negative, the first making him do that which he ought not to do, and the second making him leave undone that which he ought to have done,—through childhood, youth, and manhood, even unto age,—unable, while at home, to escape these influences, overshadowed constantly by the portentous Barbarism about him, the Slave-Master naturally adopts the bludgeon, the revolver, and the bowie-knife. Through these he governs his plantation, and secretly armed with these enters the world. These are his congenial companions. To wear these is his pride; to use them becomes a passion, almost a necessity. Nothing contributes to violence so much as wearing the instruments of violence, thus having them always at hand to obey a lawless instinct. A barbarous standard is established; the duel is not dishonorable; a contest peculiar to our Slave-Masters, known as a "street-fight," is not shameful; and modern imitators of Cain have a mark set upon them, not for reproach and condemnation, but for compliment and approval. In kindred spirit, the Count of Eisenberg, presenting to Erasmus a handsome dagger, called it "the pen with which he used to combat saucy fellows." How weak that dagger against the pen of Erasmus. I wish to keep within bounds; but unanswerable facts, accumulating in fearful quantities, attest that the social system so much vaunted by honorable Senators, which we are now asked to sanction and extend, takes its character from this spirit, and, with professions of Christianity on the lips, becomes Cain-like. And this is aggravated by the prevailing ignorance in the Slave States, where one in five of the adult white population of native birth is unable to read and write.

> "The boldest they who least partake the light,
> As game-cocks in the dark are trained to fight."

There are exceptions, which we all gladly recognize; but it is this spirit which predominates and gives the social law. Again we see the lordlings of France, as pictured by Camille Desmoulins, "ordinarily very feeble in arguments, since from the cradle they are accustomed to use their *will* as right hand and their *reason* as left hand." Violence ensues. And here mark an important difference. Elsewhere violence shows itself in *spite* of law, whether social or statute; in the Slave States it is *because* of law, both social and statute. Elsewhere it is pursued and condemned; in the Slave States it is adopted and honored. Elsewhere it is hunted as a crime; in the Slave States it takes its place among the honorable graces of society.

EQUAL RIGHTS THE SOLE BASIS OF UNION.

[*Speech on the Readmission of Southern States to Representation in Congress. U. S. Senate,* 10 *June,* 1868.—*From the Same.*]

HIGH above States, as high above men, are those commanding principles which cannot be denied with impunity. They will be found in the Declaration of Independence expressed so clearly that all can read them. Though few, they are mighty. There is no humility in bending to their behests. As man rises in the scale of being while walking in obedience to the Divine will, so is a State elevated by obedience to these everlasting truths. Nor can we look for harmony in our country until these principles bear unquestioned sway, without any interdict from the States. That unity for which the Nation longs, with peace and reconciliation in its train, can be assured only through the Equal Rights of All, proclaimed by the Nation everywhere within its limits, and maintained by the national arm. Then will the Constitution be filled and inspired by the Declaration of Independence, so that the two shall be one, with a common life, a common authority, and a common glory.

A VICTOR'S MAGNANIMITY.

[*Speech prepared for Delivery at Faneuil Hall,* 3 *September,* 1872.—*From the Same.*]

RECONSTRUCTION is now complete. Every State is represented in the Senate, and every District is represented in the House of

Representatives. Every Senator and every Representative is in his place. There are no vacant seats in either Chamber; and among the members are fellow-citizens of the African race. And amnesty, nearly universal, has been adopted. In this condition of things I find new reason for change. The present incumbent knows little of our frame of government. By military education and military genius he represents the idea of Force; nor is he any exception to the rule of his profession, which appreciates only slightly a government that is not arbitrary. The time for the soldier has passed, especially when his renewed power would once more remind fellow-citizens of their defeat. Victory over fellow-citizens should be known only in the rights it assures; nor should it be flaunted in the face of the vanquished. It should not be inscribed on regimental colors or portrayed in pictures at the National Capital. But the present incumbent is a regimental color with the forbidden inscription; he is a picture at the National Capital recalling victories over fellow-citizens. It is doubtful if such a presence can promote true reconciliation. Friendship does not grow where former differences are thrust into sight. There are wounds of the mind as of the body; these, too, must be healed. Instead of irritation and pressure, let there be gentleness and generosity. Men in this world get only what they give,—prejudice for prejudice, animosity for animosity, hate for hate. Likewise confidence is returned for confidence, good-will for good-will, friendship for friendship. On this rule, which is the same for the nation as for the individual, I would now act. So will the Republic be elevated to new heights of moral grandeur, and our people will manifest that virtue, "greatest of all," which is found in charity. Above the conquest of others will be the conquest of ourselves. Nor will any fellow-citizen suffer in rights, but all will find new safeguard in the comprehensive fellowship.

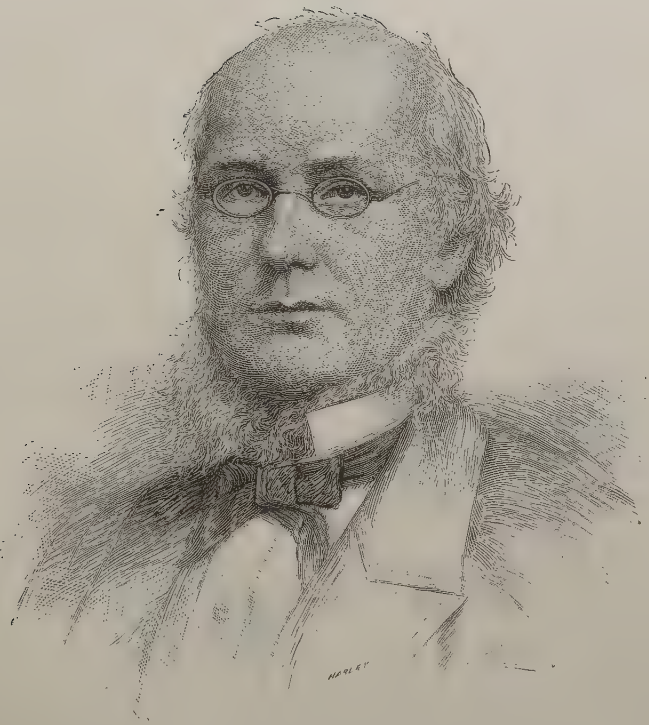
Horace Greeley.

Born in Amherst, N. H., 1811. Died at Pleasantville, Westchester Co., N. Y., 1872.

THE TRIBUNE.

[*Recollections of a Busy Life.* 1868.]

THE Tribune, as it first appeared, was but the germ of what I sought to make it. No journal sold for a cent could ever be much more than a dry summary of the most important or the most interesting occurrences of the day; and such is not a newspaper, in the higher sense



Horace Greeley

of the term. We need to know, not only what is done, but what is proposed and said, by those who sway the destinies of states and realms; and, to this end, the prompt perusal of the manifestoes of monarchs, presidents, ministers, legislators, etc., is indispensable. No man is even tolerably informed in our day who does not regularly "keep the run" of events and opinions, through the daily perusal of at least *one* good journal; and the ready cavil that "no one can read" all that a great modern journal contains, only proves the ignorance or thoughtlessness of the caviller. No *one* person is expected to take such an interest in the rise and fall of stocks, the markets for cotton, cattle, grain, and goods, the proceedings of Congress, Legislatures, and Courts, the politics of Europe, and the ever-shifting phases of Spanish-American anarchy, etc., etc., as would incite him to a daily perusal of the entire contents of a metropolitan city journal of the first rank. The idea is rather to embody in a single sheet the information daily required by all those who aim to keep "posted" on every important occurrence; so that the lawyer, the merchant, the banker, the forwarder, the economist, the author, the politician, etc., may find here whatever he needs to see, and be spared the trouble of looking elsewhere. A copy of a great morning journal now contains more matter than an average twelvemo volume, and its production costs far more, while it is sold for a fortieth or fiftieth part of the volume's price. There is no other miracle of cheapness which at all approaches it. The Electric Telegraph has precluded the multiplication of journals in the great cities, by enormously increasing the cost of publishing each of them. The Tribune, for example, now pays more than one hundred thousand dollars per annum for intellectual labor (reporting included) in and about its office, and one hundred thousand dollars more for correspondence and telegraphing,—in other words, for collecting and transmitting news. And, while its income has been largely increased from year to year, its expenses have inevitably been swelled even more rapidly; so that, at the close of 1866, in which its receipts had been over nine hundred thousand dollars, its expenses had been very nearly equal in amount, leaving no profit beyond a fair rent for the premises it owned and occupied. And yet its stockholders were satisfied that they had done a good business,—that the increase in the patronage and value of the establishment amounted to a fair interest on their investment, and might well be accepted in lieu of a dividend. In the good time coming, with cheaper paper and less exorbitant charges for "cable despatches" from the Old World, they will doubtless reap where they have now faithfully sown. Yet they realize and accept the fact, that a journal radically hostile to the gainful arts whereby the cunning and powerful few live sumptuously without useful labor, and often amass wealth, by pandering to lawless sensuality and popular vice, can never hope to enrich its publishers so rapidly nor so vastly as though it had a soft side for the Liquor Traffic, and for all kindred allurements to carnal appetite and sensual indulgence.

Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow: and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, "Founder of The New York Tribune."

DEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

[*Letter to Senator John W. Forney*, 25 *January*, 1868.]

YOU know my inveterate conviction that a journal that cannot support itself can support nothing else that is good; that all journals that need bolstering ought to die, and so strengthen those that have inherent vitality; that Washington City is the great mistake of our country, and in good part because it seems to require a press essentially parasitical, or dependent on some sort of government or partisan subsidy. If every journal that does not pay from its legitimate income were annihilated to-morrow, I feel sure that it would be a blessed thing for the country, as it would restore to live journals patronage that they are now unfairly deprived of. These are very old conclusions. I cannot change them; but I will endeavor not to bring them to bear invidiously on you.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY

NON-CONFORMITY.

[*Hints Toward Reforms.* 1850.]

I PLEAD not for eccentricity, for roughness of manner—I am no stranger to the bland amenities and suavities of life. I acknowledge a fitness to time, and duty, and circumstance, in dress and in incidents of even lighter moment. I accept the common sense of mankind as the arbiter between what is real and natural and what is assumed and fantastic. The banker, the capitalist, the merchant, who should ape the dress of the carman, the hod-carrier, would be justly the ridicule of every healthy mind, and of none more than the carman himself. No man enjoys more keenly the stage-shown absurdities of the footman bedecked with his master's delegated authority, the valet personating the prince, than do footmen and valets. This is but the error condemned in another shape—the pendulum at the other extremity of its range. I would have no man do this or refrain from that in *contradiction* from the world, any more than in consistency with it. Nay, more: I admit and counsel acquiescence with the ordinary, the prescribed, the established, in all matters essentially indifferent or trifling. I loathe perverseness—it is at war with harmony and the supreme good. Convince me that the Quaker remains stubbornly covered in the presence of his equals, his seniors, from mere mulishness or whim, and I abandon him to your rebukes; I will second them with my own. But let me realize that that rude non-compliance stands to him for a vital fact—that it symbolizes to him a great principle, to wit, the stern uprising of a true manhood against servility and fawning adulation, and I will defend him to the last gasp—I will do him such reverence as befits a manly self-respect, for his stout fidelity to a conviction.

"THE PRAYER OF TWENTY MILLIONS."

[*From the Letter to President Lincoln, urging Emancipation. New-York Tribune,* 19 *August,* 1862.]

ON the face of this wide earth, Mr. President, there is not one disinterested, determined, intelligent champion of the Union cause who does not feel that all attempts to put down the Rebellion, and at the same time uphold its inciting cause, are preposterous and futile—that the Rebellion, if crushed out to-morrow, would be renewed within a year if Slavery were left in full vigor—that army officers, who remain to this day devoted to Slavery, can at best be but half-way loyal to the Union—and that every hour of deference to Slavery is an hour of added and deepened peril to the Union. I appeal to the testimony of your Ambassadors in Europe. It is freely at your service, not mine. Ask them to tell you candidly whether the seeming subserviency of your policy to the slaveholding, Slavery-upholding interest, is not the perplexity, the despair, of statesmen of all parties; and be admonished by the general answer!

I close as I began, with the statements that what an immense majority of the loyal millions of your countrymen require of you is a frank, declared, unqualified, ungrudging execution of the laws of the land, more especially of the Confiscation Act. That act gives freedom to the slaves of Rebels coming within our lines, or whom those lines may at any time inclose—we ask you to render it due obedience by publicly requiring all your subordinates to recognize and obey it. The Rebels are everywhere using the late anti-negro riots in the North—as they have long used your officers' treatment of negroes in the South—to convince the slaves that they have nothing to hope from a Union success—that we mean in that case to sell them into a bitter bondage to defray the cost of the war. Let them impress this as a truth on the great mass of their ignorant and credulous bondmen, and the Union will never be restored—never. We cannot conquer ten million of people united in solid phalanx against us, powerfully aided by Northern sympathizers and European allies. We must have scouts, guides, spies, cooks, teamsters, diggers, and choppers, from the Blacks of the South—whether we allow them to fight for us or not—or we shall be baffled and repelled. As one of the millions who would gladly have avoided this struggle at any sacrifice but that of principle and honor, but who now feel that the triumph of the Union is indispensable not only to the existence of our country, but to the well-being of mankind, I entreat you to render a hearty and unequivocal obedience to the law of the land. Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

THE APPEAL FOR EMANCIPATION RENEWED.

[*New-York Tribune*, 24 *August*, 1862.]

TO THE PRESIDENT:—

DEAR SIR:—Although I did not anticipate nor seek any reply to my former letter unless through your official acts, I thank you for having accorded one, since it enables me to say explicitly that nothing was further from my thought than to impeach in any manner the sincerity or the intensity of your devotion to the saving of the Union. I never doubted, and have no friend who doubts, that you desire, before and above all else, to reëstablish the now derided authority, and vindicate the territorial integrity, of the Republic. I intended to raise only this question,—Do you propose to do this by recognizing, obeying, and enforcing the laws, or by ignoring, disregarding, and in effect defying them?

I stand upon the law of the land. The humblest has a clear right to invoke its protection and support against even the highest. That law—in strict accordance with the law of nations, of Nature, and of God—declares that every traitor now engaged in the infernal work of destroying our country has forfeited thereby all claim or color of right lawfully to hold human beings in slavery. I ask of you a clear and public recognition that this law is to be obeyed wherever the national authority is respected. I cite you to instances wherein men fleeing from bondage to traitors to the protection of our flag have been assaulted, wounded, and murdered by soldiers of the Union, unpunished and unrebuked by your General Commanding,—to prove that it is your duty to take action in the premises,—action that will cause the law to be proclaimed and obeyed wherever your authority or that of the Union is recognized as paramount. The Rebellion is strengthened, the national cause is imperilled, by every hour's delay to strike Treason this staggering blow.

When Fremont proclaimed freedom to the slaves of rebels, you constrained him to modify his proclamation into rigid accordance with the terms of the existing law. It was your clear right to do so. I now ask of you conformity to the principle so sternly enforced upon him. I ask you to instruct your generals and commodores, that no loyal person—certainly none willing to render service to the national cause—is henceforth to be regarded as the slave of any traitor. While no rightful government was ever before assailed by so wanton and wicked a rebellion as that of the slaveholders against our national life, I am sure none ever before hesitated at so simple and primary an act of self-defence, as to relieve those who would serve and save it from chattel servitude to those who are wading through seas of blood to subvert it. Future generations will with difficulty realize that there could have been hesitation on this point. Sixty years of general and boundless subserviency to the slave power do not adequately explain it.

Mr. President, I beseech you to open your eyes to the fact that the devotees of slavery everywhere—just as much in Maryland as in Mississippi, in Washington as in Richmond—are to-day your enemies, and the implacable foes of every effort to reëstablish the national authority by the discomfiture of its assailants. Their President is not Abraham Lincoln, but Jefferson Davis. You may draft them to serve in the war; but they will only fight under the Rebel flag. There is not in New York to-day a man who really believes in slavery, loves it, and desires its perpetuation, who heartily desires the crushing out of the Rebellion. He would much rather save the Republic by buying up and pensioning off its assailants. His "Union as it was" is a Union of which you were not President, and no one who truly wished freedom to all ever could be.

If these are truths, Mr. President, they are surely of the gravest importance. You cannot safely approach the great and good end you so intently meditate by shutting your eyes to them. Your deadly foe is not blinded by any mist in which *your* eyes may be enveloped. He walks straight to his goal, knowing well his weak point, and most unwillingly betraying his fear that you too may see and take advantage of it. God grant that his apprehension may prove prophetic!

That you may not unseasonably perceive these vital truths as they will shine forth on the pages of history,—that they may be read by our children irradiated by the glory of our national salvation, not rendered lurid by the blood-red glow of national conflagration and ruin,—that you may promptly and practically realize that slavery is to be vanquished only by liberty,—is the fervent and anxious prayer of

Yours, truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK, 24 *August*, 1862.

RELATIVE TO THE BAILING OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[*Letter to Certain Members of the N. Y. Union League Club.—The Life of Horace Greeley. By James Parton.* 1868.]

BY THESE PRESENTS, GREETING!

TO Messrs. George W. Blunt, John A. Kennedy, John O. Stone, Stephen Hyatt, and thirty others, members of the Union League Club:

GENTLEMEN:—I was favored, on the 16th instant, by an official note from our ever-courteous President, John Jay, notifying me that a requisition had been presented to him for "a special meeting of the Club at an early day, for the purpose of taking into consideration the conduct of Horace Greeley, a member of the club, who has become a bondsman for Jefferson Davis, late chief officer of the Rebel government." Mr. Jay continues:

"As I have reason to believe that the signers, or some of them, disapprove of the conduct which they propose the Club shall consider, it is clearly due, both to the Club and to yourself, that you should have the opportunity of being heard on the subject; I beg, therefore, to ask on what evening it will be convenient for you that I call the meeting," etc., etc.

In my prompt reply I requested the President to give *you* reasonable time for reflection, but assured him that *I* wanted none; since I should not attend the meeting, nor ask any friend to do so, and should make no defence, nor offer aught in the way of self-vindication. I am sure my friends in the Club will not construe this as implying disrespect; but it is not my habit to take part in any discussions which may arise among other gentlemen as to my fitness to enjoy their society. That is their affair altogether, and to them I leave it.

The single point whereon I have any occasion or wish to address you is your virtual implication that there is something novel, unexpected, astounding, in my conduct in the matter suggested by you as the basis of your action. I choose not to rest under this assumption, but to prove that you, being persons of ordinary intelligence, must know better. On this point I cite you to a scrutiny of the record:

The surrender of General Lee was made known in this City at 11 P. M. of Sunday, April 9, 1865, and fitly announced in the Tribune of next morning, April 10th. *On that very day* I wrote, and next morning printed in these columns, a leader entitled "Magnanimity in Triumph," wherein I said:

> "We hear men say: 'Yes, forgive the great mass of those who have been misled into rebellion, but punish the leaders as they deserve.' But who can accurately draw the line between leaders and followers in the premises? By what test shall they be discriminated? . . . Where is your touchstone of leadership? We know of none.
>
> "Nor can we agree with those who would punish the original plotters of secession, yet spare their ultimate and scarcely willing converts. On the contrary, while we would revive or inflame resentment against none of them, we feel far less antipathy to the original upholders of 'the resolutions of '98,'—to the disciples of Calhoun and McDuffie,—to the nullifiers of 1832, and the 'State Rights' men of 1850,—than to the John Bells, Humphrey Marshalls, and Alexander H. H. Stuarts, who were schooled in the national faith, and who, in becoming disunionists and Rebels, trampled on the professions of a lifetime, and spurned the logic wherewith they had so often unanswerably demonstrated that secession was treason. . . . We consider Jefferson Davis this day a less culpable traitor than John Bell.
>
> "But we cannot believe it wise or well to take the life of *any man* who shall have submitted to the national authority. The execution of even *one* such would be felt as a personal stigma by every one who had ever aided the Rebel cause. Each would say to himself, 'I am as culpable as he; we differ only in that I am deemed of comparatively little consequence.' A single Confederate led out to execution would be evermore enshrined in a million hearts as a conspicuous hero and martyr. We cannot realize that it would be wholesome or safe—we are sure it would not be magnanimous—to give the overpowered disloyalty of the South such a shrine. Would the throne of the house of Hanover stand more firmly had Charles Edward been caught and executed after Culloden? Is Austrian domination in Hungary more stable to-day for the hanging of Nagy Sandor and his twelve compatriots after the surrender of Vilagos?
>
> "We plead against passions certain to be at this moment fierce and intolerant; but on our side are the ages and the voice of history. We plead for a restoration of the Union, against a policy which would afford a momentary gratification at the cost of years of perilous hate and bitterness. . . .

> "Those who invoke military execution for the vanquished, or even for their leaders, we suspect will not generally be found among the few who have long been exposed to unjust odium as haters of the South, because they abhorred slavery. And, as to the long-oppressed and degraded blacks,—so lately the slaves, destined still to be the neighbors, and (we trust) at no distant day the fellow-citizens of the Southern whites,—we are sure that their voice, could it be authentically uttered, would ring out decidedly, sonorously, on the side of clemency, of humanity."

On the next day I had some more in this spirit, and on the 13th, an elaborate leader, entitled "Peace—Punishment," in the course of which I said:

> "The New York Times, doing injustice to its own sagacity in a characteristic attempt to sail between wind and water, says: 'Let us hang Jefferson Davis and spare the rest.' . . . We do not concur in the advice. Davis did not devise nor instigate the Rebellion; on the contrary, he was one of the latest and most reluctant of the notables of the Cotton States to renounce definitely the Union. His prominence is purely official and representative. The only reason for hanging him is that you therein condemn and stigmatize more persons than in hanging any one else. There is not an ex-Rebel in the world—no matter how penitent—who will not have unpleasant sensations about the neck on the day when the Confederate President is to be hung. And to what good end?
>
> "We insist that this matter must not be regarded in any narrow aspect. We are most anxious to secure the assent of the South to emancipation; not that assent which the condemned gives to being hung when he shakes hands with his jailer and thanks him for past acts of kindness; but that hearty assent which can only be won by magnanimity. Perhaps the Rebels, as a body, would have given, even one year ago, as large and as hearty a vote for hanging the writer of this article as any other man living; hence, it more especially seems to him important to prove that the civilization based on free labor is of a higher and humaner type than that based on slavery. We cannot realize that the gratification to enure to our friends from the hanging of any one man, or fifty men, should be allowed to outweigh this consideration."

On the following day I wrote again:—

> "We entreat the President promptly to do and dare in the cause of magnanimity. The Southern mind is now open to kindness, and may be magnetically affected by generosity. Let assurance at once be given that there is to be a general amnesty and *no* general confiscation. This is none the less the dictate of wisdom, because it is also the dictate of mercy. What we ask is, that the President say in effect, 'Slavery having, through rebellion, committed suicide, let the North and the South unite to bury the carcass, and then clasp hands across the grave.'"

The evening of that day witnessed that most appalling calamity, the murder of President Lincoln, which seemed in an instant to curdle all the milk of human kindness in twenty millions of American breasts. At once insidious efforts were set on foot to turn the fury thus engendered against me, because of my pertinacious advocacy of mercy to the vanquished. Chancing to enter the Club-House the next (Saturday) evening, I received a full broadside of your scowls, ere we listened to a clerical harangue intended to prove that Mr. Lincoln had been providentially removed because of his notorious leanings toward clemency, in order to make way for a successor who would give the Rebels a full measure of stern justice. I was soon made to comprehend that I had no sympathizers—or none who dared seem such—in your crowded assemblage. And some maladroit admirer having, a few days afterward, made the Club a present of my portrait, its bare reception was resisted in a speech from the chair by your then President,—a speech whose vigorous invective was justified solely by my pleadings for lenity to the Rebels.

At once a concerted howl of denunciation and rage was sent up from every side against me by the little creatures whom God, for some inscrutable purpose, permits to edit a majority of our minor journals, echoed by a yell of "Stop my paper!" from thousands of imperfectly instructed readers of the Tribune. One impudent puppy wrote me to answer categorically whether I was or was not in favor of hanging Jefferson Davis, adding that I must stop his paper if I were not! Scores volunteered assurances that I was defying public opinion; that most of my readers were against me; as if I could be induced to write what they wished said rather than what they needed to be told. I never before realized so vividly the baseness of the editorial vocation, according to the vulgar conception of it. The din raised about my ears now is nothing to that I then endured and despised. I am humiliated by the reflection that it is (or was) in the power of such insects to annoy me, even by pretending to discover with surprise something that I have for years been publicly, emphatically, proclaiming.

I must hurry over much that deserves a paragraph, to call your attention distinctly to occurrences in November last. Upon the Republicans having, by desperate efforts. handsomely carried our State against a formidable-looking combination of recent and venomous apostates with our natural adversaries, a cry arose from several quarters that I ought to be chosen United States Senator. At once, kind, discreet friends swarmed about me, whispering, "Only keep still about *universal amnesty*, and your election is certain. Just be quiet a few weeks, and you can say what you please thereafter. You have no occasion to speak now." I slept on the well-meant suggestion, and deliberately concluded that I could not, in justice to myself, defer to it. I could not purchase office by even passive, negative dissimulation. No man should be enabled to say to me, in truth, "If I had supposed you would persist in your rejected, condemned amnesty hobby, I would not have given you my vote." So I wrote and published, on the 27th of that month, my manifesto, entitled "The True Basis of Reconstruction," wherein, repelling the idea that I proposed a dicker with the ex-Rebels, I explicitly said:

> "I am for universal amnesty, so far as immunity from fear of punishment or confiscation is concerned, even though impartial suffrage should, for the present, be defeated. I *did* think it desirable that Jefferson Davis should be arraigned and tried for treason; and it still seems to me that this might properly have been done many months ago. But it was not done then; and now I believe it would result in far more evil than good. It would rekindle passions that have nearly burned out or been hushed to sleep; it would fearfully convulse and agitate the South; it would arrest the progress of reconciliation and kindly feeling there; it would cost a large sum directly, and a far larger indirectly; and, unless the jury were scandalously packed, it would result in a non-agreement or no verdict. I can imagine no good end to be subserved by such a trial; and, holding Davis neither better or worse than several others, would have him treated as they are."

Is it conceivable that men who can read, and who are made aware of this declaration,—for most of you were present and shouted approval of Mr. Fessenden's condemnation of my views at the Club, two or three evenings thereafter,—can now pretend that my aiding to have Davis bailed is something novel and unexpected?

Gentlemen, I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town, and shall keep it. I do not recognize you as capable of judging, or even fully apprehending me. You evidently regard me as a weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy. I arraign you as narrow-minded blockheads, who would like to be useful to a great and good cause, but don't know how. Your attempt to base a great, enduring party on the hate and wrath necessarily engendered by a bloody civil war, is as though you should plant a colony on an iceberg which had somehow drifted into a tropical ocean. I tell you here, that, out of a life earnestly devoted to the good of human kind, your children will select my going to Richmond and signing that bail-bond as the wisest act, and will feel that it did more for freedom and humanity than all of you were competent to do, though you had lived to the age of Methuselah.

I ask nothing of you, then, but that you proceed to your end by a direct, frank, manly way. Don't sidle off into a mild resolution of censure, but move the expulsion which you purposed, and which I deserve, if I deserve any reproach whatever. All I care for is, that you make this a square, stand-up fight, and record your judgment by yeas and nays. I care not how few vote with me, nor how many vote against me;

for I know that the latter will repent it in dust and ashes before three years have passed. Understand, once for all, that I dare you and defy you, and that I propose to fight it out on the line that I have held from the day of Lee's surrender. So long as any man was seeking to overthrow our government, he was my enemy; from the hour in which he laid down his arms, he was my formerly erring countryman. So long as any is at heart opposed to the national unity, the Federal authority, or to that assertion of the equal rights of all men which has become practically identified with loyalty and nationality, I shall do my best to deprive him of power; but, whenever he ceases to be thus, I demand his restoration to all the privileges of American citizenship. I give you fair notice, that I shall urge the reënfranchisement of those now proscribed for rebellion so soon as I shall feel confident that this course is consistent with the freedom of the blacks and the unity of the Republic, and that I shall demand a recall of all now in exile only for participating in the Rebellion, whenever the country shall have been so thoroughly pacified that its safety will not thereby be endangered. And so, gentlemen, hoping that you will henceforth comprehend me somewhat better than you have done, I remain, Yours,

Horace Greeley.

New York, 23 *May*, 1867.

THE FARMER'S FUTURE.

[*Address at the Fayette Co., Ind., Fair*, 8 *September*, 1858.]

I PLACE at the head of all, the need of an adequate conception by farmers of the nature and the worth of their vocation. In taking this position, I put aside as impertinent, or trivial, or chaffy, all mere windy talk of the dignity, honor, and happiness of the farmer's calling. When I hear any one dilate in this vein, I want to look him square in the eye and ask, "Sir, do you know a farmer who acts and lives as though he believed one word of this? Do you know one who chooses the brightest, ablest, best instructed among his four or five sons, and says to him, 'Let the rest do as they please, I want you to succeed me in the old homestead, and be the best farmer in the country'?" Do you know one who really believes that his son who is to be a farmer requires as liberal and as thorough an education as his brothers who are to be respectively lawyer, doctor, and divine? Do you know one who is to-day personally tilling the soil, who, if he were enabled to choose for his only and darling son just what career he preferred above all others, would make him a farmer? If you do know such a farmer—and I confess *I* do not—

then I say you know one who will not be offended at anything I shall say implying that agriculture is not now the liberal and liberalizing vocation it should and yet must be. Whenever the great mass of our farmers shall have come fully to realize that there is scope and reward in their own pursuit for all the knowledge and all the wisdom with which their sons can be imbued—rare geniuses as we know many of them are—then we shall have achieved the first great step toward making agriculture that first of vocations which it rightfully should be. But to-day it is the current though unavowed belief of the majority—and of farmers even more than of others—that any education is good enough for a husbandman, and that any blockhead who knows enough to come in when it rains is qualified to manage a farm.

The need of our agriculture next in order is a correction of the common error, that farming is an affair of muscle only; and that the best farmer is he who delves and grubs from daylight to dark, and from the first of January to the last of December. You will not, I am sure, interpret me as undervaluing industry, diligence, force; certainly, you will not believe me to commend that style of farming which leaves time for loitering away sunny hours in bar-rooms, and for attending every auction, horse-race, shooting-match, or monkey show that may infest the township. I know right well that he who would succeed in any pursuit must carefully husband his time, making every hour count. What I maintain is, that, while every hour has its duties, they are not all muscular; and that the farmer who would wisely and surely thrive must have time for mental improvement as well as for physical exertion. I know there are farmers who decline to take regularly any newspaper, even one devoted to agriculture, because they say they can't afford it, or have no time to read it. I say no farmer can afford to do without one. To attempt it is a blunder and a loss; if he has children growing up around him, it is moreover a grievous wrong. If every hard-working farmer, who says he cannot read in summer, because it is a hurrying season, were to set apart two hours of each day for reading and reflection, he would not only be a wiser and happier man than if he gave every hour to mere labor,—he would live in greater comfort and acquire more property. To dig is easily learned; but to learn how, where, and when to dig most effectively is the achievement of a lifetime. There is no greater and yet no more common mistake than that which confounds incessant, exhausting muscular effort with the highest efficiency in farming. I know men who have toiled early and late, summer and winter, with resolute energy and ample strength, through their forty years of manhood, yet failed to secure a competence, not because they have been specially unfortunate, as they are apt to suppose, but because they lacked the knowledge and skill, the wisdom and science, that would have enabled them to make their exertions tell most effectively. They have been life-long workers; but they have not known how to work to the greatest advantage. Each of them has planted and sowed enough to shield him from want for the remainder of his days; but when the time came for reaping and gathering into barns, his crops were deficient. One year, too much rain; the next year, too little; now an untimely frost, and then the ravage of insects, have baffled his exertions and blasted his hopes, and left him in the down-hill of life still toiling for a hand-to-mouth subsistence. I think the observation of almost any of you will have furnished parallels in this respect for my own.

SOCIAL REFORM.

[*Reforms and Reformers.—Recollections of a Busy Life.* 1868.]

THE great, the all-embracing Reform of our age is, therefore, the SOCIAL Reform,—that which seeks to lift the Laboring Class, as such—not out of labor, by any means—but out of ignorance, inefficiency, dependence, and want, and place them in a position of partnership and recognized mutual helpfulness with the suppliers of the capital which they render fruitful and efficient. It is easily said that this is the case now; but, practically, the fact is otherwise. The man who has only labor to barter for wages or bread looks up to the buyer of his sole commodity as a benefactor; the master and journeyman, farmer and hired man, lender and borrower, mistress and servant, do *not* stand on a recognized footing of reciprocal benefaction. True, self-interest is the acknowledged impulse of either party; the lender, the employer, parts with his money only to increase it, and so, it would seem, is entitled to prompt payment or faithful service,—not, specially, to gratitude. He who pays a bushel of fair wheat for a day's work at sowing for next year's harvest has simply exchanged a modicum of his property for other property, to him of greater value; and so has no sort of claim to an unreciprocated obeisance from the other party to the bargain. But so long as there shall be ten who would gladly borrow to one disposed and able to lend, and many more anxious to be hired than others able and willing to employ them, there always will be a natural eagerness of competition for loans, advances, employment, and a resulting deference of borrower to lender, employed to employer. He who may hire or not, as to him shall seem profitable, is independent; while he who must be hired or starve exists at others' mercy. Not till Society shall be so adjusted, so organized, that whoever is willing to work shall assuredly *have* work, and fair recompense for doing it, as readily as he who has gold may exchange it for more portable notes, will the laborer be placed on a footing of justice and rightful independence. He who is able and willing to give work for bread is not essentially a pauper; he does not desire to abstract without recompense from the aggregate of the world's goods and chattels; he is not rightfully a beggar. Wishing only to convert his own muscular energy into bread, it is not merely his, but every man's interest that the opportunity should be afforded him,—nay, it is the clear *duty* of Society to render such exchange at all times practicable and convenient.

A community or little world wherein all freely serve and all are amply served,—wherein each works according to his tastes or needs, and is paid for all he does or brings to pass,—wherein education is free and common as air and sunshine,—wherein drones and sensualists cannot abide the social atmosphere, but are expelled by a quiet, wholesome fermentation,—wherein humbugs and charlatans necessarily find their level, and naught but actual service, tested by the severest ordeals, can secure approbation, and none but sterling qualities win esteem,—such is the ideal world of the Socialist. Grant that it is but a dream,—and such, as yet, it for the most part has been,—it by no means follows that it has no practical value. On the contrary, an ideal, an illusion, if a noble one, has often been the inspirer of grand and beneficent efforts. Moses was fated never to enter the Land of Promise he so longingly viewed afar; and Columbus never found—who can now wish that he had?—that unimpeded sea-route westward to India that he sought so wisely and so daringly. Yet still the world moves on, and by mysterious and unexpected ways the great, brave soul is permitted to subserve the benignant purposes of God contemplating the elevation and blessing of Man. And so, I cannot doubt, the unselfish efforts in our day for the melioration of social hardships, though their methods may be rejected as mistaken or defective, will yet signally conduce to their contemplated ends. Fail not, then, humble hoper for "the Good Time Coming," to lend *your* feeble sigh, to swell the sails of whatever bark is freighted with earnest efforts for the mitigation of human woes, nor doubt that the Divine breath shall waft it at last to its prayed-for haven!

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

[*Letter to the Hon. Robert Dale Owen*, 5 *March*, 1860.—*From the Same.*]

I AM perfectly willing to see all social experiments tried that any earnest, rational being deems calculated to promote the well-being of the human family; but I insist that this matter of marriage and divorce has passed beyond the reasonable scope of experiment. The ground has all been travelled over and over,—from indissoluble monogamic marriage down through polygamy, concubinage, easy divorce, to absolute free love, mankind have tried every possible modification and shade of relation between man and woman. If these multiform, protracted, diversified, infinitely repeated experiments have not established the superiority of the union of one man to one woman for life,—in short, marriage,—to all other forms of sexual relation, then history is a deluding mist, and man has hitherto lived in vain.

But you assert that the people of Indiana are emphatically moral and chaste in their domestic relations. That may be: at all events, *I* have not yet called it in question. Indiana is yet a young State,—not so old as either you or I,—and most of her adult population were born, and I think most of them were reared and married, in States which teach and maintain the indissolubility of marriage. That population is yet sparse, the greater part of it in moderate circumstances, engaged in rural industry, and but slightly exposed to the temptations born of crowds, luxury, and idleness. In such circumstances, continence would probably be general, even were marriage unknown. But let time and change do their work, and then see! Given the population of Italy in the days of the Cæsars, with easy divorce, and I believe the result would be like that experienced by the Roman Republic, which, under the sway of easy divorce, rotted away and perished, blasted by the mildew of unchaste mothers and dissolute homes.

If experiments are to be tried in the direction you favor, I insist that they shall be tried fairly,—not under cover of false promises and baseless pretences. Let those who will take each other on trial; but let such unions have a distinct name, as in Paris or Hayti, and let us know just who are married (old style), and who have formed unions to be maintained or terminated as circumstances shall dictate. Those who choose the latter will of course consummate it without benefit of clergy; but I do not see how they need even so much ceremony as that of jumping the broomstick. "I'll love you so long as I'm able, and swear for no longer than this," what need is there of any solemnity to hallow such a union? What libertine would hesitate to promise that much, even if fully resolved to decamp next morning? If man and woman are to be true to each other only so long as they shall each find constancy the dictate of their several inclinations, there can be no such crime as adultery, and mankind have too long been defrauded of innocent enjoyment by priestly anathemas and ghostly maledictions. Let us each do what for the moment shall give us pleasurable sensations, and let all such fantasies as God, duty, conscience, retribution, eternity, be banished to the moles and the bats, with other forgotten rubbish of bygone ages of darkness and unreal terrors.

But if—as I firmly believe—marriage is a matter which concerns, not only the men and women who contract it, but the state, the community, mankind,—if its object be not merely the mutual gratification and advantage of the husband and wife, but the due sustenance, nurture, and education of their children,—if, in other words, those who voluntarily incur the obligations of parentage can only discharge those obligations personally and conjointly, and to that end are bound to live together in love at least until their youngest child shall have attained perfect physical and intellectual maturity,—then I deny that a marriage can be dissolved save by death or that crime which alone renders its continuance impossible. I look beyond the special case to the general law, and to the reason which underlies that law; and I say, no couple can innocently take upon themselves the obligations of marriage until they KNOW that they are one in spirit, and so must remain forever. If they rashly lay profane hands on the ark, theirs alone is the blame; be theirs alone the penalty! They have no right to cast it on that public which admonished and entreated them to forbear, but admonished and entreated in vain.

LITERATURE AS A VOCATION.

[*From the Same.*]

LITERATURE is a noble calling, but only when the call obeyed by the aspirant issues from a world to be enlightened and blessed, not from a void stomach clamoring to be gratified and filled. Authorship is a royal priesthood; but woe to him who rashly lays unhallowed hands on the ark or the altar, professing a zeal for the welfare of the Race only that he may secure the confidence and sympathies of others, and use them for his own selfish ends! If a man have no heroism in his soul,—no animating purpose beyond living easily and faring sumptuously,—I can imagine no greater mistake on his part than that of resorting to authorship as a vocation. That such a one may achieve what he regards as success, I do not deny; but, if so, he does it at greater risk and by greater exertion than would have been required to win it in any other pursuit. No: It cannot be wise in a selfish, or sordid, or sensual man to devote himself to Literature; the fearful self-exposure incident to this way of life,—the dire necessity which constrains the author to stamp his own essential portrait on every volume of his works, no matter how carefully he may fancy he has erased, or how artfully he may suppose he has concealed it,—this should repel from the vestibule of the temple of Fame the foot of every profane or mocking worshipper. But if you are sure that your impulse is not personal nor sinister, but a desire to serve and ennoble your Race, rather than to dazzle and be served by it; that you are ready joyfully to "shun delights, and live laborious days," so that thereby the well-being of mankind may be promoted,—then I pray you not to believe that the world is too wise to need further enlightenment, nor that it would be impossible for one so humble as yourself to say aught whereby error may be dispelled or good be diffused. Sell not your integrity; barter not your independence; beg of no man the privilege of earning a livelihood by Authorship; since that is to degrade your faculty, and very probably to corrupt it; but seeing through your own clear eyes, and uttering the impulses of your own honest heart, speak or write as truth and love shall dictate, asking no material recompense, but living by the labor of your hands, until recompense shall be voluntarily tendered to secure your service, and you may frankly accept it without a compromise of your integrity or a peril to your freedom. Soldier in the long warfare for Man's rescue from Darkness and Evil, choose not your place on the battle-field, but joyfully accept that assigned you; asking not whether there be higher or lower, but only whether it is here that you can most surely do your proper work, and meet your full share of the responsibility and the danger. Believe not that the Heroic Age is no more; since to that age is only requisite the heroic purpose and the heroic soul. So long as ignorance and evil shall exist, so long there will be work for the devoted, and so long will there be room in the ranks of those who, defying obloquy, misapprehension, bigotry, and interested craft, struggle and dare for the redemption of the world. "Of making many books there is no end," though there is happily a speedy end of most books *after* they are made; but he who by voice or pen strikes his best blow at the impostures and vices whereby our race is debased and paralyzed may close his eyes in death, consoled and cheered by the reflection that he has done what he could for the emancipation and elevation of his kind.

Frances Miriam Whitcher.

BORN in Whitesboro, N. Y., 1811. DIED there, 1852.

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT'S OPINION.

[*The Widow Bedott Papers.* 1856.]

HE was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once when he was in one of his poor turns, that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin' as we was a settin' by the fire,—I was a knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well he used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part of the time). Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything oncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly" (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he ginerally called me "Silly," cause 'twas handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem, I tell you—he had a sollem countenance naterally—and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and certingly you wouldent wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down. Why it's an onaccountable fact that when that man died he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married and for five or six year after I shouldent desire to see a ruggeder man than he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and O dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt, for better'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but lawful sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round forevermore, and never comin' to the pint. Now there's Miss Jinkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejusest individooal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was a gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly"; says I, "What?" I dident say, "What, Hezekier?" for I dident like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin. "Hezekier Bedott," says I, "well, I would give up if I had sich a name," but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you have this minnit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekiah. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott; it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gineration to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he *is* a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a *leetle* out of her reckonin'. But I was going to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly"; I says, says I, "What?" If I dident say "what" when he said "Silly" he'd a kept on saying "Silly," from time to eternity. He always did, because you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and I ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I, "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say, dident know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time; but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can? Why I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin'; but *he* dident. He and me went once in the dead of winter in a one-hoss shay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them are flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there, husband was took with a dretful crik in his back. Now *that* was what I call a *perdickerment*, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband dident. He only said, says he, "Consarn it." How did we get out, did you ask? Why we might a been sittin' there to this day fur as *I* know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that observation of hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly" (I could see by the light o' the fire, there dident happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgitful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company)—I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was oncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "*We're all poor critters!*"

George Washington Greene.

BORN in East Greenwich, R. I., 1811. DIED there, 1883.

WITH COLE, THE PAINTER, AT ROME.

[*Biographical Studies.* 1860.]

WE sat and watched the lingering day. We saw the shadows slowly stealing up from the valley, and the last sunbeams meekly fading into twilight. We saw that second glow which bursts forth when the sun is gone; the last look of expiring day at the scenes which it had gladdened by its smile, swathing the mountain-sides in golden floods, and playing along their rugged crests like lightning on the edges of a cloud. Then this, too, passed away, and through the mountain gap above Tivoli rose a soft and silvery gleam, gradually extending over the horizon, and growing purer and brighter, till the full moon came forth unveiled, and shed her beams so gently on all that magic scene, that the rough mountain-side seemed to smile at their touch, and the dank vapors, that floated cloud-like far and wide over the Campagna, looked like islands of liquid light.

We spoke of the past; of the thousands who had come from distant places to look upon that scene; of the mysterious decree which had crowded so large a portion of the world's destinies within that narrow circle. We summoned the plebeians of old to people once more the deserted hill on which they had called into life the second element of Roman greatness. We pitched the tent of the Carthaginian on the banks of the Anio, and watched the beams that fell on the gray mounds that once were the Tusculum of Cicero. And as we asked ourselves why all this had been, and why it had been so, and not otherwise, Cole's thoughts went back to his "Course of Empire," and the conception from which it had sprung, and how he had hoped to make landscape speak to the heart by the pencil, as it was speaking to us, there, of the great questions of life. He talked, too, of the works which he had planned, in which nature was to tell a story of vaster import than the rise and fall of human power—the triumph of religion. And as he spoke, his heart seemed to glow with the conception, and his imagination called up wonderful forms, and his words flowed fast and with burning eloquence, for it was a thought which had long been dear to him. He had clung to it through disappointment and depression. When compelled to force himself down to little tasks for his daily bread, it had still been with him a burning aspiration and a strengthening hope; and a few years later, when he laid down his pencil for the last time, the third picture of the first of that wonderful series stood yet unfinished on his easel.

When we returned home, he asked for a copy of Bryant, and read the "Thanatopsis," and the "Hymn to the North Star"; and as his mind grew calmer under the influence of the poet he loved most, his thoughts turned homewards to gentler and familiar scenes, and he went on with the "Rivulet," and "Green River," and others of those exquisite pieces, which reflect the sweet aspect of nature so truthfully that their melody steals into the heart with the balmy freshness of nature's own soothings.

Cole remained in Rome till April. The "Voyage of Life" had always been one of his favorite compositions, and he felt a peculiar pleasure in painting it over again in Rome.

When the first three pictures were finished and the fourth nearly so, Terry lent him his studio in the Orto di Napoli to exhibit them in, and he became anxious to have Thorwaldsen see them. As I had frequent opportunities of meeting him, I undertook to arrange an interview between the two artists. Thorwaldsen accepted the invitation at once, and fixed upon the next morning for his visit. Crawford, who neglected no opportunity of conversing with his great master, offered to show him the way, and I went before to see that all was ready.

The moment that he entered the room, I could see by the lighting up of his clear, blue eye, that he felt himself at home; and before Cole could do anything more than name the subject of the series, he took up the interpretation himself, and read the story off from the canvas, with a readiness that made Cole's eyes moisten with delight. When he came to the last, he paused and gazed; then returned to the first, passed slowly before them all; and coming back to the last again, stood before it for a long while without uttering a word. It seemed to me as if he felt that he, too, had reached that silent sea, and was comparing the recollections of his own eventful career with the story of the old man and his shattered bark. And to this day I can never look upon that picture without fancying that I still see Thorwaldsen standing before it, with his gray locks falling over his shoulders, like those of the hero of the picture, and his serene features composed to deep and solemn meditation. It was the old man, in Young, walking—

"Thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean, he must sail full soon."

When, at last, he spoke, it was in the strongest terms of gratification: and often as we used to meet during those last two years of his life in Rome, he never forgot to inquire after Cole; always ending with—"Great artist, great artist."

Henry James.

Born in Albany, N. Y., 1811. Died at Cambridge, Mass., 1882.

OUR EXISTING CIVILIZATION.

[*Is Marriage Holy?—The Atlantic Monthly.* 1870.]

SOCIETY is getting to mean, now, something very different from what it has ever before meant. It has all along meant an instituted or conventional order among men, and this order was to be maintained at whatever cost to the individual man; if need be, at the cost of his utmost physical and moral degradation. People no longer put this extravagant estimate upon our civic organization. Our existing civilization seems now very dear at that costly price. Society, in short, is beginning to claim interests essentially repugnant to those of any established order. It utterly refuses to be identified with any mere institutions, however conventionally sacred, and claims to be a plenary divine righteousness in our very nature. The critical moment of destiny seems to be approaching, the day of justice and judgment for which the world has been so long agonizing in prayer, a day big with wrath against every interest of man which is organized upon the principle of his inequality with his brother, and full of peace to every interest established upon their essential fellowship. Every day an increasing number of persons reject our cruel civilization as a finality of God's providence upon earth. Every day burns the conviction deeper in men's bosoms, that there is no life of man on earth so poor and abject, whose purification and sanctification are not an infinitely nearer and dearer object to the heart of God than the welfare of any Paris, any London, any New York extant. And this rising preponderance of the human sentiment in consciousness over the personal one is precisely what accounts for the growing disrespect into which our legal administration is falling, and precisely what it must try to mould itself upon, if it would recover again the lost ground to which its fidelity to the old ideas is constantly subjecting it.

Noah Porter.

BORN in Farmington, Conn., 1811.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

[*Books and Reading.* 1870.]

RELIGIOUS books may be divided into four classes: *good* books, *i. e.*, books which are very good—*goodish* books—books which are *good for nothing*—books which are *worse than nothing.*

Good books are such as are positive and conspicuous for one or all of three merits—merits of thought, feeling, and diction. Every good book can show a *raison d'être.* There is some occasion for its being produced and read. Good books invariably bear marks of having originated in a gifted mind—in a mind set apart by nature or called of God to speak to one's fellow-men by reason of the gift of genius or of earnestness. They show the signs of this calling and these gifts, and awaken a response in the ear and the hearts of the truly earnest or the truly cultured of those who hear them, and thus prove there was an occasion for their being written.

Goodish books are books of second-hand goodness—books that are consciously or unconsciously imitated from good books—books that repeat old thoughts, by stupid and servile copying, or with such original variations as despoil them of their freshness and life—books which seek to express simple and familiar emotions without just or real feeling—books which strain out affected conceits, or extravagant imagery, with some empty ambition of originality—books whose authors are willing to gain the admiration of the uncultured and the half-cultured by any extravagance of thought or diction. Above all, they are books which utter the words of religious feeling when the writer does not really possess it, or possessing it describes the objects of his excited emotion in borrowed or stereotyped phraseology. Such books are deformed by more or less of *cant* in the strict and proper acceptation of that term, as characterizing an unsuccessful attempt to sing what another sings heartily and sings well. Goodish books may have more or less positive merit, with all their strained and factitious untruth—they may be eminently useful to readers who do not observe their defects or are not offended by them, who do not require anything better, or who may have a taste so perverted as to prefer them to good books, even though good books would be far better for them. There is unhappily, in the religious world, a very large class of books of whom the remark of a shrewd observer will hold, "Men who are simply and earnestly good, I like exceedingly, but goodish men or those who put on airs of goodness, not at all."

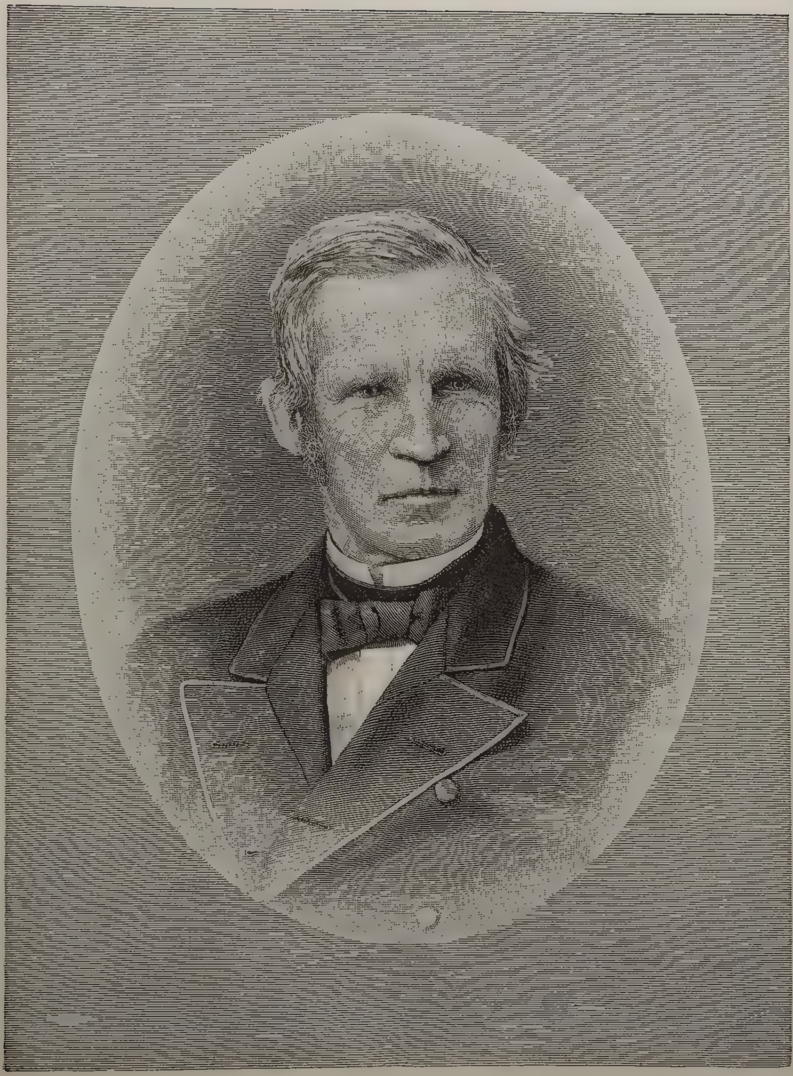
Religious books which are *good for nothing* are such as are stupid in thought, feeble in emotion, false in imagery, vulgar in illustration, or uncouth and illiterate in diction, and which are so deficient in all these particulars as to be incapable of doing good to any one which might not be done far more efficiently by books that are better or those less open to objection. Books of this description are very numerous. They are produced by the ton. They thrust themselves in your face in every bookseller's shop. They are obtruded upon your notice by weak but well-meaning people at every corner. That they serve some useful purpose to very many people does not disprove that they are good for nothing, provided we can show that a good or a goodish book would have answered the same purpose better or equally well.

Religious books that are *worse than nothing* are such as are positively offensive from defects so gross as to be obvious to people of very moderate cultivation. All books belong to this class which are false in sentiment, fraudulent by over-statement or by suppression, wooden or scholastic in phraseology and conception, dishonest in the caricature or misrepresentation of opponents whether infidel or fellow-Christian, unsound in reasoning, hysterical in emotion, doggerel in verse, or sensational and extravagant in prose. These all dishonor true religion either by conspicuous errors, a bad spirit, bad taste, bad manners, or bad English. Whatever partial or occasional good they may seem to effect among people who are not aware of their falsehood, or are not offended by their extravagance, would be done more effectually by other books, while the positive evil they occasion to the bigoted, the undevout, and the scoffer, is fearful to think of.

THE NEW AND THE OLD COMMANDMENT.

[*Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College.* 1888.]

CHRISTIANITY, both as a law and force, has the capacity and promise of a progressive renewal in the future. It has the capacity for constant development and progress. It can never be outgrown, because its principles are capable of being applied to every exigency of human speculation and action. It can never be dispensed with, because man can never be independent of God, the living God; and in the fierce trials which are yet before him, he may find greater need than ever of God as revealed in Christ. That such trials are to come, we do not doubt. We cannot predict what new strains are to be brought upon our individual or social life. There are signs that the bonds of faith and reverence, of order and decency, of kindliness and affection, which have so long held



Noah Porter.

men together, are to be weakened, perhaps withered, by the dry-rot of confident and conceited speculation, or consumed by the fire of human passion. It is not impossible that society may be convulsed by the heaving earthquake from beneath, or the whirling tornado from the air. We cannot tell to what new forms of questioning the received truths of faith may be subjected, or how far speculation and history and criticism may lead to new interpretations of nature and Christ and human duty. But this much we do know,—that every change through which Christianity has been conducted in the past has served to bring out in bolder relief and brighter radiance the great verities that from the first have been esteemed as the essentials of Christian truth and duty. Old formulas of doctrine have indeed been more or less modified, or have received new interpretations. History and criticism have thrown a glare of new light upon the Scriptures, which has been sometimes so bright as to expose strange and unexpected shadows. Science has penetrated the constitution of nature, and unrolled the mysterious pages of its history, and started many as yet unanswered questions in respect to the mutual relations of matter and spirit, of nature and of God. But man remains the same in his nature, his needs, and his duties, in his weakness and strength, in his hopes and his fears, and therefore the old religion stands.

The old commandment has been continually renewing its life by new developments and new interpretations, by new illustrations and new applications, and yet it is the same old commandment still. The newest science, the newest criticism, the newest forms of practical ethics, the newest political wisdom, in one way or other reaffirm the law originally written on the human heart, the law reaffirmed by Moses, the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ. We believe that in the future, whether our progress is to be in sunshine or in storm, whether it is to be by discussion in the closet and the forum, or by strife on the battle-field of civil or social war, whether the new lessons are to be gently distilled as the dew, or revealed by lightning and tempest, men are continually to renew their convictions in the great truths which God upholds by his power, and Christ was revealed to enforce,—the personal responsibility and freedom of man, the sacredness of human duty, the nearness of man to God, the certainty and awfulness, the reasonableness and equity, of future retribution, the excellence of the life that Christ has exemplified, and the assured triumphs of the kingdom of light.

But we also believe, that as men shall be more and more assured of these common truths, and be more concerned with their application to the lives of their fellow-men; as they are more entranced with a deepening and glowing love for the living and the loving Christ; as they become more generous, tolerant, and loving,—they will enlarge their knowledge of the manifold applications of Christian truth and duty. While these, the old foundations, will remain unchanged, new structures of beauty and of state will rise, such as the world has never dreamed of, in the philosophy, the literature, the art, the manners, the politics, the trade, which Christianity shall transfigure by its enlightened and loving spirit, and employ in nobler uses, and electrify with resistless energy. . .

These truths are not unfamiliar to your thoughts. The questions which I have endeavored to answer spring into the minds of all thinking men at the present time. They force themselves upon the attention of all who are conversant with the course of speculation now abroad in the world. Development and progress are the watchwords of the hour. In science and letters, in every field of research and of culture, the demand is for something new, and the supply as constantly meets the demand. So many new and startling speculations have of late been accepted, and so many old and venerable theories displaced in the most solid minds, while history and criticism have as frequently defended such surprising conclusions, that it is not unnatural that the student who is introduced suddenly to this imposing array of novel speculations, and confronted with the confident asseverations of brilliant theorists, should ask in earnest and sad misgiving, Is everything old to go which men have trusted? Must theism be abandoned because it is antiquated, and Christ be denied because the time-spirit can no longer find occasion for him? Is human personality dissolved by the last analysis? Has the conscience which makes cowards of us all been itself frightened away at the last word of the comparative physiologist? Is morality only a sentiment, and this the changing product of habit and environment? Are worship and prayer and natural piety to dry up or die out of the soul under the keen and searching eyes of science and criticism? On the other hand, if we believe, must we accept a formulated tradition, or a stiff and scholastic dogma, or an unnatural morality? Did the living God speak from Sinai thousands of years ago, and has nothing new been commanded, or can nothing new be inferred as to his will? Did Christ exhaust the limits of the code of practical morality in the exact words which He uttered, leaving nothing to be inferred in respect to special duties in the broad light of the rich and manifold experiences of modern life, and the complicated structures of modern society?

To these and all questions like them, I have endeavored on this occasion to furnish a comprehensive answer. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. This is as pertinent to living truths as to living souls. Christ declares of himself, "I make all things new. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth."

Go forth into life, carrying with you the firm conviction that faith in

God and duty, in Christ and his cause, is not only justified, but required by the most liberal and the profoundest philosophy. Suspect of haste and charlatanism all those conclusions which are at war with the old humanities and the venerable faiths on which Christendom has stood so solidly for centuries, and through which men have prayed and worshipped and done heroic service for these several generations. Be assured also that these faiths are not dead traditions, but living germs which are capable of growth and expansion, and of varied adaptation to every demand of human experience.

THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

[*From the Same.*]

IT may still be argued, that in the present divided state of Christendom a college which is positively Christian must, in fact, be controlled by some religious denomination, and this must necessarily narrow and belittle its intellectual and emotional life. We reply, a college need not be administered in the interests of any religious sect, even if it be controlled by it. We have contended, at length, that science and culture tend to liberalize sectarian narrowness. We know that Christian philosophy, history, and literature are eminently catholic and liberal. No class of men so profoundly regret the divisions of Christendom as do Christian scholars; and, we add, their liberality is often in proportion to their fervor. While a college may be, and sometimes is, a nursery of petty prejudices, and a hiding-place for sectarian bigotry, it is untrue to all the lessons of Christian thoughtfulness if it fails to honor its own nobler charity, and will sooner or later outgrow its narrowness.

It may be still further urged, that a Christian college must limit itself in the selection of instructors to men of positive Christian belief, and may thus deprive itself of the ablest instruction. We reply, no positive inferences of this sort can be drawn from the nature or duties of a Christian college. The details of administration are always controlled by wise discretion. A seeker after God, if he has not found rest in faith, may be even more devout and believing in his influence than a fiery dogmatist or an uncompromising polemic. And yet it may be true, that a teacher who is careless of misleading confiding youth, and who is fertile in suggestions of unbelief, may, for this reason and this only, be disqualified from being a safe and useful instructor in any college, whether Christian or secular. Personal characteristics very properly enter very largely into a just estimate of the requisites for an ennobling and successful instructor; and among personal qualities, those which we call

Christian are esteemed the most ennobling, except by those who are ashamed of the Christian name.

Last of all, it may be urged that a Christian college may become the nursery of pietistic sentimentalism or fanatical fervor. This is true; but there are other sentimentalisms than those which are inspired by Christian truth and the Christian history, and there are other fanaticisms than such as flame in the Christian Church. The best security against all excesses of this sort is to be found in that soundness of mind which earnest Christian devotion is fitted to inspire, when instructed by solid learning, and enlightened by science; when refined by imaginative literature, and made graceful by consummate art.

We conclude as we began,—that a Christian college, to be worthy of its name, must be the home of enlarged knowledge and varied culture. It must abound in all the appliances of research and instruction; its libraries and collections must be rich to affluence; its corps of instructors must be well trained and enthusiastic in the work of teaching. For all this, money is needed; and it should be gathered into great centres—not wasted in scanty fountains, nor subdivided into insignificant rills. Into such a temple of science the Christian spirit should enter as the shekinah of old, purifying and consecrating all to itself. In such a college the piety should inspire the science, and the culture should elevate and refine the piety, and the two should lift each the other upward toward God, and speed each other outward and onward in errands of blessing to man.

Whether a Christian college shall surpass one that is purely or chiefly secular in its scientific training and literary culture, must be tested by time; but, in order that the test should be fair, the advantages must be equal. The endowments, the appliances, the libraries, the museums, and all else that wealth can furnish, must be similar in attractiveness and solidity. The friends of each must give to each an enthusiastic and unwavering support. We do not contend that religious zeal can be a substitute for scientific ardor, but we do argue that it may and will furnish the highest aspiration when directed to scientific studies. We are not so simple as to hold that the culture of the religious feelings is a substitute for the training of the imagination; but we do contend that the imagination, when fired by Christian faith and fervor, rises to its loftiest achievements. In a word, we believe that the Christian faith is the perfection of the human reason, as truly as a necessity to the human heart, and is, therefore, essential to the highest forms of human culture.

We conclude that no institution of higher education can attain the highest ideal excellence in which the Christian faith is not exalted as supreme; in which its truth is not asserted with a constant fidelity, defended with unremitting ardor, and enforced with a fervent and devoted zeal; in which Christ is not honored as the inspirer of man's best affections, the model of man's highest excellence, and the master of all human duties. Let two instructions be placed side by side, with equal advantages in other particulars; let the one be positively Christian, and the other consistently secular, and the Christian will assuredly surpass the secular in the contributions which it will make to science and culture, and in the men which it will train for the service of their kind.

William Ingraham Kip.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1811.

OUR VENERABLE LITURGY.

[*The Double Witness of the Church.* 1849.]

EQUALLY important is the influence of a Liturgy upon a Church collectively. It preserves its orthodoxy unimpaired. Without a prescribed form of prayer, each individual teacher is left to inculcate such doctrines as best suit his own private views. He may preach error, and then pray in accordance with it. There is no standard to which his people can at all times direct their attention, and judge of his doctrines. He may become a disbeliever in one of the cardinal articles of the Christian faith, but if he omit all mention of it, both in his sermons and prayers, it may not be brought before the attention of his people for years, and thus insensibly, yet gradually, they fall into his errors.

Such, however, can never be the case where there is a Liturgy like that of our Church. Let one who ministers at our altars become heretical, and he cannot lead his people with him. He may for a time *preach* his views, but each *prayer* he reads in the service will contradict him, and proclaim most unequivocally that he is faithless to the Church. Thus he will be placed in a false position, until at last he is compelled to go out from us, showing that he is not of us.

Now see how this has always been exemplified. What religious society without a Liturgy has ever subsisted for any length of time, and yet not wandered from its early faith? Look at those on the continent of Europe, which, after the Reformation, while they abandoned the Apostolical ministry, gave up the ancient Liturgy also. To what result have those in Germany been led? Why, we see them wandering in all the mazes of rationalism, each year tending downward to a darker, more hopeless infidelity. What is the faith which now prevails at Geneva, where once John Calvin inculcated his stern and rigid creed? There all is changed, and in place of the strictness of his views, we have the latitude and coldness of those who scoff at the Divinity of our Lord. We are compelled, then, to regard the reformation on the continent as a thing that has passed away. . . . .

So it is, too, among the dissenters in England, and the same pulpits in which, during the last century, their ablest divines preached, are now held by Socinians. And is not this the case in our own land, where even the descendants of the New England Puritans have abandoned their faith, and substituted in its place the most fearful heresies, "denying the Lord that bought them!" There is reason, therefore, for that exclamation, uttered by Buchanan, the apostle of the East—"Woe to the declining Church which hath not a Gospel Liturgy!"

But where could this melancholy history be written of any who adhered faithfully to a prescribed form in their public devotions? Take our own Church, for example. Investigate the doctrines which are embodied in her formularies, and you will find that they are now what they were eighteen centuries ago. Faithless and unworthy men have indeed at times been the teachers of the Church, but their errors passed away with them, and the great body of her members, by looking to the Liturgy for instruction, still hold to their steadfastness. Its holy language, bearing the impress, and breathing forth the spirit of the purest days, is stamped upon the memory of each one of her true children, and wrought into the very texture of his mind. Her beautiful services, adapted to every change and circumstance of life, from the cradle to the grave, speak to his heart with a power which no extemporaneous prayer can have. In these words his fathers have worshipped. These prayers, perhaps, have trembled upon the lips of some whom he has loved, but who long since have passed away to their reward. By the chain of association they unite him to the departed. They recall them to his memory, and thus, by means of these petitions, he lives again in scenes which have long since gone. Oh, solemnly and sweetly do these words and these services come home to the Churchman's heart! He would not part with them—so rich in hallowed recollections—for all the eloquence that modern wisdom could devise. He clings to them through life, and trusts that the last sound which shall fall upon his dying ear will be that solemn prayer by which the Church commends the departing spirit to the mercy of its God.

Thus it is, that a thousand remembrances gather around our time-honored Ritual and commend it to our affection. We have seen, that in this manner the followers of our Master worshipped, even in the Apostolic age. When, therefore, we are called to abandon it, and adopt in its place the extemporaneous effusions of man in our public worship, may we not reply in the words of Scripture—"We have no such custom, neither the Churches of God"? We will not fear to walk in our Lord's footsteps and to follow those ancient confessors and martyrs, who, in the earliest, purest days of our faith, amidst sufferings and trials won their way to Heaven. Did they lack spirituality, or find their devotion cramped and narrowed down by the words of a Liturgy? Has the whole Christian Church been in a grievous error on this subject, until within the last three hundred years? No, brethren: and the best we can do in our feebleness is, to tread in the old paths, and "hold fast to the form of sound words" which was used "in our fathers' days, and in the old time before them." Our venerable Liturgy speaks to us in the language of God's own word. Let us strive to imbibe its holy spirit, and we shall need no better preparation for death.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR LORD.

[*The Unnoticed Things of Scripture.* 1868.]

IT is strange, how many of our religious notions, unconsciously to ourselves, are derived from other sources than the Bible. For instance, how many views of the fall and the atonement which persons entertain, if scrutinized, would be found to have their origin in Milton's "Paradise Lost." They come to us in the flowing dignity of his verse, and insensibly we adopt, as a part of our theological creed, his picture of the revolt in heaven and the crushing of the fallen angels.

So it is with the personal appearance of our Lord. When we think of Him, there rises to our view the portrait of the oval face, soft in expression, yet grave and even melancholy, the sad eyes, the brown wavy beard, and the hair parted on the forehead and falling in long masses on the shoulders. This is the invariable picture we summon up, when we imagine the scenes in our Lord's life.

Whence do we derive this? It is a portrait to which we have always been accustomed—we have never imagined any other—and yet, we scarcely think that, if we were to analyze the impression in our own minds, we should find it was from Scripture. There is not a word to warrant it in the New Testament, nor can we find a solitary sentence in the four Evangelists on which to found any description of our Lord's personal appearance.

Does not this seem strange? The disciples give us the fullest portrait of their Master's moral lineaments. . . . .

We believe the only reference with regard to His outward manner is that given by St. John—"These words spake Jesus, and *lifted up his eyes* to heaven." But why not have told us of His appearance, His features, His voice or actions! How would it have gratified the longings of all future ages! There is not a scene in our Lord's life but has been seized on by the painter and sculptor as a subject for their art, yet not one of the Evangelists has given a single idea which could be embodied in marble or transferred to the canvas. The laborers in the field of "Sacred Art" were obliged to draw entirely upon the imagination. The features which are so familiar to us were the conception of the Eastern Church and from it received and adopted by the Church of the West.

It is a case unparalleled in history. Wherever there have existed those who were the leaders of the human race, if their lives are written, we are furnished with the most minute descriptions of their appearance. We turn to the pages of Plato, and as he writes of his great master Socrates, we feel as if he stood before us, distinct in every lineament, not only of his intellectual, but of his physical form. His pupil has portrayed his conversations, his sayings and arguments, and also his face and features. We behold his bald head, his flat nose, his thick lips and prominent eyes, his round and robust figure, his homely dress and bare feet. From the minuteness of these details it is easy for art to construct his portrait, as, twenty-four centuries ago, he disputed in the Agora or walked the streets of Athens.

But it is not so with the four Evangelists. On all these points they are entirely silent. And yet they were men, and we see not how, humanly speaking, they could have abstained from these descriptions. Their object was to set Him forth so that all coming generations should know and love Him. Why, then, do they confine themselves only to the moral and spiritual traits of his character? . . . .

Perhaps one reason was, the overpowering awe with which they looked back to Him. To them, the divinity absorbed all thoughts of the humanity. They could not worthily describe the ideal in their minds, and therefore shrank from the attempt. Human language, they realized, could give no idea of the outward form, when the God-like and the human were mingled in one, and therefore they gave nothing which could appeal to the senses. They felt, perhaps, as did one of the most celebrated sculptors of our day. When Thorwaldsen had executed what the world now looks upon as an exquisite statue of our Lord, he thus sorrowfully commented on it to a friend: "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" said his friend. "Here," said the sculptor, "is my statue of Christ. It is the first of my works with which I have ever felt satisfied. Until now, my idea has always been beyond what I could execute. It is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again."

Perhaps there was a deeper meaning in their silence. They were surrounded by nations who could not conceive of a religion where the Deity was not pictured before their eyes. The whole Jewish dispensation had been one long protest, for two thousand years, against this spirit. There must be no "graven image" of Him whom they worshipped. Particularly with the Greeks, with whom the early Christians were brought so much in contact, the favorite subjects for the chisel were the gods of their radiant mythology. To these subjects the artistic genius of the people was specially devoted. We must conclude, then, that the sacred writers observed this marked silence because they were "moved thereto by the Holy Ghost." It was to prevent, what later ages actually saw, the rise of a sensuous religion whose spirituality vanished amid the gorgeousness of its outward appearance. Looking at the past, they saw that the shekinah, the visible manifestation of the Divinity, was concealed behind the veil of the temple, and they felt not authorized to withdraw the covering. . . . .

The oldest extant painting of our Lord is one found in the catacombs of St. Calistus at Rome, while there is another similar to it in the cemetery of St. Peter. The earlier Christian sarcophagi, which are supposed to date in the time of Julian, have also representations of His countenance. All these give what is to us the familiar type of face and expression.

At length this awed silence was broken, and the Fathers of the Church began their open speculations on our Lord's appearance. Yet at first it only furnished a topic of discussion and dispute. While some contended for the physical beauty of our Lord, others took the ground that His "bodily presence was weak." . . . .

Thus, for two centuries, the Fathers were divided on this subject, which was necessarily only one of speculation. Justin Martyr and Clement of Alexandria speak of His "want of form and comeliness," while Tertullian, in his usual impulsive style, declares, "the person of Christ wanted not merely divine majesty, but even human beauty." So, too, wrote Origen; and when, in his argument with Celsus, the latter denied "that the Deity could dwell in a mean form," Origen found himself obliged to soften the literal interpretation of Isaiah, and declared that "it referred not to the lowliness of stature or meant more than the absence of noble form or preëminent beauty." And then he refers triumphantly to a verse of the forty-fifth Psalm (in the rendering of the Septuagint)—"Ride on in thy loveliness and in thy beauty."

But the progress of time swept away all these inglorious ideas, and insensibly there was awakened in the Christian mind those conceptions of grace and beauty to which so many had been accustomed in the creations of Grecian art. . . . .

And so this image of symmetry and beauty was permanently embodied in Christian art, and became the one unvarying type of our Lord's appearance with which we are all familiar, recognizing it alike in the miserable engraving which ornaments the cottage of the poor, and in the glorious conception of Raphael's Transfiguration, on the walls of the Vatican.

We accede to it and willingly adopt it as it is. We cannot imagine our Lord otherwise than as the highest efforts of art have represented Him—the old Eastern idea, where the artist has striven to embody the type of superhuman beauty—the Divinity irradiating a form where gentleness and majesty are mingled together. Yet we cannot but realize that for none of this are we indebted to the words of Scripture.

Andrew Preston Peabody.

Born in Beverly, Mass., 1811.

FAIR HARVARD SIXTY YEARS AGO.

[*Harvard Reminiscences.* 1888.]

THE last sixty years can hardly have wrought greater changes, whether superficial or radical, anywhere else than in Harvard College. In my time a student's room was remarkable chiefly for what it did not have,—for the absence of all appliances of elegance and comfort, I might almost say, of all tokens of civilization. The feather-bed—mattresses not having come into general use—was regarded as a valuable chattel; but ten dollars would have been a fair auction-price for all the other contents of an average room, which were a pine bedstead, wash-stand, table, and desk, a cheap rocking-chair, and from two to four other chairs of the plainest fashion, the bed furnishing seats when more were needed. I doubt whether any fellow-student of mine owned a carpet. A second-hand-furniture dealer had a few defaced and threadbare carpets, which he leased at an extravagant price to certain Southern members of the senior class; but even Southerners, though reputed to be fabulously rich, did not aspire to this luxury till the senior year. Coal was just coming into use, and had hardly found its way into college. The students' rooms—several of the recitation-rooms as well—were heated by open wood-fires. Almost every room had, too, among its *transmittenda*, a cannon-ball supposed to have been derived from the arsenal, which on very cold days was heated to a red heat, and placed as a calorific radiant on a skillet, or on some extemporized metallic stand;

while at other seasons it was often utilized by being rolled down-stairs at such time as might most nearly bisect a proctor's night-sleep. Friction-matches—according to Faraday the most useful invention of our age—were not yet. Coals were carefully buried in ashes over night to start the morning fire; while in summer, as I have elsewhere said, the evening lamp could be lighted only by the awkward, and often baffling, process of "striking fire" with flint, steel, and tinder-box.

The student's life was hard. Morning prayers were in summer at six; in winter, about half an hour before sunrise, in a bitterly cold chapel. Thence half of each class passed into the several recitation-rooms in the same building (University Hall), and three-quarters of an hour later the bell rang for a second set of recitations, including the remaining half of the students. Then came breakfast, which in the college commons consisted solely of coffee, hot rolls, and butter, except when the members of a mess had succeeded in pinning to the nether surface of the table, by a two-pronged fork, some slices of meat from the previous day's dinner. Between ten and twelve every student attended another recitation or a lecture. Dinner was at half-past twelve,—a meal not deficient in quantity, but by no means appetizing to those who had come from neat homes and well-ordered tables. There was another recitation in the afternoon, except on Saturday; then evening prayers at six, or in winter at early twilight; then the evening meal, plain as the breakfast, with tea instead of coffee, and cold bread, of the consistency of wool, for the hot rolls. After tea the dormitories rang with song and merriment till the study-bell, at eight in winter, at nine in summer, sounded the curfew for fun and frolic, proclaiming dead silence throughout the college premises, under penalty of a domiciliary visit from the officer of the entry, and, in case of a serious offence, of private or public admonition.

This was the life for five days of the week. On Sundays all the students were required to be in residence here, not excepting even those whose homes were in Boston; and all were required to attend worship twice each day at the college chapel. On Saturday alone was there permission to leave Cambridge, absence from town at any other time being a punishable offence. This weekly liberty was taken by almost every member of college, Boston being the universal resort; though seldom otherwise than on foot, the only public conveyance then being a two-horse stage-coach, which ran twice a day. But the holiday could not be indefinitely prolonged. The students who were not present at evening prayers were obliged by law to register their names with the regent before nine o'clock, under a heavy penalty, which was seldom or never incurred; for the regent's book was kept by his freshman, who could generally be coaxed or bribed to "take no note of time."

The price of board in commons was a dollar and three-quarters, or, as was then the uniform expression, "ten and sixpence." The dining-rooms were on the first floor of University Hall. College officers and graduates had a table on an elevated platform at the head of each room, and the students occupied the main floor in messes of from eight to ten. The round windows opening into the halls, and the shelves set in them, still remaining in some of these rooms, were designed for the convenience of waiters in bringing dishes from the kitchen in the basement. That kitchen, cooking for about two hundred persons, was the largest culinary establishment of which the New-England mind then had knowledge or conception, and it attracted curious visitors from the whole surrounding country; while the students felt in large part remunerated for coarse fare and rude service by their connection with a feeding-place that possessed what seemed to them world-wide celebrity. They were not the only dependents upon the college kitchen, but shared its viands with a half-score or more of swine, whose sties were close in the rear of the building, and with rats of abnormal size that had free quarters with the pigs. Board of a somewhat better quality was to be had at private houses for a slight advance on the college price; while two or three of the professors received select boarders at the then enormous charge of three dollars a week. This last arrangement, except when known to be peremptorily insisted on by some anxious parent, exposed a student to suspicion and unpopularity; and, if one of a professor's boarders received any college honor, it was uniformly ascribed to undue influence catered for on the one side, and exerted on the other, in consequence of this domestic arrangement.

From what has just been said, it may be inferred that the relations between the faculty and the students were regarded, as has been already intimated, on one side at least, as those of mutual hostility. The students certainly considered the faculty as their natural enemies. There existed between the two parties very little of kindly intercourse, and that little generally secret. If a student went unsummoned to a teacher's room, it was almost always by night. It was regarded as a high crime by his class for a student to enter a recitation-room before the ringing of the bell, or to remain to ask a question of the instructor; and even one who was uniformly first in the class-room would have had his way to Coventry made easy. The professors, as well as the parietal officers, performed police duty as occasion seemed to demand; and in case of a general disturbance, which was not infrequent, the entire faculty were on the chase for offenders,— a chase seldom successful; while their unskilled manœuvres in this uncongenial service were wont to elicit, not so much silent admiration, as shouts of laughter and applause, which they strove in vain to trace to their source.

The recitations were mere hearings of lessons, without comment or collateral instruction. They were generally heard in quarter-sections of a class, the entire class containing from fifty to sixty members. The custom was to call on every student in the section at every recitation. Each teacher was supposed to have some system, according to which he arranged the order of his daily calls. Some, like Dr. Popkin, openly adopted the direct, some the inverse, alphabetical order, some the two alternately. As for the key to the order adopted by the others respectively, there were, generally, conflicting theories, the maintenance of which brought into play a keenness of calculation and a skilful manipulation of data fully adequate to the solving of deeply involved algebraic equations. Of course, the endeavor—not always unsuccessful—was to determine what part of a lesson it was necessary for each individual student to prepare.

The leading feature of the college at that time was the rich provision made for courses of lectures. It may be doubted whether so many lecturers of an exceptionally high order have ever, at any one time, been brought together in the service of an American college. . . .

As regards the amount of study and of actual attainment, it was, I think, much greater with the best scholars of each class, much less with those of a lower grade, than now. I doubt whether such students as used to constitute the fourth quarter of a class could now reach the sophomore year. A youth who was regular in his habits, and who made some sort of an answer, however wide of the mark, at half of his recitations, commonly obtained his degree, though his college-life might have been interpolated by an annual three-months' suspension for negligence. But the really good scholar gave himself wholly to his work. He had no distractions, no outside society, no newspapers, no legal possibility of an evening in Boston, no probable inducement to spend an hour elsewhere than within college-walls, and not even easy access to the college library. Consequently, there remained for him nothing but hard study; and there were some in every class whose hours of study were not less than sixty a week.

The range of study was much less extensive than now. Natural history did not then even profess to be a science, and received very little attention. Chemistry, under auspices which one does not like to recall, occupied, and utterly wasted, a small portion of the senior year. French and Spanish were voluntary studies, or rather recreations; for the recitation-room of the kind-hearted septuagenarian, who had these languages in charge, was frequented more for amusement than for anything that was taught or learned. Italian and German were studied in good earnest by a very few volunteers. There was a great deal of efficient work in the department of philosophy; and the writing of English could not have been cared for more faithfully, judiciously, and fruitfully, than by

Professor Channing. But the chief labor and the crowning honor of successful scholarship were in mathematics and the classics. The mathematical course extended through the entire four years; embracing the differential calculus, the mathematical treatment of all departments of physical science then studied, and a thoroughly mathematical treatise on astronomy. In Greek and Latin, the aim, as has been already stated, was not so much to determine grammatical inflections and construction, as to reach the actual meaning of the author in hand, and to render his thought into perspicuous and elegant English. This aim was attained, I think, to a high degree in Latin; and with the faithful and searching study of the Latin text, there grew up inevitably the sort of instinctive knowledge of Latin grammar, which one conversant with the best English writers acquires of English grammar, without formal study. Such grammatical tact and skill were acquired by a respectable number of Latin scholars in every class; and the number was by no means small of those who then formed a life-long taste for Latin literature, and the capacity of reading it with all desirable ease and fluency. Greek, for reasons given in my sketch of Dr. Popkin, was studied with much greater difficulty, and, when with similar, with much less satisfactory and valuable, results. The best scholars were often discouraged in the pursuit of knowledge under hindrances so grave, and had resort to contraband methods of preparation, which required little labor, and were of no permanent benefit.

Alfred Billings Street.

Born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1811. Died at Albany, N. Y., 1881.

THE LOON.

[*Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks.* 1865.]

TAMELESS in his stately pride, along the lake of islands,
Tireless speeds the lonely loon upon his diving track;—
Emerald and gold emblazon, satin-like, his shoulder,
Ebony and pearl inlay, mosaic-like, his back.
Sailing, thus sailing, thus sails the brindled loon,
When the wave rolls black with storm, or sleeps in summer noon.

Sailing through the islands, oft he lifts his loud bravura;—
Clarion-clear it rings, and round ethereal trumpets swell;—
Upward looks the feeding deer, he sees the aiming hunter,
Up and then away, the loon has warned his comrade well.

Sailing, thus sailing, thus sails the brindled loon,
Pealing on the solitude his sounding bugle-tune.

Sacred is the loon with eye of wild and flashing crimson;
  Eye that saw the Spirit Hah-wen-ne-yo through the air
Falling, faint a star—a shaft of light—a shape of splendor—
  Falling on the deep that closed that shining shape to bear.
Sailing, thus sailing, thus sailed the brindled loon
With the grand shape falling all a-glitter from the moon.

Long before the eagle furls his pinion on the pine-top,
  Long before the blue-bird gleams in sapphire through the glen;
Long before the lily blots the shoal with golden apples,
  Leaves the loon his southern sun to sail the lake again.
Sailing, then sailing, then sails the brindled loon,
Leading with his shouting call the Spring's awakening croon.

Long after bitter chills have pierced the windy water,
  Long after Autumn dies, all dolphin-like away;
Long after coat of russet dons the deer for winter,
  Plies the solitary loon his cold and curdled bay.
Sailing, there sailing, there sails the brindled loon,
Till in chains no more to him the lake yields watery boon.

Delia Bacon.

Born in Tallmadge, Ohio, 1811. Died at Hartford, Conn., 1859.

HER INITIATION OF THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY.

[*William Shakespeare and his Plays; an Inquiry concerning them.—Contributed to "Putnam's Monthly Magazine," January*, 1856.]

THERE was one moment in which all the elements of the national genius that are now separated and incorporated in institutions as wide apart, at least, as earth and heaven, were held together, and that in their first vigor, pressed from without into their old Greek conjunction. That moment there was; it is chronicled; we have one word for it; we call it—Shakespeare.

Has the time come at last, or has it not yet come, in which this message of the new time can be laid open to us? This message from the lips of one endowed so wondrously with skill to utter it; endowed, not with the speaker's melodious tones and subduing harmonies only, but with the teacher's divinely glowing heart, with the ambition that seeks its own in all, with the love that is sweeter than the tongues of men and angels. Are we, or are we not, his legatees? Surely this new summing up of all the real questions of our common life, from such an elevation in it, this new philosophy of all men's business and desires, cannot be without its perpetual vital uses. For, in all the points on which the demonstration rests, these diagrams from the dissolving views of the past are still included in the problems of the present.

And if, in this new and more earnest research into the true ends and meanings of this greatest of our teachers, the poor player who was willing enough to assume the responsibility of these works, while they were still plays—theatrical exhibitions only, and quite in his line for the time; who might, indeed, be glad enough to do it for the sake of the princely patronage that henceforth encompassed his fortunes, even to the granting of a thousand pounds at a time, if that were needed to complete his purchase—if this good man, sufficiently perplexed already with the developments which the modern criticism has by degrees already laid at his door, does here positively refuse to go any further with us on this road, why e'en let us shake hands with him and part, he as his business and desire shall point him, "for every man hath business and desire, such as it is," and not without a grateful recollection of the good service he has rendered us.

The publisher of these plays let his name go down still and to all posterity on the cover of it. They *were* his plays. He brought them out,—he and his firm. They took the scholar's text, that dull black and white, that mere ink and paper, and made of it a living, speaking, many-colored, glittering reality, which even the groundlings of that time could appreciate, in some sort. What was Hamlet to them, without his "inky cloak" and his "forest of feathers" and his "razed shoes" and "the roses" on them? And they came out of this man's bag—he was the owner of the "wardrobe" and of the other "stage properties." He was the owner of the manuscripts; and if he came honestly by them, whose business was it to enquire any further, then? If there was no one who chose, just then, to claim the authorship of them, whose else should they be? Was not the actor himself a poet, and a very facetious one, too? Witness the remains of him, the incontestable poetical remains of him, which *have* come down to us. What if his ill-natured contemporaries, whose poetic glories he was eclipsing forever with those new plays of his, did assail him on his weak points, and call him, in the face of his time, "a *Johannes Factotum*," and held up to public ridicule his particular style of acting, plainly intimating that it was chargeable with that very fault which the prince of Denmark directs his tragedians to omit—did not the blundering editor of that piece of offensive criticism get a decisive hint from some quarter, that he might better have withheld it; and was it not humbly retracted and hushed up directly? Some of the earlier anonymous plays, which were included in the collection published, after this player's decease, as the plays of William Shakespeare, are, indeed, known to have been produced anonymously at other theatres, and by companies with which this actor had never any connection; but the poet's company and the player's were, as it seems, two different things; and that is a fact which the criticism and history of these plays, as it stands at present, already exhibits. Several of the plays which form the nucleus of the Shakespeare drama had already been brought out, before the Stratford actor was yet in a position to assume that relation to it which proved so advantageous to his fortunes. Such a nucleus of the Shakespeare drama there was already, when the name which this actor bore, with such orthographical variations as the purpose required, began to be assumed as the name and device of that new sovereignty of genius which was then first rising and kindling behind its cloud, and dimming and overflowing with its greater glory all the less, and gilding all it shone on. The machinery of these theatrical establishments offered, indeed, the most natural and effective, as well as, at that time, on other accounts, the most convenient mode of exhibition for that particular class of subjects which the genius of this particular poet naturally inclined him to meddle with. He had the most profoundly philosophical reasons for preferring that mode of exhibiting his poems, as will be seen hereafter.

And, when we have once learned to recognize the actor's true relations to the works which have given to his name its anomalous significance, we shall be prepared, perhaps, to accept, at last, this great offer of aid in our readings of these works, which has been lying here now two hundred and thirty years, unnoticed; then, and not till then, we shall be able to avail ourselves, at last, of the aid of those "friends of his," to whom, two hundred and thirty years ago, "knowing that his wit could no more lie hid than it could be lost," the editors of the first printed collection of these works venture to refer us; "those other friends of his, whom, IF WE NEED, can be our *guides;* and, IF WE NEED THEM NOT, we are able to lead ourselves and others, and such readers they wish him."

If we had accepted either of these two conditions—if we had found ourselves with those who need this offered guidance, or with those who need it not—if we had but gone far enough in our readings of these works to feel the want of that aid, from exterior sources, which is here proffered us—there would not have been presented to the world, at this hour, the spectacle—the stupendous spectacle—of a nation referring the origin of its drama—a drama more noble, and learned, and subtle than the Greek—to the invention—the accidental, unconscious invention—of a stupid, ignorant, illiterate, third-rate play-actor.

If we had, indeed, but applied to these works the commonest rules of historical investigation and criticism, we might, ere this, have been led to enquire, on our own account, whether "this player here," who brought them out, might not possibly, in an age like that, like the player in Hamlet, have had some friend, or "friends," who could, "an' if they would," or "an' if they might," explain his miracles to us, and the secret of his "poor cell."

If we had accepted this suggestion, the true Shakespeare would not have been now to seek. In the circle of that patronage with which this player's fortunes brought him in contact, in that illustrious company of wits and poets, we need not have been at a loss to find the philosopher who writes, in his prose as well, and over his own name also,

"In Nature's *infinite book of secrecy,*
A little I can read"—

we should have found one, at least, furnished for that last and ripest proof of learning which the drama, in the unmiraculous order of the human development, must constitute; that proof of it in which philosophy returns from history, from its noblest fields, and from her last analysis, with the secret and material of the creative synthesis—with the secret and material of art. With this direction, we should have been able to identify, ere this, the Philosopher who is only the Poet in disguise—the Philosopher who calls himself the New Magician—the Poet who was toiling and plotting to fill the globe with his Arts, and to make our common, every-day human life poetical—who would have *all* our life, and not a part of it, learned, artistic, beautiful, religious.

We should have found, ere this, ONE, with learning broad enough, and deep enough, and subtle enough, and comprehensive enough, one with nobility of aim and philosophic and poetic genius enough, to be able to claim his own, his own immortal progeny—undwarfed, unblinded, undeprived of one ray or dimple of that all-pervading reason that informs them; one who is able to reclaim them, even now, "cured and perfect in their limbs, and absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them."

John William Draper.

BORN at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, England, 1811. DIED at Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., 1882.

THE ORGANIZATION OF PUBLIC INTELLECT.

[*History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.—Revised Edition.* 1876.]

NATIONS, like individuals, are born, pass through a predestined growth, and die. One comes to its end at an early period and in an untimely way; another, not until it has gained maturity. One is cut off by feebleness in its infancy, another is destroyed by civil disease, another commits political suicide, another lingers in old age. But for every one there is an orderly way of progress to its final term, whatever that term may be.

Now, when we look at the successive phases of individual life, what is it that we find to be their chief characteristic? Intellectual advancement. And we consider that maturity is reached when intellect is at its maximum. The earlier stages are preparatory; they are wholly subordinate to this.

If the anatomist be asked how the human form advances to its highest perfection, he at once disregards all the inferior organs of which it is composed, and answers that it is through provisions in its nervous structure for intellectual improvement; that in succession it passes through stages analogous to those observed in other animals in the ascending scale, but in the end it leaves them far behind, reaching a point to which they never attain. The rise in organic development measures intellectual dignity.

In like manner, the physiologist, considering the vast series of animals now inhabiting the earth with us, ranks them in the order of their intelligence. He shows that their nervous mechanism unfolds itself upon the same plan as that of man, and that, as its advancement in this uniform and predetermined direction is greater, so is the position attained to higher.

The geologist declares that these conclusions hold good in the history of the earth, and that there has been an orderly improvement in intellectual power of the beings that have inhabited it successively. It is manifested by their nervous systems. He affirms that the cycle of transformation through which every man must pass is a miniature representation of the progress of life on the planet. The intention in both cases is the same.

The sciences, therefore, join with history in affirming that the great aim of nature is intellectual improvement. They proclaim that the successive stages of every individual, from its earliest rudiment to maturity—the numberless organic beings now living contemporaneously with us, and constituting the animal series—the orderly appearance of that grand succession which, in the slow lapse of time, has emerged—all these three great lines of the manifestation of life furnish not only evidences, but also proofs, of the dominion of law. In all the general principle is to differentiate instinct from automatism, and then to differentiate intelligence from instinct. In man himself the three distinct modes of life occur in an epochal order through childhood to the most perfect state. And this holding good for the individual, since it is physiologically impossible to separate him from the race, what holds good for the one must also hold good for the other. Hence man is truly the archetype of society. His development is the model of social progress.

What, then, is the conclusion inculcated by these doctrines as regards the social progress of great communities? It is that all political institutions—imperceptibly or visibly, spontaneously or purposely—should tend to the improvement and organization of national intellect.

The expectation of life in a community, as in an individual, increases in proportion as the artificial condition or laws under which it is living agree with the natural tendency. Existence may be maintained under very adverse circumstances for a season; but, for stability and duration, and prosperity, there must be a correspondence between the artificial conditions and the natural tendency.

Europe is now entering on its mature phase of life. Each of its nations will attempt its own intellectual organization, and will accomplish it more or less perfectly, as certainly as that bees build combs and fill them with honey. The excellence of the result will altogether turn on the suitability and perfection of the means.

There are historical illustrations which throw light upon the working of these principles. Thus, centuries ago, China entered on her Age of Reason, and instinctively commenced the operation of mental organization. What is it that has given to her her wonderful longevity? What is it that insures the well-being, the prosperity of a population of three hundred and sixty millions—more than one-fourth of the human race—on a surface not by any means as large as Europe? Not geographical position; for, though the country may in former ages have been safe on the East by reason of the sea, it has been invaded and conquered from the West. Not a docility, want of spirit, or submissiveness of the people, for there have been bloody insurrections. The Chinese empire extends through twenty degrees of latitude; the mean annual temperature of its northern provinces differs from that of the southern by twenty-five Fahrenheit degrees. Hence, with a wonderful variety in its vegetation, there must be great differences in the types of men inhabiting it. But the principle that lies at the basis of its political system has confronted successfully all these human varieties, and has outlived all revolutions.

The organization of the national intellect is that principle. A broad foundation is laid in universal education. It is intended that every Chinese shall know how to read and write. The special plan then adopted is that of competitive examinations. The way to public advancement is open to all. Merit, real or supposed, is the only passport to office. Its degree determines exclusively social rank. The government is organized on mental qualifications. The imperial constitution is imitated in those of the provinces. Once in three years public examinations are held in each district or county, with a view of ascertaining those who are fit for office. The bachelors, or those who are successful, are triennially sent for renewed examination in the provincial capital before two examiners deputed from the general board of public education. The licentiates thus sifted out now offer themselves for final examination before the imperial board at Pekin. Suitable candidates for vacant posts are thus selected. There is no one who is not liable to such an inquisition. When vacancies occur they are filled from the list of approved men, who are gradually elevated to the highest honors.

It is not because the talented, who, when disappointed, constitute in other countries the most dangerous of all classes, are here provided for, that stability of institutions has been attained, but because the political system approaches to an agreement with that physiological condition which guides all social development. The intention is to give a dominating control to intellect.

The method through which that result is aimed at is imperfect, and, consequently, an absolute coincidence between the system and the tendency is not attained, but the stability secured by their approximation is very striking. The method itself is the issue of political forms through which the nation for ages has been passing. Their insufficiency and imperfections are incorporated with and reappear in it.

To the practical eye of Europe a political system thus founded on a literary basis appears to be an absurdity. But we must look with respect on anything that one-fourth of mankind have concluded it best to do, especially since they have consistently adhered to their determination for several thousand years. Forgetting that herein they satisfy an instinct of humanity which every nation, if it lives long enough, must feel, Europe often asserts that it is the competitive system which has brought the Chinese to their present state, and made them a people without any sense of patriotism or honor, without any faith or vigor. These are the results, not of their system, but of old age. There are octogenarians among us as morose, selfish, and conceited as China.

The want of a clear understanding of our relative position vitiates all our dealings with that ancient empire. The Chinese has heard of our discordant opinions, of our intolerance toward those who differ in ideas from us, of our worship of wealth, and the honor we pay to birth; he has heard that we sometimes commit political power to men who are so little above the animals that they can neither read nor write; that we hold military success in esteem, and regard the profession of arms as the only suitable occupation for a gentleman. It is so long since his ancestors thought and acted in that manner that he justifies himself in regarding us as having scarcely yet emerged from the barbarian stage. On our side, we cherish the delusion that we shall, by precept or by force, convert him to our modes of thought, religious or political, and that we can infuse into his stagnating veins a portion of our enterprise.

A trustworthy account of the present condition of China would be a valuable gift to philosophy, and also to statesmanship. On a former page I have remarked . . . that it demands the highest policy to govern populations living in great differences of latitude. Yet China has not only controlled her climatic strands of people; she has even made them, if not homogeneous, yet so fitted to each other that they all think and labor alike. Europe is inevitably hastening to become what China is. In her we may see what we shall be like when we are old.

A great community, aiming to govern itself by intellect rather than by coercion, is a spectacle worthy of admiration, even though the mode by which it endeavors to accomplish its object is plainly inadequate. Brute force holds communities together as an iron nail binds pieces of wood by the compression it makes—a compression depending on the force with which it has been hammered in. It also holds more tenaciously if a little rusted with age. But intelligence binds like a screw. The things it has to unite must be carefully adjusted to its thread. It must be gently turned, not driven, and so it retains the consenting parts firmly together.

Notwithstanding the imperfections of a system founded on such a faulty basis, that great community has accomplished what many consider to be the object of statesmanship. They think that it should be permanence in Institutions. But permanence is only, in an apparent sense, the object of good statesmanship; progression, in accordance with the natural tendency, is the real one. The successive steps of such a progression follow one another so imperceptibly that there is a delusive appearance of permanence. Man is so constituted that he is never aware of continuous motion. Abrupt variations alone impress his attention.

Forms of government, therefore, are of moment, though not in the manner commonly supposed. Their value increases in proportion as they permit or encourage the natural tendency for development to be satisfied.

While Asia has thus furnished an example of the effects of a national organization of intellect, Europe, on a smaller scale, has presented an illustration of the same kind. The papal system opened, in its special circumstances, a way for talent. It maintained an intellectual organization for those who were within its pale, irrespective of wealth or birth. It was no objection that the greatest churchman frequently came from the lowest walks of life. And that organization sustained it in spite of the opposition of external circumstances for several centuries after its supernatural and ostensible basis had completely decayed away.

Whatever may be the facts under which, in the different countries of Europe, such an organization takes place, or the political forms guiding it, the basis it must rest upon is universal, and, if necessary, compulsory education. In the more enlightened places the movement has already nearly reached that point. Already it is an accepted doctrine that the state, as well as the parent, has rights in a child, and that it may insist on education; conversely, also, that every child has a claim upon the government for good instruction. After providing in the most liberal manner for that, free countries have but one thing more to do for the accomplishment of the rest.

That one thing is to secure intellectual freedom as completely as the rights of property and personal liberty have been already secured. Philosophical opinions and scientific discoveries are entitled to be judged of by their truth, not by their relation to existing interests. The motion of the earth round the sun, the antiquity of the globe, the origin of species, are doctrines which have had to force their way in the manner described in this book, not against philosophical opposition, but opposition of a totally different nature. And yet the interests which resisted them so strenuously have received no damage from their establishment beyond that consequent on the discredit of having so resisted them.

There is no literary crime greater than that of exciting a social, and especially a theological, odium against ideas that are purely scientific, none against which the disapproval of every educated man ought to be more strongly expressed. The republic of letters owes it to its own dignity to tolerate no longer offences of that kind.

To such an organization of their national intellect, and to giving it a political control, the countries of Europe are thus rapidly advancing. They are hastening to satisfy their instinctive tendency. The special form in which they will embody their intentions must, of course, depend to a great degree on the political forms under which they have passed their lives, modified by that approach to homogeneousness which arises from increased intercommunication. The canal system, so wonderfully developed in China, exerted no little influence in that respect—an influence, however, not to be compared with that which must be the result of the railway system of Europe.

In an all-important particular the prospect of Europe is bright. China is passing through the last stage of civil life in the cheerlessness of Buddhism; Europe approaches it through Christianity. Universal benevolence cannot fail to yield a better fruit than unsocial pride. There is a fairer hope for nations animated by a sincere religious sentiment, who, whatever their political history may have been, have always agreed in this, that they were devout, than for a people who dedicate themselves to a selfish pursuit of material advantages, who have lost all belief in a future, and are living without any God.

THE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

[*Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America.* 1865.]

ONE of the greatest of the Greek philosophers, Plato, held that in a political sense men are to be considered, not as men, but as elements of the state; thus carrying to its extreme consequence the idea of that public relation just referred to. In America, the principle of individual independence being thoroughly admitted, that independence can only be secured by political organization; and hence, the Platonic idea being accepted, individuals must be considered as existing for the state. To it they owe whatever they have, even life.

The fabric of the Republic arose from the spontaneous coalescence of such elements. The first immigrants necessarily maintained purely democratic relations, with only such subordination as their existing needs required. When, in the course of time, colony began to establish connections with colony, the principle of equality was never for a moment forgotten. From the union of individuals towns arose; from the union of towns, states; from the union of states, the Republic. This coalescence of individuals was and is still greatly facilitated by a certain sameness of habits among all classes, arising from their issuing from a common origin. Temporary differences of wealth are of little moment: the poor of to-day may be the rich of to-morrow.

The modes of life of various classes being more similar than in Europe, individuals fall more readily into place, and more easily assume a fitting association with one another. From this arises that sentiment of equality which curbs and checks the sentiment of individual independence.

The Republic may therefore be regarded as a restrained association of free individuals, voluntarily surrendering a part of their personal independence for the common good, yet all the time conscious and jealous of that surrender. They have bartered a portion of their liberty for security. Labor is its essential basis. In America, every one, even though he may be rich, must have some ostensible occupation. A healthy public sentiment makes it disreputable to be idle.

Liberty, therefore, is always, if such a paradox may be excused, liberty under restraint. It appertains not to the position an individual occupies; it is inherent in humanity.

Elsewhere nations are governed too much; here no restraint is admissible beyond that necessary for the well-being and life of the body politic. But in that maxim much is embraced. Coercion, more energetic and more formidable than that ever felt in the most absolute monarchies, becomes justifiable, if necessary to preserve the national life. The individual must not for an instant stand in the way of the public good.

There are singular advantages arising from a personal acknowledgment of this force of public authority, and of the inevitable direction its action will take. In foreign countries there is no definitely visible path in which it is clear that the nation will advance; here every one sees plainly what the course of progress must inevitably be. The popular phrase, "manifest destiny," marks out this recognition. There hence arises a concert of action, which adds prodigiously to the public power. The momentum of the whole population is felt in a definite direction.

Placed in such circumstances, a democracy will exhibit an instinct of cohesion in all its parts. Herein is the explanation of the remark so often made by observing statesmen respecting the essential difference between democracies in Europe and America—that the former are destructive, the latter constructive.

This constructiveness is strikingly seen in new-settled American states. Where, but a short time before, there was an untrodden wilderness, population began to converge—a village formed. In an incredibly short time, organization of the infant community might be observed; its outward signs, the school-house, the town hall, the church, the newspaper. These differentiations from the growing body spontaneously issued from the people; they required no stimulus from above. The village rapidly grew into a town. All round it, in precisely like manner, other towns were emerging. The instinct of cohesion I have referred to combined them together; an organized territory, a state, is the result. Constructive affinity still continues to be manifested, and the new state merges into and becomes an acknowledged part of the Republic. It loses forever, if indeed it ever possessed, the attribute of independent sovereignty.

Throughout this process of events self-government is perpetually manifest. Each individual bears a conscious share in each of the stages of procedure and in the final result. Hence arises a property of such a democracy unfortunately not understood in Europe. In monarchical countries war and peace are easily made. The people are rarely penetrated by a just appreciation of the points in dispute. The conflicting authorities, sovereigns or royal houses, compose their quarrel; the community acquiesces.

Not so in a self-conscious democracy. A public injury, perpetrated by a foreign power, is at once accepted by each individual as his personal affair. When the English government conceded belligerent rights to the insurgent states, there was not an American who did not personally appropriate the offence. Such a sensitiveness is often imputed, by those who have not considered the peculiarities of democratic life, to the youth of the nation or to other transitory causes. It arises, however, from a very different, and, it may be added, a far more dangerous condition. A course that might be pursued with impunity by one royal house toward another, cannot wisely be pursued toward a self-conscious democracy; for it has a retentive memory, and is, in virtue of its very constitution, unforgiving.

The instinct of self-government, so characteristic of the American democracy, thus leads to the formation of villages, towns, counties, territories, states—nay, even to the expansion of the Republic itself. So far from centralization and self-government standing in opposition to each other, as some authors have supposed, the former necessarily issues out of the latter. Self-government, instead of conveying the idea of absolute freedom, conveys, in reality, the idea of restraint—restraint spontaneously imposed. If, as must be the case in self-conscious communities, that restraint is organized by those who are intending to submit to its rule, centralization is the necessary result.

Moreover, the instinct of self-government implies an instinct for enlightenment—an insatiable thirst for information. This is recognized in all directions in America. It satisfies itself by the creation of great educational establishments, and descends even to amusing details. The Yankee converses in questions.

Every one is penetrated with the conviction that for social advancement to pursue the right direction, and to be pressed forward at the highest speed, it must be controlled by intelligence. Hence the public prosperity is considered to depend on education. There can be no doubt that this is a very high and noble conception. It establishes an intrinsic difference between the people of Europe and the people of America.

In Europe the attempt has been made to govern communities through their morals alone. The present state of that continent, at the close of so many centuries, shows how great the failure has been. In America, on the contrary, the attempt is to govern through intelligence. It will succeed.

From the American principle, it follows that whoever seeks the improvement of his fellow-men, the ennobling of the community among whom he lives, or the true glory of the nation, can best accomplish his purpose by spreading forth the light of knowledge, and strengthening and developing the public understanding.

For more than a thousand years the moral system has been tried in Europe. Its agent, the ecclesiastic, was animated by intentions that were good, by perseverance unwearied, by a vigorous energy. The failure is attributable, not to shortcomings in him, but to intrinsic defects in his method; though on that continent, in a very imperfect manner, in later times the other method has spontaneously and with much resistance made itself felt; a wonderful result is beginning to be apparent. The apprehension entertained by many good men in former times, that if the mind be instructed the morals may be injured, has proved to be unfounded. Men are better in proportion as they are wiser. In whatever direction we look, we see the improvement. The physical man is more powerful, the intellectual man more perfect, the moral man more pure. For the poor, in the midst of all this social activity, this business energy, charity is none the less overflowing; for him who wishes to improve his life there is certain to be encouragement.

Whoever in America desires to better his fellow-men must act by influencing their intellect. If he wishes to see no idle man and no poor man in the land, he must take care that there shall be no ignorant man. Ignorance is not, as in the old times they used to say, the mother of devotion; she is the mother of superstition and misery.

If we wish to know how we may best clear from this continent the superabundant forests that encumber it—how we may best lay the iron rail and put the locomotive upon it—how we may most profitably dig the abounding metals from their veins—how we may instantaneously communicate with our most distant towns—how we may cover the ocean with our ships—how we may produce a sober, industrious, healthy, moral population, we shall find our answer in providing universal instruction. That spontaneously provides occupation. The morality of a nation is the aggregate of the morality of individuals. A lazy man is necessarily a bad man; an idle is necessarily a demoralized population.

Frances Sargent Osgood.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1811. DIED in Hingham, Mass., 1850.

A DANCING GIRL.

[*Poems. Illustrated Edition.* 1850.]

SHE comes—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature played,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

And now with flashing eyes she springs—
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not; but, so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That, when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while.

CALUMNY.

A WHISPER woke the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe.
Ah! might it only perish there,
Nor farther go!

Frances Sargent Osgood

But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little, meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear;
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throbbed from all the world apart,
And that—it broke!

SONG.

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest!
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break;
Then, oh! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake.
And there's one little tune it can play,
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with "I love!" "I love!"
My heart echoes to it "I love!"

HE MAY GO—IF HE CAN.

LET me see him once more for a moment or two,
Let him tell me himself of his purpose, dear, do;
Let him gaze in these eyes while he lays out his plan
To escape me, and then he may go—if he can!

Let me see him once more, let me give him one smile,
Let me breathe but one word of endearment the while;
I ask but that moment—my life on the man!
Does he think to forget me? He may—if he can!

"BOIS TON SANG, BEAUMANOIR!"

FIERCE raged the combat—the foeman pressed nigh,
When from young Beaumanoir rose the wild cry,
Beaumanoir, mid them all, bravest and first,
"Give me to drink, for I perish of thirst!"

Hark! at his side, in the deep tones of ire,
"Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" shouted his sire.

Deep had it pierced him, the foeman's swift sword;
Deeper his soul felt the wound of that word!
Back to the battle, with forehead all flushed,
Stung to wild fury, the noble youth rushed!
Scorn in his dark eyes—his spirit on fire—
Deeds were his answer that day to his sire!

Still where triumphant the young hero came,
Glory's bright garland encircled his name;
But in her bower, to beauty a slave,
Dearer the guerdon his lady-love gave,
While on his shield that no shame had defaced,
"Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" proudly she traced!

HER LAST VERSES.

YOU'VE woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you, none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.

May He who gave this lovely gift,
This love of lovely doings,
Be with you, wheresoe'er you go,
In every hope's pursuings.

I'm going through the eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses blow!
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
And it is sweet to go.

1850.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe.

BORN in Litchfield, Conn., 1812.

ELIZA'S FLIGHT.

[*Uncle Tom's Cabin.* 1851.—*New Edition.* 1879.]

IT is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object,—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband,—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither she could go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above,—"Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

If it were *your* Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning,—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape,—how fast could *you* walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom,—the little sleepy head on your shoulder,—the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?

For the child slept. At first, the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep,—

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek and a brighter light in her large, dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, an't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, and gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements. It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connections, in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became aware that her headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half-mile.

After a while, they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she climbed over the fence with him; and, sitting down behind a large rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry darling! mother can't eat till you are safe! We must go on,—on,—till we come to the river!" And she hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where she was personally known. If she should chance to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it an unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage, without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a neat farm-house, to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self; for, as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with; and accepted, without examination, Eliza's statement, that she "was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends,"—all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio River, weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood, for a moment, contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Is n't there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B——, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said, inquiringly,—

"May be you're wanting to get over?—anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious?"

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; "I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called, from the window, towards a small back building. A man, in leather apron and very dirty hands, appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if 'twas any way prudent," said the man.

"There's a man a piece down here, that's going over with some truck this evening, if he durs' to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I've hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to follow the course of her pursuers.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on table, yet it was soon seen, as the thing has often been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley's hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff snorts, and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner.

For some singular reason, an impression seemed to reign among the servants generally that Missis would not be particularly disobliged by delay; and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly, to retard the course of things. One luckless wight contrived to upset the gravy; and then gravy had to be got up *de novo*, with due care and formality, Aunt Chloe watching and stirring with dogged precision, answering shortly, to all suggestions of haste, that she "warn't a going to have raw gravy on the table, to help nobody's catchings." One tumbled down with the water, and had to go to the spring for more;

and another precipitated the butter into the path of events; and there was from time to time giggling news brought into the kitchen that "Mas'r Haley was mighty oneasy, and that he couldn't sit in his cheer no ways, but was walkin' and stalkin' to the winders and through the porch."

"Sarves him right!" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. "He'll get wus nor oneasy, one of these days, if he don't mend his ways. *His* master 'll be sending for him, and then see how he'll look!"

"He'll go to torment, and no mistake," said little Jake.

"He desarves it!" said Aunt Chloe, grimly; "he's broke a many, many, many hearts,—I tell ye all!" she said, stopping, with a fork uplifted in her hands; "it's like what Mas'r George reads in Ravelations,—souls a callin' under the altar! and a callin' on the Lord for vengeance on sich!—and by and by the Lord he'll hear 'em,—so he will!"

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and, the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her and to listen to her remarks.

"Sich 'll be burnt up forever, and no mistake; won't ther?" said Andy.

"I'd be glad to see it, I'll be boun'," said little Jake.

"Chil'en!" said a voice, that made them all start. It was Uncle Tom, who had come in, and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

"Chil'en!" he said, "I'm afeard you don't know what ye're sayin'. Forever is a *dre'ful* word, chil'en; it's awful to think on't. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur."

"We wouldn't to anybody but the soul-drivers," said Andy; "nobody can help wishing it to them, they's so awful wicked."

"Don't natur herself kinder cry out on 'em?" said Aunt Chloe. "Don't dey tear der suckin' baby right off his mother's breast, and sell him, and der little children as is crying and holding on by her clothes,—don't dey pull 'em off and sells 'em? Don't dey tear wife and husband apart?" said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, "when it's jest takin' the very life on 'em?—and all the while does they feel one bit,—don't dey drink and smoke, and take it oncommon easy? Lor', if the devil don't get them, what's he good for?" And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

"Pray for them that 'spitefully use you, the good book says," says Tom.

"Pray for 'em!" said Aunt Chloe; "Lor, it's too tough! I can't pray for 'em."

"It's natur, Chloe, and natur's strong," said Tom, "but the Lord's grace is stronger; besides, you oughter think what an awful state a poor crittur's soul's in that 'll do them ar things,—you oughter thank God that you an't *like* him, Chloe. I'm sure I'd rather be sold, ten thousand times over, than to have all that ar poor crittur's got to answer for."

"So 'd I, a heap," said Jake. "Lor, *shouldn't* we cotch it, Andy?"

Andy shrugged his shoulders, and gave an acquiescent whistle.

"I'm glad Mas'r didn't go off this morning, as he looked to," said Tom; "that ar hurt me more than sellin', it did. Mebbe it might have been natural for him, but 't would have come desp't hard on me, as has known him from a baby; but I've seen Mas'r, and I begin ter feel sort o' reconciled to the Lord's will now. Mas'r couldn't help hisself; he did right, but I'm feared things will be kinder goin' to rack, when I'm gone. Mas'r can't be spected to be a pryin' round everywhar, as I've done, a keepin up all the ends. The boys all means well, but they's powerful car'less. That ar troubles me."

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

"Tom," said his master, kindly, "I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on the spot when he wants you; he's going to-day to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy."

"Thank you, Mas'r," said Tom.

"And mind yerself," said the trader, "and don't come it over your master with any o' yer nigger tricks; for I'll take every cent out of him, if you an't thar. If he 'd hear to me he wouldn't trust any on ye,—slippery as eels!"

"Mas'r," said Tom,—and he stood very straight,—"I was jist eight years old when ole Missis put you into my arms, and you wasn't a year old. 'Thar,' says she, 'Tom, that's to be *your* young Mas'r; take good care on him,' says she. And now I jist ask you, Mas'r, have I ever broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, 'specially since I was a Christian?"

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed as soon as I can any way bring together means. Sir," she said to Haley, "take good account of whom you sell him to, and let me know."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the wuss for wear, and trade him back."

"I'll trade with you then, and make it for your advantage," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Of course," said the trader, "all 's equal with me; li'ves trade 'em up as down, so I does a good business. All I want is a livin', you know, ma'am; that's all any on us wants, I s'pose."

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became Mrs. Shelby's dread of his succeeding in recapturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She therefore graciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass imperceptibly.

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs," said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "thar's Bruno,—he's a roarer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or uther."

"Poh!" said Haley,—and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which Sam muttered,—

"I don't see no use cussin' on 'em, no way."

"But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers."

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round consid'able sharp. I spect they 's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward them.

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

"I 's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer 's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn't be a makin' game. This yer an't no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em,—they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's de idee. Mas'r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now, der 's two roads to de river,—de dirt road and der pike,—which Mas'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

"'Cause," said Sam, "I 'd rather be 'clined to 'magine that Lizy 'd take de dirt road, bein' it's the least travelled."

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

"If yer warn't both on yer such cussed liars, now!" he said, contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse, while Sam's face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

"Course," said Sam, "Mas'r can do as he 'd ruther; go de straight road, if Mas'r thinks best,—it's all one to us. Now, when I study 'pon it, I think the straight road de best, *deridedly*."

"She would naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam's remark.

"Dar an't no sayin'," said Sam; "gals is pecular; they never does nothin' ye thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so, if you thinks they've gone one road, it is sartin you'd better go t'other, and then you'll be sure to find 'em. Now, my private 'pinion is, Lizy took der dirt road; so I think we'd better take de straight one."

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road; and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

"A little piece ahead," said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye which was on Andy's side of the head; and he added, gravely, "but I've studded on de matter, and I'm quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it no way. It's despit lonesome, and we might lose our way,—whar we'd come to, de Lord only knows."

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that way."

"Now I think on 't, I think I hearn 'em tell that dat ar road was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar, an't it, Andy?"

Andy wasn't certain; he'd only "hearn tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly non-committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one, that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well,—indeed, the road had been so long closed up that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that 'twas "desp't rough, and bad for Jerry's foot."

"Now, I jest give yer warning," said Haley, "I know yer; yer won't get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin',—so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way!" said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits,—professed to keep a very brisk lookout,—at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if that thar wasn't 'Lizy' down in the hollow"; always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barnyard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"Warn't dat ar what I telled Mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentleman spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Didn't I tell yer I *know'd*, and yer wouldn't believe me? I telled Mas'r 't was all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn't spect we could get through,—Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, onto the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap,—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling,—leaping,—slipping,—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone,—her stockings cut from her feet,—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh, Mr. Symmes!—save me,—do save me,—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 't an't Shelby's gal!"

"My child!—this boy!—he'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. "I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there 's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you,—they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done 's of no 'count."

"And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what 's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he 's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' crittur a strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither."

So spoke this poor heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business," said Sam.

"The gal 's got seven devils in her, I believe!" said Haley. "How like a wild cat she jumped!"

"Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope Mas'r 'll scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, no way!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"*You* laugh!" said the trader, with a growl.

"Lord bless you, Mas'r, I couldn't help it, now," said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. "She looked so curi's a leapin' and springin'—ice a crackin'—and only to hear her,—plump! ker chunk! ker splash! Spring! Lord! how she goes it!" and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

"I'll make yer laugh t' other side yer mouths!" said the trader, laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"Good evening, Mas'r!" said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much spect Missis be anxious 'bout Jerry. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's bridge to-night"; and with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed—their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

THE OTHER WORLD.

IT lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

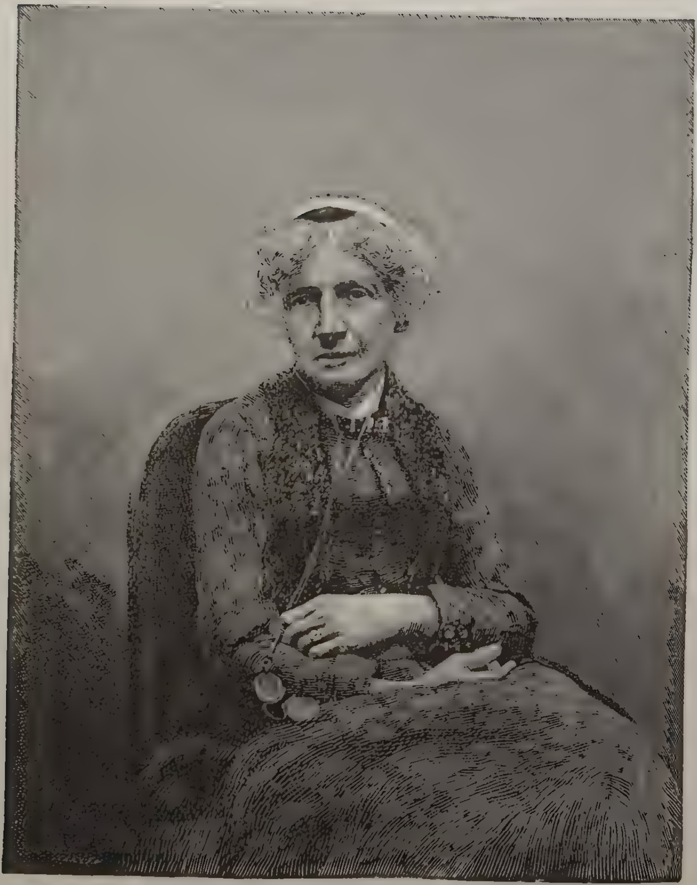
The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon from that to this:—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care!



H B Stowe

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
 Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

THE MINISTER'S HOUSEKEEPER.

[*Sam Lawson's Oldtown Fireside Stories.* 1871.]

SCENE.—The shady side of a blueberry-pasture.—Sam Lawson with the boys picking blueberries.—Sam, *loq.*

"WAL, you see, boys, 'twas just here,—Parson Carryl's wife, she died along in the forepart o' March: my cousin Huldy, she undertook to keep house for him. The way on't was, that Huldy, she went to take care o' Mis' Carryl in the fust on't, when she fust took sick. Huldy was a tailoress by trade; but then she was one o' these 'ere facultized persons that has a gift for most anything, and that was how Mis' Carryl come to set sech store by her, that, when she was sick, nothin' would do for her but she must have Huldy round all the time: and the minister, he said he'd make it good to her all the same, and she shouldn't lose nothin' by it. And so Huldy, she staid with Mis' Carryl full three months afore she died, and got to seein' to everything pretty much round the place.

"Wal, arter Mis' Carryl died, Parson Carryl, he'd got so kind o' used to hevin' on her 'round, takin' care o' things, that he wanted her to stay along a spell; and so Huldy, she staid along a spell, and poured out his tea, and mended his close, and made pies and cakes, and cooked and washed and ironed, and kep' everything as neat as a pin. Huldy was a dreffal chipper sort o' gal; and work sort o' rolled off from her like water off a duck's back. There warn't no gal in Sherburne that could put sich a sight o' work through as Huldy; and yet, Sunday mornin', she always come out in the singers' seat like one o' these 'ere June roses, lookin' so fresh and smilin', and her voice was jest as clear and sweet as a meadow lark's—Lordy massy! I 'member how she used to sing some o' them 'are places where the treble and counter used to go together: her voice kind o' trembled a little, and it sort o' went thro' and thro' a feller! tuck him right where he lived!"

Here Sam leaned contemplatively back with his head in a clump of sweet fern, and refreshed himself with a chew of young wintergreen. "This 'ere young wintergreen, boys, is jest like a feller's thoughts o' things that happened when he was young: it comes up jest so fresh and tender every year, the longest time you hev to live; and you can't help chawin' on't tho' 'tis sort o' stingin'. I don't never get over likin' young wintergreen."

"But about Huldah, Sam?"

"Oh, yes! about Huldy. Lordy massy! when a feller is Indianin' round, these 'ere pleasant summer days, a feller's thoughts gits like a flock o' young partridges: they's up and down and everywhere; 'cause one place is jest about as good as another, when they's all so kind o' comfortable and nice. Wal, about Huldy,—as I was a sayin'. She was jest as handsome a gal to look at as a feller could have; and I think a nice, well-behaved young gal in the singers' seat of a Sunday is a means o' grace: it's sort o' drawin' to the unregenerate, you know. Why, boys, in them days, I've walked ten miles over to Sherburne of a Sunday mornin', jest to play the bass-viol in the same singers' seat with Huldy. She was very much respected, Huldy was; and, when she went out to tailorin', she was allers bespoke six months ahead, and sent for in waggins up and down for ten miles round; for the young fellers was allers 'mazin' anxious to be sent after Huldy, and was quite free to offer to go for her. Wal, after Mis' Carryl died, Huldy got to be sort o' housekeeper at the minister's, and saw to everything, and did everything: so that there warn't a pin out o' the way.

"But you know how 'tis in parishes: there allers is women that thinks the minister's affairs belongs to them, and they ought to have the rulin' and guidin' of 'em; and, if a minister's wife dies, there's folks that allers has their eyes open on providences,—lookin' out who's to be the next one.

"Now, there was Mis' Amaziah Pipperidge, a widder with snappin' black eyes, and a hook nose,—kind o' like a hawk; and she was one o' them up-and-down commandin' sort o' women, that feel that they have a call to be seein' to everything that goes on in the parish, and 'specially to the minister.

"Folks did say that Mis' Pipperidge sort o' sot her eye on the parson for herself: wal, now that 'are might a been, or it might not. Some folks thought it was a very suitable connection. You see she hed a good property of her own, right nigh to the minister's lot, and was allers kind o' active and busy; so, takin' one thing with another, I shouldn't wonder if Mis' Pipperidge should a thought that Providence p'inted that way. At any rate, she went up to Deakin Blodgett's wife, and they two sort o' put their heads together a mournin' and condolin' about the way things was likely to go on at the minister's now Mis' Carryl was dead.

Ye see, the parson's wife, she was one of them women who hed their eyes everywhere and on everything. She was a little thin woman, but tough as Inger rubber, and smart as a steel trap; and there warn't a hen laid an egg, or cackled, but Mis' Carryl was right there to see about it; and she hed the garden made in the spring, and the medders mowed in summer, and the cider made, and the corn husked, and the apples got in the fall; and the doctor, he hedn't nothin' to do but jest sit stock still a meditatin' on Jerusalem and Jericho and them things that ministers think about. But Lordy massy! he didn't know nothin' about where anything he eat or drunk or wore come from or went to: his wife jest led him 'round in temporal things and took care on him like a baby.

"Wal, to be sure, Mis' Carryl looked up to him in spirituals, and thought all the world on him; for there warn't a smarter minister no where 'round. Why, when he preached on decrees and election, they used to come clear over from South Parish, and West Sherburne, and Old Town, to hear him; and there was sich a row o' waggins tied along by the meetin'-house that the stables was all full, and all the hitchin'-posts was full clean up to the tavern, so that folks said the doctor made the town look like a gineral trainin'-day a Sunday.

"He was gret on texts, the doctor was. When he hed a p'int to prove, he'd jest go thro' the Bible, and drive all the texts ahead o' him like a flock o' sheep; and then, if there was a text that seemed agin him, why, he'd come out with his Greek and Hebrew, and kind o' chase it 'round a spell, jest as ye see a fellar chase a contrary bell-wether, and make him jump the fence arter the rest. I tell you, there wa'n't no text in the Bible that could stand agin the doctor when his blood was up. The year arter the doctor was app'inted to preach the 'lection sermon in Boston, he made such a figger that the Brattlestreet Church sent a committee right down to see if they couldn't get him to Boston; and then the Sherburne folks, they up and raised his salary; ye see, there ain't nothin' wakes folks up like somebody else's wantin' what you've got. Wal, that fall they made him a Doctor o' Divinity at Cambridge College, and so they sot more by him than ever. Wal, you see, the doctor, of course he felt kind o' lonesome and afflicted when Mis' Carryl was gone; but railly and truly, Huldy was so up to everything about house, that the doctor didn't miss nothin' in a temporal way. His shirt-bosoms was pleated finer than they ever was, and them ruffles 'round his wrists was kep' like the driven snow; and there warn't a brack in his silk stockin's, and his shoe buckles was kep' polished up, and his coats brushed; and then there warn't no bread and biscuits like Huldy's; and her butter was like solid lumps o' gold; and there wern't no pies to equal hers; and so the doctor never felt the loss o' Mis' Carryl at table. Then there was Huldy allers oppisite to him, with her blue eyes and her cheeks like two fresh peaches. She was kind o' pleasant to look at; and the more the doctor looked at her the better he liked her; and so things seemed to be goin' on quite quiet and comfortable ef it hadn't been that Mis' Pipperidge and Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Sawin got their heads together a talkin' about things.

"'Poor man,' says Mis' Pipperidge, 'what can that child that he's got there do towards takin' the care of all that place? It takes a mature woman,' she says, 'to tread in Mis' Carryl's shoes.'

"'That it does,' said Mis' Blodgett; 'and, when things once get to runnin' down hill, there ain't no stoppin' on 'em,' says she.

"Then Mis' Sawin she took it up. (Ye see, Mis' Sawin used to go out to dress-makin', and was sort o' jealous, 'cause folks sot more by Huldy than they did by her.) 'Well,' says she, 'Huldy Peters is well enough at her trade. I never denied that, though I do say I never did believe in her way o' makin' button-holes; and I must say, if 'twas the dearest friend I hed, that I thought Huldy tryin' to fit Mis' Kittridge's plumb-colored silk was a clear piece o' presumption; the silk was jist spiled, so 'twarn't fit to come into the meetin'-house. I must say, Huldy's a gal that's always too ventersome about takin' 'sponsibilities she don't know nothin' about.'

"'Of course she don't,' said Mis' Deakin Blodgett. 'What does she know about all the lookin' and seein' to that there ought to be in guidin' the minister's house? Huldy's well meanin', and she's good at her work, and good in the singers' seat; but Lordy massy! she hain't got no experience. Parson Carryl ought to have an experienced woman to keep house for him. There's the spring house-cleanin' and the fall house-cleanin' to be seen to, and the things to be put away from the moths; and then the gettin' ready for the association and all the ministers' meetin's; and the makin' the soap and the candles, and settin' the hens and turkeys, watchin' the calves, and seein' after the hired men and the garden; and there that 'are blessed man jist sets there at home as serene, and has nobody 'round but that 'are gal, and don't even know how things must be a runnin' to waste!'

"Wal, the upshot on't was, they fussed and fuzzled and wuzzled till they'd drinked up all the tea in the tea-pot; and then they went down and called on the parson, and wuzzled him all up talkin' about this, that, and t'other that wanted lookin' to, and that it was no way to leave everything to a young chit like Huldy, and that he ought to be lookin' about for an experienced woman. The parson he thanked 'em kindly, and said he believed their motives was good, but he didn't go no further. He didn't ask Mis' Pipperidge to come and stay there and help him, nor nothin' o' that kind; but he said he'd attend to matters himself. The fact was, the parson had got such a likin' for havin' Huldy 'round, that he couldn't think o' such a thing as swappin' her off for the Widder Pipperidge.

"But he thought to himself, 'Huldy is a good girl; but I oughtn't to be a leavin' everything to her,—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her; 'cause 'tain't everybody could be expected to know and do what Mis' Carryl did'; and so at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on't when the minister began to come out of his study, and want to tew 'round and see to things? Huldy, you see, thought all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh; but she told me she couldn't, for the life of her, help it when his back was turned, for he wuzzled things up in the most singular way. But Huldy she'd jest say, 'Yes, sir,' and get him off into his study, and go on her own way.

"'Huldy,' says the minister one day, 'you ain't experienced out doors; and, when you want to know anything, you must come to me.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy.

"'Now, Huldy,' says the parson, 'you must be sure to save the turkey-eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy; and she opened the pantry-door, and showed him a nice dishful she'd been a savin' up. Wal, the very next day the parson's hen-turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs's barn. Folks said Scroggs killed it; though Scroggs, he stood to it he didn't: at any rate, the Scroggses, they made a meal on't; and Huldy, she felt bad about it 'cause she'd set her heart on raisin' the turkeys; and says she, 'Oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do. I was jest ready to set her.'

"'Do, Huldy?' says the parson: 'why, there's the other turkey, out there by the door; and a fine bird, too, he is.'

"Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a struttin' and a sidlin' and a quitterin', and a floutin' his tail-feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over agin.

"'But,' says Huldy, 'you know *he* can't set on eggs.'

"'He can't? I'd like to know why,' says the parson. 'He *shall* set on eggs, and hatch 'em too.'

"'O doctor!' says Huldy, all in a tremble; 'cause, you know, she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh,—'I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs.'

"'Why, they ought to,' said the parson, getting quite 'arnest: 'what else be they good for? you just bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em.'

"So Huldy she thought there wern't no way to convince him but to let him try: so she took the eggs out, and fixed 'em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a skirmishin' with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom he didn't take the idee at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the parson; and the parson's wig got 'round so that his cue stuck straight out over his ear, but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carryin' his p'ints o' doctrine; and he hadn't fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a tom-turkey; so finally he made a dive, and ketched him by the neck in spite o' his floppin', and stroked him down, and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"'There, Huldy,' he says, quite red in the face, 'we've got him now'; and he travelled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

"Huldy came behind jist chokin' with laugh, and afraid the minister would look 'round and see her.

"'Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs, and set him down,' says the parson, when they got him to the nest: 'you see he is getting quiet, and he'll set there all right.'

"And the parson, he sot him down; and old Tom he sot there solemn enough, and held his head down all droopin', lookin' like a rail pious old cock, as long as the parson sot by him.

"'There: you see how still he sets,' says the parson to Huldy.

"Huldy was 'most dyin' for fear she should laugh. 'I'm afraid he'll get up,' says she, 'when you do.'

"'Oh, no, he won't!' says the parson, quite confident. 'There, there,' says he, layin' his hands on him, as if pronouncin' a blessin'. But when the parson riz up, old Tom he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

"'Stop, now!' says the parson. 'I'll make him get down agin: hand me that corn-basket; we'll put that over him.'

"So he crooked old Tom's legs, and got him down agin; and they put the corn-basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"'That'll do the thing, Huldy,' said the parson.

"'I don't know about it,' says Huldy.

"'Oh, yes, it will, child! I understand,' says he.

"Just as he spoke, the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"I'll make him stay down, confound him,' says the parson; for, ye see, parsons is men, like the rest on us, and the doctor had got his spunk up.

"'You jist hold him a minute, and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess:' and out he went to the fence, and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

"Old Tom he wilted down considerable under this, and looked railly as if he was goin' to give in. He staid still there a good long spell, and the minister and Huldy left him there and come up to the house; but they hadn't more than got in the door before they see old Tom a hippin' along, as high-steppin' as ever, sayin' 'Talk! talk! and quitter! quitter!' and struttin' and gobblin' as if he'd come through the Red Sea, and got the victory.

"'Oh, my eggs!' says Huldy. 'I'm afraid he's smashed 'em!'

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

"'I'll have him killed,' said the parson: 'we won't have such a critter 'round.'

"But the parson, he slep' on't, and then didn't do it: he only come out next Sunday with a tip-top sermon on the ''Riginal Cuss' that was pronounced on things in gineral, when Adam fell, and showed how everything was allowed to go contrary ,ever since. There was pig-weed, and pusley, and Canady thistles, cut-worms, and bag-worms, and canker-worms. to say nothin' of rattlesnakes. The doctor made it very impressive and sort o' improvin'; but Huldy, she told me, goin' home, that she hardly could keep from laughin' two or three times in the sermon when she thought of old Tom a standin' up with the corn-basket on his back.

"Wal, next week Huldy she jist borrowed the minister's horse and side-saddle, and rode over to South Parish to her Aunt Bascome's,—Widder Bascome's, you know, that lives there by the trout-brook,—and got a lot o' turkey-eggs o' her, and come back and set a hen on 'em, and said nothin'; and in good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey-chicks as ever ye see.

"Huldy never said a word to the minister about his experiment, and he never said a word to her; but he sort o' kep' more to his books, and didn't take it on him to advise so much.

"But not long arter he took it into his head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be afattin' with the buttermilk. Mis' Pipperidge set him up to it; and jist then old Tim Bigelow, out to Juniper Hill, told him if he'd call over he'd give him a little pig.

"So he sent for a man, and told him to build a pig-pen right out by the well, and have it all ready when he came home with his pig.

"Huldy she said she wished he might put a curb round the well out there, because in the dark, sometimes, a body might stumble into it; and the parson, he told him he might do that.

"Wal. old Aikin, the carpenter, he didn't come till most the middle of the arternoon; and then he sort o' idled, so that he didn't get up the well-curb till sundown; and then he went off and said he'd come and do the pig-pen next day.

"Wal, arter dark, Parson Carryl he driv into the yard, full chizel, with his pig. He'd tied up his mouth to keep him from squealin'; and he see what he thought was the pig-pen,—he was rather near-sighted,—

and so he ran and threw piggy over; and down he dropped into the water, and the minister put out his horse and pranced off into the house quite delighted.

"'There, Huldy, I've got you a nice little pig.'

"'Dear me!' says Huldy: 'where have you put him?'

"'Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be sure.'

"'Oh, dear me!' says Huldy: 'that's the well-curb; there ain't no pig-pen built,' says she.

"'Lordy massy!' says the parson: 'then I've thrown the pig in the well!'

"Wal, Huldy she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the bucket, but he was dead as a door-nail; and she got him out o' the way quietly, and didn't say much; and the parson, he took to a great Hebrew book in his study; and says he, 'Huldy, I ain't much in temporals,' says he. Huldy says she kind o' felt her heart go out to him, he was so sort o' meek and helpless and larned; and says she, 'Wal, Parson Carryl, don't trouble your head no more about it; I'll see to things'; and sure enough, a week arter there was a nice pen, all ship-shape, and two little white pigs that Huldy bought with the money for the butter she sold at the store.

"'Wal, Huldy,' said the parson, 'you are a most amazin' child: you don't say nothin', but you do more than most folks.'

"Arter that the parson set sich store by Huldy that he come to her and asked her about everything, and it was amazin' how everything she put her hand to prospered. Huldy planted marigolds and larkspurs, pinks and carnations, all up and down the path to the front door, and trained up mornin' glories and scarlet-runners round the windows. And she was always gettin' a root here, and a sprig there, and a seed from somebody else: for Huldy was one o' them that has the gift, so that ef you jist give 'em the leastest sprig of anything they make a great bush out of it right away; so that in six months Huldy had roses and geraniums and lilies, sich as it would a took a gardener to raise. The parson, he took no notice at fust; but when the yard was all ablaze with flowers he used to come and stand in a kind o' maze at the front door, and say, 'Beautiful, beautiful: why, Huldy, I never see anything like it.' And then when her work was done arternoons, Huldy would sit with her sewin' in the porch, and sing and trill away till she'd draw the meadow larks and the bobolinks and the orioles to answer her, and the great big elm-tree overhead would get perfectly rackety with the birds; and the parson, settin' there in his study, would git to kind o' dreamin' about the angels, and golden harps, and the New Jerusalem; but he wouldn't speak a word, 'cause Huldy she was jist like them wood-thrushes, she never could sing so well when she thought folks was hear-in'. Folks noticed, about this time, that the parson's sermons got to be like Aaron's rod, that budded and blossomed: there was things in 'em about flowers and birds, and more 'special about the music o' heaven. And Huldy she noticed, that ef there was a hymn run in her head while she was 'round a workin' the minister was sure to give it out next Sunday. You see, Huldy was jist like a bee: she always sung when she was workin', and you could hear her trillin', now down in the corn-patch, while she was pickin' the corn; and now in the buttery, while she was workin' the butter; and now she'd go singin' down cellar, and then she'd be singin' up overhead, so that she seemed to fill a house chock full o' music.

"Huldy was so sort o' chipper and fair spoken, that she got the hired men all under her thumb: they come to her and took her orders jist as meek as so many calves; and she traded at the store, and kep' the accounts, and she hed her eyes everywhere, and tied up all the ends so tight that there warn't no gettin' 'round her. She wouldn't let nobody put nothin' off on Parson Carryl, 'cause he was a minister. Huldy was allers up to anybody that wanted to make a hard bargain; and, afore he knew jist what he was about, she'd got the best end of it, and everybody said that Huldy was the most capable gal that they'd ever traded with.

"Wal, come to the meetin' of the Association, Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Pipperidge come callin' up to the parson's, all in a stew, and offerin' their services to get the house ready; but the doctor, he jist thanked 'em quite quiet, and turned 'em over to Huldy; and Huldy she told 'em that she'd got everything ready, and showed 'em her pantries, and her cakes and her pies and her puddin's, and took 'em all over the house; and they went peekin' and pokin', openin' cupboard-doors, and lookin' into drawers; and they couldn't find so much as a thread out o' the way, from garret to cellar, and so they went off quite discontented. Arter that the women set a new trouble a brewin'. Then they begun to talk that it was a year now since Mis' Carryl died; and it r'ally wasn't proper such a young gal to be stayin' there, who everybody could see was a settin' her cap for the minister.

"Mis' Pipperidge said, that, so long as she looked on Huldy as the hired gal, she hadn't thought much about it; but Huldy was railly takin' on airs as an equal, and appearin' as mistress o' the house in a way that would make talk if it went on. And Mis' Pipperidge she driv 'round up to Deakin Abner Snow's, and down to Mis' 'Lijah Perry's, and asked them if they wasn't afraid that the way the parson and Huldy was a goin' on might make talk. And they said they hadn't thought on't before, but now, come to think on't, they was sure it would; and they all went and talked with somebody else, and asked them if they didn't think it would make talk. So come Sunday, between meetin's there warn't nothin' else talked about; and Huldy saw folks a noddin' and a winkin', and a lookin' arter her, and she begun to feel dreffal sort o' disagreeable. Finally Mis' Sawin she says to her, 'My dear, didn't you never think folk would talk about you and the minister?'

"'No: why should they?' says Huldy, quite innocent.

"'Wal, dear,' says she, 'I think it's a shame; but they say you're tryin' to catch him, and that it's so bold and improper for you to be courtin' of him right in his own house,—you know folks will talk,—I thought I'd tell you 'cause I think so much of you,' says she.

"Huldy was a gal of spirit, and she despised the talk, but it made her dreffal uncomfortable; and when she got home at night she sat down in the mornin'-glory porch, quite quiet, and didn't sing a word.

"The minister he had heard the same thing from one of his deakins that day; and, when he saw Huldy so kind o' silent, he says to her, 'Why don't you sing, my child?'

"He hed a pleasant sort o' way with him, the minister had, and Huldy had got to likin' to be with him, and it all come over her that perhaps she ought to go away; and her throat kind o' filled up so she couldn't hardly speak; and, says she, 'I can't sing to-night.'

"Says he, 'You don't know how much good your singin' has done me, nor how much good *you* have done me in all ways, Huldy. I wish I knew how to show my gratitude.'

"'O sir!' says Huldy, '*is* it improper for me to be here?'

"'No, dear,' says the minister, 'but ill-natured folks will talk; but there is one way we can stop it, Huldy—if you will marry me. You'll make me very happy, and I'll do all I can to make you happy. Will you?'

"Wal, Huldy never told me jist what she said to the minister,—gals never does give you the particulars of them 'are things jist as you'd like 'em,—only I know the upshot and the hull on't was, that Huldy she did a consid'able lot o' clear starchin' and ironin' the next two days; and the Friday o' next week the minister and she rode over together to Dr. Lothrop's in Old Town; and the doctor, he jist made 'em man and wife, 'spite of envy of the Jews,' as the hymn says. Wal, you'd better believe there was a starin' and a wonderin' next Sunday mornin' when the second bell was a tollin', and the minister walked up the broad aisle with Huldy, all in white, arm in arm with him, and he opened the minister's pew, and handed her in as if she was a princess; for, you see, Parson Carryl come of a good family, and was a born gentleman, and had a sort o' grand way o' bein' polite to women-folks. Wal, I guess there was a rus'lin' among the bunnets. Mis' Pipperidge gin a great bounce, like corn poppin' on a shovel, and her eyes glared through her glasses at Huldy as if they'd a sot her afire; and everybody in the meetin' house was a starin', I tell *yew.* But they couldn't none of 'em say nothin' agin Huldy's looks; for there wa'n't a crimp nor a frill about her that wa'n't jis' *so;* and her frock was white as the driven snow, and she had her bunnet all trimmed up with white ribbins; and all the fellows said the old doctor had stole a march, and got the handsomest gal in the parish.

"Wal, arter meetin' they all come 'round the parson and Huldy at the door, shakin' hands and laughin'; for by that time they was about agreed that they'd got to let putty well alone.

"'Why, Parson Carryl,' says Mis' Deakin Blodgett, 'how you've come it over us.'

"'Yes,' says the parson, with a kind o' twinkle in his eye. 'I thought,' says he, 'as folks wanted to talk about Huldy and me, I'd give 'em somethin' wuth talkin' about.'"

Stephen Pearl Andrews.

Born in Templeton, Mass., 1812. Died in New York, N. Y., 1886.

A SCIENCE OF THE UNIVERSE.

[*The Basic Outline of Universology . . . with Notices of "Alwato," the newly discovered Scientific Universal Language, etc., etc.* 1872.]

TO affirm deliberately these Immense Contrarieties: That God *is* eternally, and *reigns* universally; That God is not, and that Law is all in all; That the Universe was created in Time; That the Universe is itself Eternal and Uncreate; That the Reason is the Supreme Governing Authority; That the Reason is blind and untrustworthy in the most vital domains of being; That Man is born to die; That Man is born to be immortal; That Sin is always duly and severely punished; That there is no Blame and no Punishment, and consequently no Sin—and so on to the end of a huge catalogue of Doctrinal Differences;—to affirm all of this, with the deliberate intention that each affirmation shall be accepted as true, and as part of the larger complex Truth, is, seemingly, to introduce a new order of mystery; but it is a mystery perfectly solvable and comprehensible by the human intellect, by the aid of analogy.

How tremendous are the contradictions which Science has already taught the enlightened intelligence of mankind to accept, in the physical world! Could any belief have been more thoroughly radicated in the natural and primitive convictions of the race than that a single fixed point in the sky over our heads is Up, and that another such point beneath our feet is Down; that the solid material earth, on which we live, must have a still more solid and material foundation beneath it on which to rest? In three hundred years all this has been changed for the civilized nations, and we now accept and find the ready means of intellectual reconciliation with the contrary propositions: That every point in the sky may be Up, and every point Down; That from the centre of the earth it is alike Up, to every other point in Space; That the solid earth is a globe swinging in the Mid-Heavens, with no material foundations of support whatsoever; and so on through an immense list of the utter reversals of primitive beliefs, and of contradictory statements, each of which is, nevertheless, intelligently and undoubtingly held to be true.

All this results from the simple recognition of the Doctrine of Diversity-of-Aspects-from-Different-Points-of-View, which the Intellect propounds, but which the Simplistic Faith of childhood ignores and arrogantly repugns. The Adult Age means the Replacement of Primitive Simplisms by cautiously defined Adjustments, the Product of Science or Systematized Observation and Thought.

It is this radically revolutionary reconsideration of every question of Doctrine—Moral, Sociological, and Theological—to which the World is now summoned by the positive discovery of a proper Science of the Universe. The power, in the new ideas, for ultimate conviction is simply irresistible. The New Catholicity will rapidly prevail. Integralism will replace Partialism. There remains no question but the question of Time. If three hundred years have more than sufficed to reverse or modify the whole current of opinion, with intelligent humanity, upon the theory of the World's structure; now, with the accelerated progress of events, in the mental evolution of the race, three tens of years will more than accomplish as much for all doctrinal opinion and beliefs. Every grand aspect of thought will be scientifically defined, and the sense in which it is tenable will be precisely illustrated in the Material World. Harmony will grow out of dissension and discord; clearness and ineffable beauty out of mystical dogmas and doctrinal confusion. The most stupendous composite variety will be substituted for a central undeveloped Unity, as of the old Catholics on the one hand and, for the divergent isolation of individual centres, like that of Protestantism, on the other. Each will surrender the vicious Aspiration *to be the whole*, for the better honor of being a Constituent Entity of the Infinite Republic of Truth and Goodness, and organized and orderly operation, in all the affairs of Mankind. The New Jerusalem, the Holy City, will have descended. The Day of Judgment will have virtually come. The Books will have been opened. The Judgment will have been executed. The Final Restitution of All Things will have been accomplished. The Grand Reconciliation will have been effected.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1812. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1884.

THE COLOSSI.

[*A Nile Journal.* 1876.]

BENIGNANT, calm, majestically grave,
  Earth's childhood smiling in their lifted eyes,
While the hoar wisdom which the dead years gave
Upon each placid brow engraven lies—
Two on the plain and Four beside the wave
Keep watch and ward above the centuries.
  As is the sand which flies, our little lives
Glitter and whirl a moment and are gone;
A day it lives, then to Oblivion drives
The haughtiest empire and the loftiest throne:
Swiftly to all the appointed hour arrives,
Men—nations pass, but they remain alone,
Mute in the azure silence of these skies,
Immortal childhood looking from their eyes.

TABLE-TALK.

Nahant? That's *à-la-carte* French for "Cold Roast Boston."

All good Bostonians, when they die, go to Paris.

The north-east corner of Boston Common, in February, is a good place to tie a shorn lamb and test Sterne's assertion.

On a Club, ten years old, whose members sat for their portraits: "Ah, I see! Boors, after Teniers."

Is life worth living?—I should say that it depended on the liver.

George Ticknor Curtis.

BORN in Watertown, Mass., 1812.

MAN'S TWO EXISTENCES.

[*Creation or Evolution? A Philosophical Inquiry.* 1887.]

I HAVE seen an ingenious hypothesis which it is well to refer to, because it illustrates the efforts that are often made to reconcile the doctrines of evolution with a belief in immortality. This hypothesis by no means ignores the possibility of a spiritual existence, or the spiritual as distinguished from the material world. But it assumes that man was produced under the operation of physical laws; and that after he had become a completed product—the consummate and finished end of the whole process of evolution—he passed under the dominion and operation of other and different laws, and is saved from annihilation by the intervention of a change from the physical to the spiritual laws of his Creator. Put into a condensed form, this theory has been thus stated: Having spent countless æons in forming man, by the slow process of animal evolution, God will not suffer him to fall back into elemental flames, and be consumed by the further operation of physical laws, but will transfer him into the dominion of the spiritual laws that are held in reserve for his salvation.

One of the first questions to be asked, in reference to this hypothesis, is, Who or what is it that God is supposed to have spent countless æons in creating by the slow process of animal evolution? If we contemplate a single specimen of the human race, we find a bodily organism, endowed with life like that of other animals, and acted upon by physical laws throughout the whole period of its existence. We also find present in the same individual a mental existence, which is certified to us by evidence entirely different from that by which we obtain a knowledge of the physical organism. As the methods employed by the Creator in the production of the physical organism, whatever we may suppose them to have been, were physical laws operating upon matter, so the methods employed by him in the production of a spiritual existence must have operated in a domain that was wholly aside from the physical world. Each of these distinct realms is equally under the government of an Omnipotent Being; and while we may suppose that in the one he employed a very slow process, such as the evolution of animal organisms out of one another is imagined to have been, there is no conceivable reason why he should not, in the other and very different realm, have resorted to the direct creation of a spiritual existence, which cannot, in the nature of things, have required to be produced by the action of physical laws. When, at the birth of each individual of the human race, the two existences become united, when, in consequence of the operation of that sexual union of the parents which has been ordained for the production of a new individual, the physical and the spiritual existence become incorporated in the one being, the fact that they remain for a certain time mutually dependent and mutually useful, coöperating in the purposes of their temporary connection, does not change their essential nature. The one may be destructible because the operation of physical laws may dissolve the ligaments that hold it together; the other may be indestructible, because the operation of spiritual laws will hold together the spiritual organism that is in its nature independent of the laws of matter.

I can therefore see no necessary connection between the methods employed by the Almighty in the production of an animal and the methods employed by him in the production of a soul. That in the birth of the individual the two come into existence simultaneously, and are temporarily united in one and the same being, only proves that the two existences are contemporaneous in their joint inception. It does not prove that they are of the same nature, or the same substance, or that the physical organism is the only ego, or that the psychical existence is nothing but certain states of the material structure, to whose aggregate manifestations certain philosophers give the name of mind, while denying to them personal individuality and the consciousness of a distinct being. . . .

I will only add that the great want of this age is the prosecution of inquiry into the nature of the human mind as an organic structure, regarded as such. It seems to me that the whole mission of Science is now perverted by a wrong aim, which is to find out the external to the neglect of the internal—to make all exploration terminate in the laws of the physical universe, and go aside from the examination of the spiritual world. . . .

If we know the mind, we must reach the conviction that there is a mind: and this conviction can be reached only by penetrating through all the externals, through the physical organism, through the diversities of race, through the environment of matter, until we have found the soul. If history, like zoölogy, has found its anatomy, mental science must, in like manner, be prosecuted as an anatomical study. So long as we allow the anatomy of zoölogy to be the predominant and only explanation, the beginning and the end of the mental manifestations, so long we shall fail to comprehend the nature of man, and to see the reason for his immortality.

Henry Wilson.

BORN in Farmington, N. H., 1812. DIED in Washington, D. C., 1875.

SECRETARY STANTON.

[*From an Article in "The Atlantic Monthly,"* 1870.]

WHEN in the winter of 1863 the faithless Legislature of Indiana was dissolved, no appropriations had been made to carry on the State government or aid in putting soldiers in the field; and Governor Morton was obliged, without the authority of law, to raise more than a million and a quarter of dollars. In his need he looked to Washington for assistance. President Lincoln wished to aid him, but saw no way to do it, as no money could be taken from the treasury without appropriation. He was referred to Mr. Stanton. The Secretary saw at a glance the critical condition in which the patriotic governor, who had shown such vigor in raising and organizing troops, had been placed. A quarter of a million of dollars were needed, and Mr. Stanton took upon himself the responsibility, and drew his warrant upon the treasury for that amount, to be paid from an unexpended appropriation made, nearly two years before, for raising troops in States in insurrection. As he placed this warrant in Governor Morton's hands, the latter remarked: "If the cause fails, you and I will be covered with prosecutions, and probably imprisoned or driven from the country." Mr. Stanton replied: "If the cause fails, I do not wish to live." The money thus advanced to the governor of Indiana was accounted for by that State in its final settlement with the government.

The remark just cited illustrates another prominent trait of Mr. Stanton's character,—his intense and abounding patriotism. It was this which emboldened him in his early struggle with treason in Mr. Buchanan's cabinet, upheld him in his superhuman labors through the weary years of war, and kept him in Mr. Johnson's cabinet when not only was the President seeking his removal, but the tortures of disease were admonishing him that every day's continuance was imperilling his life. It was this patriotism which invested the Rebellion, in his view, with its transcendent enormity, and made him regard its guilty leaders and their sympathizers and apologists at the North with such intense abhorrence. It also made him fear the success of a party of which he was once a member, and which now embraces so many who participated in the Rebellion or were in sympathy with it; and he was loath to remove the disabilities of unrepentant Rebels, or to allow them a voice in shaping the policy of States lately in insurrection. This feeling he retained till the close of his life. On the Saturday before his death, he expressed to me the opinion that it was more important that the freedmen and the Union men of the South should be protected in their rights, than that those who were still disloyal should be relieved of their disabilities and clothed with power.

This patriotism, conjoined with his energy, industry, and high sense of public duty, made him exacting, severe, and often rough in his treatment of those, in the military or civil service, who seemed to be more intent on personal ease, promotion, and emolument than upon the faithful discharge of public duty. It led him, also, warmly to appreciate and applaud fidelity and devotion, wherever and however manifested. Honest himself, he, of course, abhorred everything like dishonesty in others; but his patriotism intensified that feeling of detestation in cases of peculation or fraud upon the government. He laid a strong hand upon offenders, and no doubt saved millions of dollars to the nation, by thus restraining, through fear, those who would otherwise have enriched themselves at their country's expense. This spirit of patriotic devotion indeed often inspired measures which brought upon him great and undeserved censure. The people were anxious for war news. The press were anxious to provide it. Mr. Stanton knew that the enemy largely profited by the premature publication of such intelligence, and he was anxious to prevent this. Consequently he made regulations which were often embarrassing to newspaper correspondents, and sometimes he roughly and rudely repelled those seeking information or favors.

Towards the close of the war his intense application began to tell on even his robust constitution, developing a tendency to asthma, which was exceedingly distressing to him and alarming to his friends. Consequently he looked forward to the cessation of hostilities, anxious not only that his country might be saved from the further horrors and dangers of civil war, but that he might be released from the burdensome cares of office. After the election of Mr. Lincoln and a Republican Congress, in 1864, which he justly regarded as fatal to the Rebellion, he often avowed his purpose to resign at the moment hostilities should cease. When, therefore, the news of Lee's surrender reached Washington, he at once placed his resignation in the President's hands, on the ground that the work which had induced him to take office was done. But his great chief, whom he had so faithfully and efficiently served, and who, in the trials they had experienced together, had learned to appreciate, honor, and love him, threw his arms around his neck, and tenderly and tearfully said: "Stanton, you have been a good friend and a faithful public servant; and it is not for you to say when you will no longer be needed here." Bowing to the will of the President so affectionately expressed, he remained at his post. Little did he then imagine that within a few hours his chief would fall by the assassin's hand, and the Secretary of State lie maimed and helpless, and that the country, in that perilous hour, would instinctively turn to him as its main reliance and hope.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens.

BORN in Taliaferro Co., Ga., 1812. DIED in Atlanta, Ga., 1883.

THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[*From the Address delivered in Savannah, Ga.*, 21 *March*, 1861.]

THE new constitution has put at rest forever all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institution, African slavery as it exists amongst us, the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization. This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this as the "rock upon which the old Union would split." He was right. What was conjecture with him is now a realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which that rock stood and stands may be doubted. The prevailing ideas entertained by him and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with; but the general opinion of the men of that day was that, somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent and pass away. This idea, though not incorporated in the Constitution, was the prevailing idea at that time. The Constitution, it is true, secured every essential guarantee to the institution while it should last, and hence no argument can be justly urged against the constitutional guaranties thus secured, because of the common sentiment of the day. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, and the government built upon it fell when "the storm came and the wind blew."

Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man, that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition.

This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth. This truth has been slow in the process of its development, like all other truths in the various departments of science. It has been so even amongst us. Many who hear me, perhaps, can recollect well that this truth was not generally admitted, even within their day. The errors of the past generation still clung to many as late as twenty years ago. Those at the North who still cling to these errors, with a zeal above knowledge, we justly denominate fanatics. All fanaticism springs from an aberration of the mind, from a defect in reasoning. It is a species of insanity. One of the most striking characteristics of insanity, in many instances, is forming correct conclusions from fancied or erroneous premises. So with the antislavery fanatics; their conclusions are right, if their premises were. They assume that the negro is equal, and hence conclude that he is entitled to equal rights and privileges with the white man. If their premises were correct, their conclusions would be logical and just; but, their premise being wrong, their whole argument fails. . . .

In the conflict, thus far, success has been on our side, complete throughout the length and breadth of the Confederate States. It is upon this, as I have stated, our social fabric is firmly planted; and I cannot permit myself to doubt the ultimate success of a full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world.

As I have stated, the truth of this principle may be slow in development, as all truths are and ever have been, in the various branches of science. It was so with the principles announced by Galileo. It was so with Adam Smith and his principles of political economy. It was so with Harvey and his theory of the circulation of the blood; it is stated that not a single one of the medical profession, living at the time of the announcement of the truths made by him, admitted them. Now they are universally acknowledged. May we not, therefore, look with confidence to the ultimate universal acknowledgment of the truths upon which our system rests? It is the first government ever instituted upon the principles in strict conformity to nature and the ordination of Providence in furnishing the materials of human society. Many governments have been founded upon the principle of the subordination and serfdom of certain classes of the same race; such were and are in violation of the laws of nature. Our system commits no such violation of nature's laws. With us, all the white race, however high or low, rich or poor, are equal in the eye of the law. Not so with the negro; subordination is his place. He, by nature or by the curse against Canaan, is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system. The architect, in the construction of buildings, lays the foundation with the proper material—the granite; then comes the brick or the marble. The substratum of our society is made of the material fitted by nature for it; and by experience we know that it is best not only for the superior race, but for the inferior race, that it should be so. It is, indeed, in conformity with the ordinance of the Creator. It is not for us to inquire into the wisdom of His ordinances, or to question them. For His own purposes He has made one race to differ from another, as He has made "one star to differ from another star in glory." The great objects of humanity are best attained when there is conformity to His laws and decrees, in the formation of governments as well as in all things else. Our Confederacy is founded upon principles in strict conformity with these views. This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, "is become the chief of the corner," the real "corner-stone" in our new edifice.

William Starbuck Mayo.

Born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., 1812.

A STRUGGLE IN THE FOREST.

[*Kaloolah.* 1849.—*Revised Edition.* 1887.]

IT was early on the morning of the sixth, that, accompanied by Kaloolah, and the lively Clefenha, I ascended the bank for a final reconnoissance of the country on the other bank of the river. It was not my intention to wander far, but allured by the beauty of the scene, and the promise of a still better view from a higher crag, we moved along the edge of the bank until we had got nearly two miles from our camp. At this point the line of the bank curved towards the river so as to make a beetling promontory of a hundred feet perpendicular descent. The gigantic trees grew on the very brink, many of them throwing their long arms far over the shore below. The trees generally grew wide apart, and there was little or no underwood, but many of the trunks were wreathed with the verdure of parasites and creepers so that the forest vistas were often shut off by immense columns of green leaves and flowers. The stems of some of these creepers were truly wonderful: one, from which depended large bunches of scarlet berries, had, not unfrequently, stems as large as a man's body. In some cases one huge plant of this kind, ascending with an incalculable prodigality of lignin, by innumerable convolutions, would stretch itself out, and, embracing several trees in its folds, mat them together in one dense mass of vegetation.

Suddenly we noticed that the usual sounds of the forest had almost ceased around us. Deep in the wood we could still hear the chattering of monkeys and the screeching of parrots. Never before had our presence created any alarm among the denizens of the tree-tops; or, if it had, it had merely excited to fresh clamor, without putting them to flight. We looked around for the cause of this sudden retreat.

"Perhaps," I replied to Kaloolah's inquiry, "there is a storm gathering, and they are gone to seek a shelter deeper in the wood."

We advanced close to the edge of the bank, and looked out into the broad daylight that poured down from above on flood and field. There was the same bright smile on the distant fields and hills; the same clear sheen in the deep water; the same lustrous stillness in the perfumed air; not a single prognostic of any commotion among the elements.

I placed my gun against a tree, and took a seat upon an exposed portion of one of its roots. Countless herds of animals, composed of quaggas, zebras, gnus, antelopes, hart-beasts, roeboks, springboks, buffalos, wild boars, and a dozen other kinds, for which my recollection of African travels furnished no names, were roaming over the fields on the other side of the river, or quietly reposing in the shade of the scattered mimosas, or beneath the groups of lofty palms. A herd of thirty or forty tall ungainly figures came in sight, and took their way, with awkward but rapid pace, across the plain. I knew them at once to be giraffes, although they were the first that we had seen. I was straining my eyes to discover the animal that pursued them, when Kaloolah called to me to come to her. She was about fifty yards farther down the stream than where I was sitting. With an unaccountable degree of carelessness, I arose and went towards her, leaving my gun leaning against the tree. As I advanced, she ran out to the extreme point of the little promontory I have mentioned, where her maid was standing, and pointed to something over the edge of the cliff.

"Oh, Jon'than!" she exclaimed, "what a curious and beautiful flower! Come, and try if you can get it for me!"

Advancing to the crest of the cliff, we stood looking down its precipitous sides to a point some twenty feet below, where grew a bunch of wild honeysuckles. Suddenly a startling noise, like the roar of thunder, or like the boom of a thirty-two pounder, rolled through the wood, fairly shaking the sturdy trees, and literally making the ground quiver beneath our feet. Again it came, that appalling and indescribably awful sound! and so close as to completely stun us. Roar upon roar, in quick succession, now announced the coming of the king of beasts. "The lion! the lion!—Oh, God of mercy! where is my gun?" I started forward, but it was too late. Alighting, with a magnificent bound, into the open space in front of us, the monster stopped, as if somewhat taken aback by the novel appearance of his quarry, and crouching his huge carcass close to the ground, uttered a few deep snuffling sounds, not unlike the preliminary crankings and growlings of a heavy steam-engine, when it first feels the pressure of the steam.

He was, indeed, a monster!—fully twice as large as the largest specimen of his kind that was ever condemned, by gaping curiosity, to the confinement of the cage. His body was hardly less in size than that of a dray-horse; his paw as large as the foot of an elephant; while his head!—what can be said of such a head? Concentrate the fury, the power, the capacity, and the disposition for evil of a dozen thunder-storms into a round globe, about two feet in diameter, and one would then be able to get an idea of the terrible expression of that head and face, enveloped and set off as it was by the dark frame-work of bristling mane.

The lower jaw rested upon the ground; the mouth was slightly open, showing the rows of white teeth and the blood-red gums, from which the lips were retracted in a majestic and right kingly grin. The brows and the skin around the eyes were corrugated into a splendid glory of radiant wrinkles, in the centre of which glowed two small globes, like opals, but with a dusky lustrousness that no opal ever yet attained.

For a few moments he remained motionless, and then, as if satisfied with the result of his close scrutiny, he began to slide along the ground towards us; slowly one monstrous paw was protruded after the other; slowly the huge tufted tail waved to and fro, sometimes striking his hollow flanks, and occasionally coming down upon the ground with a sound like the falling of heavy clods upon a coffin. There could be no doubt of his intention to charge us, when near enough for a spring.

And was there no hope? Not the slightest, at least for myself. It was barely possible that one victim would satisfy him, or that, in the contest that was about to take place, I might, if he did not kill me at the first blow, so wound him as to indispose him for any further exercise of his power, and that thus Kaloolah would escape. As for me, I felt that my time had come. With no weapon but my long knife, what chance was there against such a monster? I cast one look at the gun that was leaning so carelessly against the tree beyond him, and thought how easy it would be to send a bullet through one of those glowing eyes, into the depths of that savage brain. Never was there a fairer mark! But, alas! it was impossible to reach the gun! Truly, "there was a lion in the path."

I turned to Kaloolah, who was a little behind me. Her face expressed a variety of emotions; she could not speak or move, but she stretched out her hand, as if to pull me back. Behind her crouched the black, whose features were contracted into the awful grin of intense terror; she was too much frightened to scream, but in her face a thousand yells of agony and fear were incarnated.

I remember not precisely what I said, but, in the fewest words, I intimated to Kaloolah that the lion would, probably, be satisfied with attacking me; that she must run by us as soon as he sprang upon me, and, returning to the camp, waste no time, but set out at once under the charge of Hugh and Jack. She made no reply, and I waited for none, but facing the monster, advanced slowly towards him—the knife was firmly grasped in my right hand, my left side a little turned towards him, and my left arm raised, to guard as much as possible against the first crushing blow of his paw. Further than this I had formed no plan of battle. In such a contest the mind has but little to do—all depends upon the instinct of the muscles; and well for a man if good training has developed that instinct to the highest. I felt that I could trust mine, and that my brain need not bother itself as to the manner my muscles were going to act.

Within thirty feet of my huge foe I stopped—cool, calm as a statue; not an emotion agitated me. No hope, no fear: death was too certain to permit either passion. There is something in the conviction of the immediate inevitableness of death that represses fear; we are then compelled to take a better look at the king of terrors, and we find that he is not so formidable as we imagined. Look at him with averted glances and half-closed eyes, and he has a most imposing, overawing presence; but face him, eye to eye; grasp his proffered hand manfully, and he sinks, from a right royal personage, into a contemptible old gate-keeper on the turnpike of life.

I had time to think of many things, although it must not be supposed, from the leisurely way in which I here tell the story, that the whole affair occupied much time. Like lightning flashing from link to link along a chain-conductor did memory illuminate, almost simultaneously, the chain of incidents that measured my path in life, and that connected the present with the past. I could see the whole of my back track "blazed," as clearly as ever was a forest path by a woodman's axe; and ahead! ah, there was not much to see ahead! 'Twas but a short view; death hedged in the scene. In a few minutes my eyes would be opened to the pleasant sights beyond; but, for the present, death commanded all attention. And such a death! But why such a death? What better death, except on the battle-field, in defence of one's country? To be killed by a lion! Surely, there is a spice of dignity about it, maugre the being eaten afterwards. Suddenly the monster stopped, and erected his tail, stiff and motionless, in the air. Strange as it may seem, the conceit occurred to me that the motion of his tail had acted as a safety-valve to the pent-up muscular energy within: "He has shut the steam off from the 'scape-pipe, and now he turns it on to his locomotive machinery. God have mercy upon me!—He comes!"

But he did not come! At the instant, the light figure of Kaloolah rushed past me: "Fly, fly, Jon'than!" she wildly exclaimed, as she dashed forward directly towards the lion. Quick as thought, I divined her purpose, and sprang after her, grasping her dress, and pulling her forcibly back, almost from within those formidable jaws. The astonished animal gave several jumps sideways and backwards, and stopped, crouching to the ground and growling and lashing his sides with renewed fury. He was clearly taken aback by our unexpected charge upon him, but it was evident that he was not to be frightened into abandoning his prey. His mouth was made up for us, and there could be no doubt, if his motions were a little slow, that he considered us as good as gorged.

"Fly, fly, Jon'than!" exclaimed Kaloolah, as she struggled to break from my grasp. "Leave me! Leave me to die alone, but oh! save yourself, quick! along the bank. You can escape—fly!"

"Never, Kaloolah," I replied, fairly forcing her with quite an exertion of strength behind me. "Back, back! Free my arm! Quick, quick! He comes!" It was no time for gentleness. Roughly shaking her relaxing grasp from my arm, she sunk powerless, yet not insensible, to the ground, while I had just time to face the monster and plant one foot forward to receive him.

He was in the very act of springing! His huge carcass was even rising under the impulsion of his contracting muscles, when his action was arrested in a way so unexpected, so wonderful, and so startling that my senses were for the moment thrown into perfect confusion. Could I trust my sight, or was the whole affair the illusion of a horrid dream? It seemed as if one of the gigantic creepers I have mentioned had suddenly quitted the canopy above, and, endowed with life and a huge pair of widely distended jaws, had darted with the rapidity of lightning upon the crouching beast. There was a tremendous shaking of the tree-tops, and a confused wrestling, and jumping, and whirling over and about, amid a cloud of upturned roots, and earth, and leaves accompanied with the most terrific roars and groans. As I looked again, vision grew more distinct. An immense body, gleaming with purple, green, and gold appeared convoluted around the majestic branches overhead, and stretching down, was turned two or three times around the struggling lion, whose head and neck were almost concealed from sight within the cavity of a pair of jaws still more capacious than his own.

Thus, then, was revealed the cause of the sudden silence throughout the woods. It was the presence of the boa that had frightened the monkey and feathered tribes into silence. How opportunely was his presence manifested to us! A moment more, and it would have been too late.

Gallantly did the lion struggle in the folds of his terrible enemy, whose grasp each instant grew more firm and secure, and most astounding were those frightful yells of rage and fear. The huge body of the snake, fully two feet in diameter, where it depended from the trees, presented the most curious appearances, and in such quick succession that the eye could scarcely follow them. At one moment smooth and flexile, at the next rough and stiffened, or contracted into great knots—at one moment overspread with a thousand tints of reflected color, the next distended so as to transmit through the skin the golden gleams of the animal lightning that coursed up and down within.

Over and over rolled the struggling beast; but in vain all his strength, in vain all his efforts to free himself. Gradually his muscles relaxed in their exertions; his roar subsided to a groan; his tongue protruded from his mouth, and his fetid breath, mingled with a strong sickly odor from the serpent, diffused itself through the air, producing a sense of oppression, and a feeling of weakness like that from breathing some deleterious gas.

I looked around me. Kaloolah was on her knees, and the negress insensible upon the ground a few paces behind her. A sensation of giddiness warned me that it was time to retreat. Without a word I raised Kaloolah in my arms, ran towards the now almost motionless animals, and, turning along the bank, reached the tree against which my gun was leaning.

Darting back, I seized the prostrate negress and bore her off in the same way. By this time both females had recovered their voices, Clefenha exercising hers in a succession of shrieks that compelled me to shake her somewhat rudely, while Kaloolah eagerly besought me to hurry back to the camp. There was now, however, no occasion for hurry. The recovery of my gun altered the state of the case, and my curiosity was excited to witness the progress of deglutition on a large scale, which the boa was probably about to exhibit. It was impossible, however, to resist Kaloolah's entreaties, and after stepping up closer to the animals for one good look, I reluctantly consented to turn back.

The lion was quite dead, and, with a slow motion, the snake was uncoiling himself from his prey and from the tree above. As well as I could judge, without seeing him straightened out, he was between ninety and one hundred feet in length—not quite so long as the serpent with which the army of Regulus had its famous battle, or as many of the same animals that I have since seen; but, as the reader will allow, a very respectable sized snake.

William Henry Burleigh.

Born in Woodstock, Conn., 1812. **Died** in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1871.

THE HARVEST-CALL.

[*Poems.* 1871.]

ABIDE not in the land of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems,
Where drowsy airs thy powers repress
In languors of sweet idleness.

Nor linger in the misty past,
Entranced in visions vague and vast;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

That call, though many-voiced, is one,
With mighty meanings in each tone;
Through sob and laughter, shriek and prayer,
Its summons meet thee everywhere.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From duty's claims no life is free,—
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

Look up! the wide extended plain
Is billowy with its ripened grain,
And on the summer winds are rolled
Its waves of emerald and gold.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust His love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo! the broad fields, with harvests white,
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite;
And he who labors and believes
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

Up! for the time is short; and soon
The morning sun will climb to noon.

Up! ere the herds, with trampling feet
Outrunning thine, shall spoil the wheat.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

Sarah Roberts.

Born in Portsmouth, N. H., 1812. Died in New York, N. Y., 1869.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours:
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy Spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Samuel Osgood.

Born in Charlestown, Mass., 1812. Died in New York, N. Y., 1880.

HOURS OF SLEEP AND HOURS OF STUDY.

[*Student Life*. 1861.]

THE most obvious polar diversity is that which contrasts our sleeping with our waking hours, and almost repeats the images of death and life. How long we ought to sleep I do not undertake to say with positive certainty, so widely do different persons vary, and so much do many people err from the truth by counting as sleep only their hours of being in bed, whilst they never seem to be fully awake even at noon-day, and others who lounge half the time in bed are rarely found asleep. If I were to try to state the true rule for sleep, according to the best experience and observation, it would be eight hours, and surely never less than seven. A student needs, probably, more sleep than a laboring man, alike because his brain is more used (and the brain suffers more than the muscles from over-action), and because, moreover, the student is so apt to carry the thoughtfulness of study to his pillow as to find it hard to drop into slumber at once, as the tired workman generally does. I advise you to be very careful to secure regular and sufficient sleep; and in most cases when you are tempted by peculiar anxiety to sit up very late, and win study at the cost of an excited brain, it is better to think more of keeping the instrument sound than of forcing the work. I have suffered sometimes by continual late study, and have kept at my pen till morning. Now I prefer a healthy brain to an elaborate manuscript, and am surer of success in such emergencies by speaking extempore from a clear and cool head, than by reading a discourse that has been written by the midnight lamp. I do not believe in the midnight lamp at all, and advise you to be on your pillow always at least an hour before that witching time. In summer it is well for a student to go to bed at ten and rise at six, or half an hour before, and in winter he may retire and rise an hour later. As to any considerable study before breakfast, I do not recommend it, and am inclined to think as poorly of morning candle-light as of the midnight lamp. I tried once to steal time for translating a work from the German by early morning study, and the symptoms of a nervous fever that appeared in the course of a few weeks led me never to repeat the experiment.

As to hours of study, they should never exceed those now made the limit of manual labor—ten hours—and I believe that six hours of close application will in the long run accomplish more good work than twelve hours. If a youth actually studies six hours, and adds to this the time spent in going to and from recitation and in waiting for others to recite, he will find very little of the working part of the day left. If we add to six hours of actual work over books the time usually given by an earnest student to thought, and reading, and instructive conversation, it will be found that twelve out of the twenty-four hours are generally given to the culture of the mind. Stating my views in another way, I can say that there is wisdom in dividing the day into three parts of eight hours each—one part for sleep; one for such exertion of the mind as may be called study, whether learning lessons or tasking the thoughts by solid reading or careful meditation; one part for recreation, or for all that refreshes soul and body by food, exercise, society, and all such intellectual occupations as belong more to the play rather than to the work of the mind. I do not, of course, mean to say that these three parts should be separated by a rigid line, and that recreation and study should occupy each eight consecutive hours. It is best for one not to give more than two consecutive hours to one object; and he is wise who goes from one study to another, or intersperses study with exercise or conversation, so as to secure constant freshness and life. The Jesuits, who are marvellously shrewd in their way, forbid their pupils from studying more than two hours without intermission; and Voltaire, who so hated the Jesuits, copied their sagacity by keeping sometimes four desks in his library, with an unfinished work on each, and going, as he was moved, from one to the other, as poetry, history, criticism, or philosophy invited him. You will do well to study a judicious alternation in the division of your time and studies, being especially careful to sweeten hard and repulsive branches by such as are more pleasant, and in every way to change the posture of your mind, so as to refresh and relieve the more weary faculties.

William Tappan Thompson.

Born in Ravenna, Ohio, 1812. Died in Savannah, Ga., 1882.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

[*Major Jones's Courtship.* 1844.—*Enlarged Edition.* 1872.]

Pineville, *December* 27, 1842.

TO MR. THOMPSON: *Dear Sir*—Crismus is over, and the thing is done did! You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk on Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious bisness. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more 'n twenty times to jest go and come right out with the whole bisness; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothin about popin the question, as they call it. It's a mighty grate favor to ax of a pretty gall; and to people what ain't used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more 'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and after tea went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed right out.

"There! there!" ses they, "I told you so! I know'd it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline?" ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she know'd you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No, I didn't,—I didn't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah; "you belong to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones."

I know'd that was a first-rate chance to say somethin, but the dear little creeter looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin zactly to the pint! So I tuck a chair, and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old chicken bone now, Majer?" ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Ain't you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins——"

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockins right before——"

Then I felt a little streaked, too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"Highty-tity!" ses the old lady—"what monstrous 'finement, to be shore! I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People nowadays is gittin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its right name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old-time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I use to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents."

The galls kep laughin and blushin.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift,—won't you, Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I; "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean *that*," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two-bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you promise to keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

"Monstrous 'finement nowadays,—old people don't know nothin about perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in her lap.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary; "but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I; "you hang up a bag big enough to hold it, and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her; then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They 'spicioned something.

"You'll be shore to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag?" ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porch; and about ten o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home.

I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enough, was a great big meal-bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was termined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench, and got hold of the rope, and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin in, it swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket; but nobody didn't wake up but Miss Stallinses old cur dog, and here he come rippin and tearin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went, tryin to find what was the matter. I scrooch'd down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin.

The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swingin so it made me seasick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my heart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more 'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be supprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed somethin. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear the galls mought hear me. "Bow! wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you bominable fool!" ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know wharabouts he'd take hold. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coaxin—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his everlastin whinin and barkin, all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't believe I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she seed the bag, ses she:

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to,—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out on the porch.

"My goodness! what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive!" ses Miss Kesiah. "I seed it move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, "and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered with corn-meal from head to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it ain't the Majer himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes!—she blushed as beautiful as a mornin-glory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was right out of bed, and her hair wasn't komed, and her dress wasn't fix'd at all, but the way she looked pretty was real distractin. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her sweet face, as she stood thar lookin down to the floor with her roguish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would have fotched me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and sot by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house, and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't believe a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother settled the match, and talked over everything that ever happened in ther families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried about ther dead husbands, cause they wasn't alive to see ther children married.

It's all settled now, 'cept we hain't sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she ses I mustn't call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from Your friend, till death,

Jos. Jones.

Samuel Irenæus Prime.

Born in Ballston, N. Y., 1812. Died at Manchester, Vt., 1885.

EXPLAINING AWAY THE GOSPEL.

[*Irenæus Letters. Second Series.* 1885.]

MRS. PARTINGTON being asked where she went to church, replied, "To any church where the gospel is dispensed with."

The late Rev. Dr. Cox, of wonderful memory, was remarkable as an expounder of the Scriptures. In his Owego congregation—and speaking of Owego reminds me of the speech he made in the Synod of New York when he took leave of it to go to his new charge; he said, "Owego must not be confounded with Oswego or Otsego or any other of the many names having O initial and terminal."

His facility for using large words was remarkable. It was attributed to a slight impediment in his speech, which led him to take a word that he could utter without difficulty in preference to a smaller one on which he was inclined to stumble. But that was not the reason: in writing he had the same habit, and if possible he made use of longer words than he did in public speech. Nor was there any affectation or pedantry in his style. He was as natural as he was brilliant. And he was the most brilliant clergyman of his generation. As flashes of lightning vanish in an instant, so the coruscations of his splendid genius were transient, beautiful, magnificent for the moment, but gone as suddenly as they came. There is melancholy in the thought that the best and brightest things he ever said are not on record, and with his contemporaries will pass forever from the memory of man. They passed from his own memory, most of them, as soon as they were spoken.

An instance of this occurs to me. He was opening the General Assembly with prayer when he was Moderator, and he introduced ascriptions of praise in three Latin phrases, familiar quotations. I was reporting the meeting, and jotted down those words just as he used them. But when he came to see them in print many years after they were uttered, he had forgotten that he ever made use of them, and thought they were the fruit of the reporter's too lively imagination. Yet Dr. Duffield, who was present, wrote down the words from the Doctor's lips, and Dr. Hatfield, a year or two before he joined Dr. Cox in the General Assembly above, assured me that he heard the words, which were as just and true as they were extraordinary in a public prayer.

He was always ready, or, as he would say, *semper paratus*, and was never taken at a disadvantage. The best illustration of his readiness is his famous address before the Bible Society in London, which I will not repeat, it is so familiar. But it is hardly probable that a more splendid example of brilliant extempore rhetoric can be found in the whole range of English literature. In the later years of his life, when his powers were not at their best and brightest, he went into St. Paul's Methodist Church in this city to worship there as a stranger. He was recognized by a gentleman, who went to the pulpit and informed the preacher that Dr. Cox was in the congregation. He was invited to preach, and taking a text, which he gave in two or three languages, he preached two hours with such variety of learning, copiousness of illustration, and felicity of diction as to entertain, delight, instruct, and move the assembly. This habit of preaching long sermons grew upon him, and he became tedious in his old age. Many others do likewise. It is the last infirmity of great preachers. Especially is it true of those who, like Dr. Cox, are fond of preaching expository sermons. There is no convenient stopping-place for a man who takes a chapter and attempts a little sermon on each clause or word. Dr. Cox rarely approved of the translation in the Bible before him. His Greek Testament was always at hand, and after a severe, sometimes a fierce denunciation of the text in the received version, he would give his own rendering, and enforce that with the ardor of genius and the power of Christian eloquence. As long ago as when he was pastor in Laight Street one of his parishioners, a prominent and wealthy merchant, tired of hearing his sermons, went over to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath with a friend. They attended church, and lo! Dr. Cox had exchanged pulpits with the pastor, and now the parishioner was compelled to hear the preacher from whom he was running away. I have been told that the gentleman was converted by this discourse which he heard against his will, and he lived to be one of the most useful and distinguished among the merchant-princes of New York. But I am wandering.

I began this letter with the intent of telling you another Mrs. Partington remark which the Rev. Dr. S. H. Hall mentioned to me this summer when I met him in the Catskill Mountains. Dr. Hall was pastor of the church in Owego after Dr. Cox—whether his immediate successor or not, I am unable to say. In his congregation was a venerable lady who was never tired of sounding the praises of her former pastor, whose explanatory preaching had been her spiritual food for many years. "Oh," said she to Dr. Hall, "you should have heard him explain away the gospel!"

This was just what Dr. Cox did not. It was his forte to get the gist of the true meaning of the word, the mind of the Spirit, to explain the gospel; and the modern Mrs. Partington, like the more ancient dame, had the ill-luck to twist her own words so as to make them convey a sense quite the reverse of what she meant. But it is very certain that the remarks of the two ladies have a very decided application to the preaching in which some of our modern teachers indulge, to the confusion of their hearers. The Bible is a much simpler book than many preachers would have the people believe. There are some things in it hard to be understood, undoubtedly. But these are not the things they attempt to explain or explain away. They find the words of the inspired penman in the way of their *views*, and they go at the words, tooth and nail, hammer and tongs, and manage to give an interpretation to them which will bolster or at least not oppose their favorite theories. The Bible is the simplest book in the world, and there is no work of its size treating so great a variety of subjects which is more intelligible to the common mind. Errors, heresies and corruptions in doctrine and practice do not arise from the misconceptions which the "common people" get from reading the Bible, with the Spirit of God alone to guide them. The fundamental truths which all evangelical Christians love to believe are on the surface as well as in the depths of holy scripture. He who runs may read. The Bible is a revelation. The author did not employ language to conceal his thoughts. The entrance of his words gives light. They make wise the simple. And that preacher is the best who is the most scriptural, bringing the truth as therein *revealed* directly to the conscience and the heart.

Abraham Coles.

BORN in Scotch Plains, N. J., 1813.

THE "DIES IRÆ."

[*Dies Iræ, in Thirteen Original Versions.* 1859. *Fifth Edition.* 1868.—*Latin Hymns, with Original Translations.* 1868.]

IT would be difficult to find, in the whole range of literature, a production to which a profounder interest attaches than to that magnificent canticle of the Middle Ages, the DIES IRÆ. Fastening on that which is indestructible in man, and giving fitter expression than can elsewhere be found, to experiences and emotions which can never cease to agitate him, it has lost after the lapse of six centuries none of its original freshness and transcendent power to affect the heart. It has commanded alike the admiration of men of piety and men of taste. . . . Among gems it is the diamond. It is solitary in its excellence. Of Latin hymns, it is the best known and the acknowledged masterpiece. There are others which possess much sweetness and beauty, but this stands unrivalled.

It has superior beauties, with none of their defects. For the most part they are more or less Romish, but this is Catholic, and not Romish at all. It is universal as humanity. It is the cry of the human. It bears indubitable marks of being a personal experience.

The author is supposed to have been a monk: an incredible supposition truly did we not know that a monk is also a man. One thing is certain, that the monk does not appear, and that it is the man only that speaks. He no longer dreams and drivels. He is effectually awake. The veil is lifted. He sees Christ coming to Judgment. All the tumult and the terror of the Last Day are present to him. The final pause and syncope of Nature; the shuddering of a horror-struck Universe; the downrushing and wreck of all things—all are present. But these material circumstances of horror and amazement, he feels are as nothing compared with "the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Just Judge." This single consideration swallows up every other. The interests of an eternity are crowded into a moment.

One great secret of the power and enduring popularity of this Hymn is, undoubtedly, its genuineness. A vital sincerity breathes throughout. It is a cry *de profundis;* and the cry becomes sometimes—so intense are the terror and solicitude—almost a shriek. It is in the highest degree pathetic. The Muse is "Mater Lachrymarum, Our Lady of Tears." Every line weeps. Underneath every word and syllable a living heart throbs and pulsates. The very rhythm, or that alternate elevation and depression of the voice, which prosodists call the *arsis* and the *thesis*, one might almost fancy were synchronous with the contraction and the dilatation of the heart. It is more than dramatic. The horror and the dread are real: are actual, not acted. A human heart is laid bare, quivering with life, and we see and hear its tumultuous throbbings. We sympathize—nay, before we are aware, we have changed places. We, too, tremble and quail and cry aloud.

All true lyric poetry is subjective. The Dies Iræ is, as we have seen, remarkable for its intense subjectivity; and whoever duly appreciates this characteristic will have little difficulty in understanding its superior effectiveness over everything else that has been written on the same theme. The life of the writer has passed into it and informs it, so that it is itself alive. It has vital forces and emanations. Its life mingles with our life. It enters into our veins and circulates in our blood. A virtue goes out from it. It is electrically charged, and contact is instantly followed by a shock and shuddering.

Springing from its subjectivity, if not identical with it, we would further notice the intensifying effect of what may be called its personalism; in other words, its egoism. It is I and not We. Substitute the plural pronoun for the singular, and it would lose half its pungency.

We have had occasion to observe the weakening effect of this in translation. The truth is, the feeling is of a kind too concentrated and too exacting to allow itself to be dissipated in the vagueness of any grouping generality. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. There is a grief that cannot be shared, neither can it be joined on to another's. It is not social nor common. It is mine and not yours. It is exclusive, not because it is selfish, but because it has depths beyond the soundings of ordinary sympathy. . . .

The Hymn is not only lyrical in its essence, but also in its form. It is instinct with music. It sings itself. The grandeur of its rhythm, and the assonance and chime of its fit and powerful words, are, even in the ears of those unacquainted with the Latin language, suggestive of the richest and mightiest harmonies. The verse is ternary; and the ternary number, having been esteemed anciently a symbol of perfection and held in great veneration, may possibly have had something to do with the choice of the strophe. Be this as it may, its metrical structure, as all agree, constitutes by no means the least of its extraordinary merits. Trench, in his Selections from Latin Poetry, speaks of the metre as being grandly devised, and fitted to bring out some of the noblest powers of the Latin language; and as being, moreover, unique, forming the only example of the kind that he remembers. He notices the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, comparable to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil. Knapp, in his Liederschatz, likens the original to a blast from the trump of resurrection, and declares its power inimitable in any translation.

DIES IRÆ.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.

Oh, what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render!

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,
Evil done nor evil plotted,
Shall be brought and dooms allotted.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
Vengeance then no more deferring.

What shall *I* say, that time pending?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

Dreadful King, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save thou me, O Fount of Blessing!

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted:
Let such travail not be wasted!

Righteous Judge of retribution!
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution!

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token:
Let the pardoning word be spoken!

Thou, who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Lest I endless fire inherit.

Be there, Lord, my place decided
With Thy sheep, from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

When th' accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blessed to heaven!

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man shall rise to hear his sentence:
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!

Benson John Lossing.

Born in Beekman, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 1813.

OLD-TIME LIFE IN ALBANY.

[*The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler. Revised Edition.* 1872.]

NOTWITHSTANDING there was great equality in Albany society, there was a peculiar custom prevalent until near the time of the kindling of the Revolution, which appeared somewhat exclusive in its character. The young people were arranged in congenial companies, composed of an equal number of both sexes. Children from five to eight years of age were admitted into these companies and the association continued until maturity. Each company was generally under a sort of control by authority lodged in the hands of a boy and girl, who happened to possess some natural preëminence in size or ability. They met frequently, enjoyed amusements together, grew up to maturity with a perfect knowledge of each other, and the results, in general, were happy and suitable marriages. In the season of early flowers, they all went out together to gather the gaudy blossoms of the May-apple; and in August they went together to the forests on the neighboring hills to gather whortleberries, or, later still, to pluck the rich clusters of the wild grape, each being furnished with a light basket made by the expert Indian women.

Each member of a company was permitted to entertain all the rest on his or her birthday, on which occasion the elders of the family were bound to be absent, leaving only a faithful servant to have a general supervision of affairs, and to prepare the entertainment. This gave the young people entire freedom, and they enjoyed it to the fullest extent. They generally met at four o'clock in the afternoon, and separated at nine or ten in the evening. On these occasions there would be ample provisions of tea, chocolate, fresh and preserved fruits, nuts, cakes, cider, and syllabub.

These early and exclusive intimacies naturally ripened into pure and lasting friendships and affectionate attachments, and happy marriages resulted. So universal was the practice of forming unions for life among the members of these circles, that it came to be considered a kind of apostacy to marry out of one's "company." Love, thus born in the atmosphere of innocence and candor, and nourished by similarity of education, tastes, and aspirations, seldom lost any of its vitality; and inconstancy and indifference among married couples were so rare as to be almost unheard of exceptions to the general rule. They usually married early, were blessed with high physical and mental health, and the extreme love which they bore for their offspring made those parents ever dear to each other under the discipline of every possible vicissitude. The children were reared in great simplicity; and except being taught to love and adore the great Author of their being and their blessings, they were permitted to follow the dictates of their nature, ranging at full liberty in the open air, covered in summer with a light and cheap garment, which protected them from the sun, and in winter with warm clothing, made according to the dictates of convenience, comfort, and health.

The summer amusements of the young were simple, healthful, and joyous. Their principal pleasure consisted in what we now call *pic-nics*, enjoyed either upon the beautiful islands in the river near Albany, which were then covered with grass and shrubbery, tall trees and clustering vines, or in the forests on the hills. When the warm days of spring and early summer appeared, a company of young men and maidens would set out at sunrise in a canoe for the islands, or in light wagons for "the bush," where they would frequently meet a similar party on the same delightful errand. Each maiden, taught from early childhood to be industrious, would take her work-basket with her, and a supply of tea, sugar, coffee, and other materials for a frugal breakfast, while the young men carried some rum and dried fruit to make a light cool punch for a mid-day beverage. But no previous preparations were made for dinner except bread and cold pastry, it being expected that the young men would bring an ample supply of game and fish from the woods and waters, provisions having been made by the girls of apparatus for cooking, the use of which was familiar to them all. After dinner the company would pair off in couples, according to attachments and affinities, sometimes brothers and sisters together, and sometimes warm friends or ardent lovers, and stroll in all directions, gathering wild strawberries or other fruit in summer, and plucking the abundant flowers, to be arranged into bouquets to adorn their little parlors and give pleasure to their parents. Sometimes they would remain abroad until sunset, and take tea in the open air; or they would call upon some friend on their way home and partake of a light evening meal. In all this there appeared no conventional restraints upon the innocent inclinations of nature. The day was always remembered as one of pure enjoyment, without the passage of a single cloud of regret.

The winter amusements in Albany were few and simple, but, like those of summer, pure, healthful, and invigorating. On fine winter days the icy bosom of the Hudson would be alive with skaters of both sexes, and vocal with their merry laugh and joyous songs and ringing shouts; and down the broad and winding road from the verge of Pinkster Hill, whereon the State capitol now reposes, scores of sleighs might be seen every brilliant moonlight evening, coursing with ruddy voyagers—boys and girls, young men and maidens—who swept past the Dutch Church at the foot, and halted only on the banks of the river. It was a most animating scene, and many a fair spectator would sit or stand on the margin of the slope until ten or eleven o'clock, wrapped in furs, to enjoy the spectacle.

Evening parties, the company seldom numbering over a dozen, were quite frequent. These were often the sequels of quilting parties; and *princktums*, games, simple dances, and other amusements were indulged in, but never continued very late. The young men sometimes spent an evening in conviviality at one of the two taverns in the town, and sometimes their boisterous mirth would disturb the quiet city at a late hour. Habitual drunkenness, however, was extremely rare, and these outbreaks were winked at as comparatively harmless.

John Charles Frémont.

BORN in Savannah, Ga., 1813.

THE FIRST EXPLORATION OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

[*Memoirs of My Life.* 1887.]

THE channel in a short distance became so shallow that our navigation was at an end, being merely a sheet of soft mud, with a few inches of water, and sometimes none at all, forming the low-water shore of the lake. All this place was absolutely covered with flocks of screaming plover. We took off our clothes, and, getting overboard, commenced dragging the boat—making, by this operation, a very curious trail, and a very disagreeable smell in stirring up the mud, as we sank above the knees at every step. The water here was still fresh, with only an insipid and disagreeable taste, probably derived from the bed of fetid mud. After proceeding in this way about a mile, we came to a small black ridge on the bottom, beyond which the water became suddenly salt, beginning gradually to deepen, and the bottom was sandy and firm. It was a remarkable division, separating the fresh water of the rivers from the briny water of the lake, which was entirely *saturated* with common salt. Pushing our little vessel across the narrow boundary, we sprang on board, and at length were afloat on the waters of the unknown sea.

We did not steer for the mountainous islands, but directed our course toward a lower one which it had been decided we should first visit, the summit of which was formed like the crater at the upper end of Bear River Valley. So long as we could touch the bottom with our paddles, we were very gay; but gradually, as the water deepened, we became more still in our frail bateau of gum-cloth distended with air, and with pasted seams. Although the day was very calm, there was a considerable swell on the lake; and there were white patches of foam on the surface, which were slowly moving to the southward. indicating the set of a current in that direction and recalling the recollection of the whirlpool stories. The water continued to deepen as we advanced; the lake becoming almost transparently clear, of an extremely beautiful bright-green color; and the spray, which was thrown into the boat and over our clothes, was directly converted into a crust of common salt, which covered also our hands and arms.

"Captain," said Carson, who for some time had been looking suspiciously at some whitening appearances outside the nearest islands, "what are those yonder?—won't you just take a look with the glass?" We ceased paddling for a moment, and found them to be the caps of the waves that were beginning to break under the force of a strong breeze that was coming up the lake. The form of the boat seemed to be an admirable one, and it rode on the waves like a water-bird; but, at the same time, it was extremely slow in its progress. When we were a little more than half-way across the reach, two of the divisions between the cylinders gave way, and it required the constant use of the bellows to keep in a sufficient quantity of air. For a long time we scarcely seemed to approach our island, but gradually we worked across the rougher sea of the open channel into the smoother water under the lee of the island, and began to discover that what we took for a long row of pelicans ranged on the beach were only low cliffs whitened with salt by the spray of the waves; and about noon we reached the shore, the transparency of the water enabling us to see the bottom at a considerable depth.

It was a handsome broad beach where we landed, behind which the hill, into which the island was gathered, rose somewhat abruptly; and a point of rock at one end enclosed it in a sheltering way; and as there was an abundance of drift-wood along the shore, it offered us a pleasant encampment. We did not suffer our fragile boat to touch the sharp rocks; but, getting overboard, discharged the baggage, and, lifting it gently out of the water, carried it to the upper part of the beach, which was composed of very small fragments of rock. . . .

Mr. Walker was associated with Captain Bonneville in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains; and had since that time remained in the country, generally residing in some one of the Snake villages, when not engaged in one of his numerous trapping expeditions, in which he is celebrated as one of the best and bravest leaders who have ever been in the country.

The cliffs and masses of rock along the shore were whitened by an incrustation of salt where the waves dashed up against them; and the evaporating water which had been left in holes and hollows on the surface of the rocks was covered with a crust of salt about one eighth of an inch in thickness. It appeared strange that, in the midst of this grand reservoir, one of our greatest wants lately had been salt. Exposed to be more perfectly dried in the sun, this became very white and fine, having the usual flavor of very excellent common salt, without any foreign taste; but only a little was collected for present use, as there was in it a number of small black insects.

Carrying with us the barometer and other instruments, in the afternoon we ascended to the highest point of the island—a bare rocky peak, eight hundred feet above the lake. Standing on the summit we enjoyed an extended view of the lake, enclosed in a basin of rugged mountains, which sometimes left marshy flats and extensive bottoms between them and the shore, and in other places came directly down into the water with bold and precipitous bluffs. Following with our glasses the irregular shores, we searched for some indications of a communication with other bodies of water, or the entrance of other rivers; but the distance was so great that we could make out nothing with certainty. To the southward several peninsular mountains, three thousand or four thousand feet high, entered the lake, appearing, so far as the distance and our position enabled us to determine, to be connected, by flats and low ridges, with the mountains in the rear.

At the season of high waters in the spring, it is probable that all the marshes and low grounds are overflowed, and the surface of the lake considerably greater. In several places the view was of unlimited extent—here and there a rocky island appearing above the water at a great distance; and beyond, everything was vague and undefined. As we looked over the vast expanse of water spread out beneath us, and strained our eyes along the silent shores over which hung so much doubt and uncertainty, and which were so full of interest to us, I could hardly repress the almost irresistible desire to continue our exploration; but the lengthening snow on the mountains was a plain indication of the advancing season, and our frail linen boat appeared so insecure that I was unwilling to trust our lives to the uncertainties of the lake. I therefore unwillingly resolved to terminate our survey here, and remain satisfied for the present with what we had been able to add to the unknown geography of the region. We felt pleasure also in remembering that we were the first who, in the traditionary annals of the country, had visited the islands, and broken, with the cheerful sound of human voices, the long solitude of the place.

ON RECROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN WINTER AFTER MANY YEARS.

LONG years ago I wandered here,
In the midsummer of the year,—
Life's summer too;
A score of horsemen here we rode,
The mountain world its glories showed,
All fair to view.

These scenes, in glowing colors drest,
Mirrored the life within my breast,
Its world of hopes;
The whispering woods and fragrant breeze
That stirred the grass in verdant seas
On billowy slopes,

And glistening crag in sunlit sky,
'Mid snowy clouds piled mountains high,
Were joys to me;
My path was o'er the prairie wide,
Or here on grander mountain side,
To choose, all free.

The rose that waved in morning air,
And spread its dewy fragrance there,
In careless bloom,
Gave to my heart its ruddiest hue,
O'er my glad life its color threw
And sweet perfume.

Now changed the scene and changed the eyes,
That here once looked on glowing skies,
Where summer smiled;
These riven trees, this wind-swept plain,
Now show the winter's dread domain,
Its fury wild.

The rocks rise black from storm-packed snow,
All checked the river's pleasant flow,
Vanished the bloom;
These dreary wastes of frozen plain
Reflect my bosom's life again,
Now lonesome gloom.

The buoyant hopes and busy life
Have ended all in hateful strife,
And thwarted aim.
The world's rude contact killed the rose;
No more its radiant color shows
False roads to fame.

Backward, amidst the twilight glow,
Some lingering spots yet brightly show
On hard roads won,
Where still some grand peaks mark the way
Touched by the light of parting day
And memory's sun.

But here thick clouds the mountains hide,
The dim horizon, bleak and wide,
No pathway shows,
And rising gusts, and darkening sky,
Tell of the night that cometh nigh,
The brief day's close.

Noted Sayings.

[*Continued from Volume IV., page* 490.]

FROM "THE CREOLE VILLAGE."

The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land.

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783-1859.

A VOW, IN "THE LIBERATOR," VOL. I., NO. 1. 1831.

I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. 1805-79.

VÆ VICTIS! U. S. SENATE, JANUARY, 1832.

To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.

WILLIAM LEARNED MARCY. 1786-1857.

THE UPPER TEN.

The upper ten thousand of the city.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. 1806-67.

FROM A SPEECH IN THE U. S. SENATE, 26 JANUARY, 1830.

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782-1852.

PARAPHRASE ON WEBSTER. ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, BOSTON, 1850.

The American idea, . . . a democracy, that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people.

THEODORE PARKER. 1810-60.

FROM A LETTER TO THE (WORCESTER) WHIG CONVENTION, 1 OCTOBER, 1855.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

RUFUS CHOATE. 1799-1859.

MOTTO OF A COMPROMISE TICKET.

Peace at any price; peace and union.

THE FILLMORE RALLYING CRY. 1856.

A DEFINITION.

An Old-Line Whig is one who takes his whiskey regularly, and votes the Democratic ticket occasionally.

EDWARD BATES. 1793-1869.

FROM A LETTER TO THE MAINE WHIG COMMITTEE. 1856.

The glittering and sounding generalities of natural right, which make up the Declaration of Independence.

RUFUS CHOATE. 1799–1859.

A FAMOUS BOOK-TITLE.

Cotton is King; or, Slavery in the Light of Political Economy. 1855.

DAVID CHRISTY. 1802– .

A SOUTHERN UTTERANCE. U. S. SENATE, MARCH, 1858.

No, sir, you dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares make war upon it. Cotton is king. Until lately the Bank of England was king, but she tried to put her screws as usual, the fall before last, upon the cotton-crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered.

ON SLAVES AND MUDSILLS. FROM THE SAME SPEECH.

In all social systems there must be a class to do the mean duties, to perform the drudgery of life; that is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads progress, refinement, and civilization. It constitutes the very mudsills of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build either the one or the other except on the mudsills. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand—a race inferior to herself, but eminently qualified in temper, in vigor, in docility, in capacity to stand the climate, to answer all her purposes. We use them for the purpose and call them slaves. We are old-fashioned at the South yet; it is a word discarded now by ears polite; but I will not characterize that class at the North with that term; but you have it; it is there; it is everywhere; it is eternal.

JAMES HENRY HAMMOND. 1807–64.

A JEST FROM BOHEMIA.

A self-made man? Yes,—and worships his creator.

HENRY CLAPP. 1810–75.

THE "AUTOCRAT'S" CREDO. 1858.

Boston State-House is the hub of the Solar System.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809- .

AN OFFICIAL TELEGRAM. 29 JANUARY, 1861.

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.

JOHN ADAMS DIX. 1798-1879.

"CONTRABANDS," AT FORTRESS MONROE, VA., 24 MAY, 1861.

To the Confederate Major Cary, who claimed the rendition of three fugitive slaves:

I retain these negroes as contraband of war, and have set them to work inside the fortress.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER. 1818- .

AT THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS (BULL RUN), 21 JULY, 1861.

See, there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall!

BERNARD E. BEE. 1823-61.

AT THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES, 31 MAY, 1862.

Go in anywhere, Colonel! You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line.

PHILIP KEARNY. 1815-62.

FROM AN ADDRESS ON BOSTON COMMON IN 1862.

A star for every State, and a State for every star.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP. 1809- .

GENERAL AND STATESMAN.

To Gen. S. B. Buckner, Fort Donelson, 16 *February,* 1862.

No other terms than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

Despatch to Washington. Before Spottsylvania Court-House, 11 *May,* 1864.

I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.

Accepting a nomination for the Presidency, 29 *May,* 1868.

Let us have peace.

From the Inaugural Address, 4 *March,* 1869.

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effectual as their strict construction.

Ulysses S. Grant. 1822–85.

JURIST AND FINANCIER.

From the decision in Texas v. White, 7 *Wallace,* 725.

The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States.

Letter to Horace Greeley, 17 *May,* 1866.

The way to resumption is to resume.

Salmon Portland Chase. 1808–73.

ACCEPTING THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN NOMINATION, 20 MAY, 1872.

I accept your nomination in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen, North and South, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has so long divided them.

Horace Greeley. 1811–72.

Samuel Ward.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1813. **Died** at Pegli, Italy, 1884.

A PROEM.

[*Lyrical Recreations.* 1871.]

WHEN in my walks I meet some ruddy lad—
Or swarthy man—with tray-beladen head,
Whose smile entreats me, or his visage sad,
To buy the images he moulds for bread,

I think that,—though his poor Greek Slave in chains,
His Venus and her Boy with plaster dart,

Be, like the Organ-Grinder's quavering strains,
  But farthings in the currency of art,—

Such coins a kingly effigy still wear,
  Let metals base or precious in them mix:
The painted vellum hallows not the Prayer,
  Nor ivory nor gold the Crucifix.

MAZURKA.

STAND aside while Schàmiloff,
  In the hall of Pèterhof,
Drags the Queen of Beauty off,
Duchess Olga Ròmanoff,
Stemming the dance's tide
With the Mazurka stride
  Which she, so lately
  Grand Duchess stately,
  Follows sedately.
Now, with a victor's pride,
  Clasps he her slender waist,
Twin-like they onward glide,
  As though by foemen chased;
Now casts her loose, but holds,
  Vice-like, her captive hand;
While, like a tempest, rolls
  Louder the frantic band.
He tramps with fiercer swing,
She his pace following
Lightly as bird on wing,
Follows without demur
His clashing heel and spur;
He proud as Lucifer,
She, as an angel calm
Trusting his iron arm
Through the wild dance's swarm,
Till the orchestral storm
Melts into melodies
Soft as a summer breeze.
Now other steps they choose,
He in his turn pursues
And her forgiveness woos,
With a beseeching joy,
Woos her retreating coy,
When, like a thunder-clap,
Halt! bids the leader's rap,
And Duchess Olga sees
Schàmiloff on his knees.

Ann Sophia Stephens.

Born in Derby, Conn., 1813. Died in Newport, R. I., 1886.

QUEEN ESTHER'S ROCK.

[*Mary Derwent.* 185–.]

A CLOUD of white rose upon the water as they swept downward, sending back cries and shrieks of anguish. It sunk and rose again, this time nearer the shore. Then some human being, Indian or white, dashed through the brushwood, leaped into the stream, striking out for that mass of floating white. A plunge, a long, desperate pull, and the man was struggling up the bank, carrying Mary in his arms.

It was the missionary. He held her close to his heart; he warmed her cold face against his own, searching for life upon her lips, and thanking God with a burst of gratitude when he found it.

Mary stirred in his embrace. The beat of her arms on the waters had forced them to deal tenderly with her; and the breath had not yet left her bosom. For a moment she thought herself in heaven, and smiled pleasantly to know that he was with her. But a prolonged yell from the plain, followed by a slow and appalling death-chant, brought her to consciousness with a shock. She started up, swept back her hair, and looked off towards the sound. There she met a sight that drove all thoughts of heaven from her brain. A huge fragment of stone lay in the centre of a ring, from which the brushwood had been cut away, as an executioner shreds the tresses of a victim, in order to secure a clear blow. Around this rock sixteen prisoners were ranged, and behind them a ring of savages each holding a victim pressed to the earth. And thus the doomed men sat face to face, waiting for death.

As she gazed, Queen Esther, the terrible priestess of that night, came from her work on Monockonok Island, followed by a train of Indians, savage as herself, and swelled the horrid scene. With her son's tomahawk gleaming in her hand, she struck into a dance, which had a horrid grace in it. With every third step, the tomahawk fell, and a head rolled at her feet. The whole scene was lighted up by a huge fire, built from the brushwood cleared from the circle, and against this red light her figure rose awfully distinct. The folds of her long hair had broken loose and floated behind her, gleaming white and terrible; while the hard profile of her face cut sharply against the flames, like that of a fiend born of the conflagration.

Mary turned her eyes from this scene to the missionary: he understood the appeal.

"I will go," he said; "it may be to give up my life for theirs."

"And I," said Mary, with pale firmness—"God has smitten me with a great power."

She touched her deformed shoulder, as an angel might have pointed out its wings, and sped onwards towards the scene of slaughter—her feet scarcely touched the earth. The missionary, with all his zeal, could hardly keep pace with her.

Queen Esther's death-chant increased in volume and fury as the chain of bleeding heads lengthened and circled along her tracks. Life after life had dropped before her, and but two were left, when Mary Derwent forced herself through the belt of savages and sprang upon the rock.

"Warriors, stop the massacre—in the name of the Great Spirit, I command you."

She spoke in the Indian tongue, which had been a familiar language since her childhood; her hand was uplifted; her eyes bright with inspiration; around her limbs the white garments clung like marble folds to a statue.

Queen Esther paused and looked up with the sneer of a demon in her eyes. But the Indians who held the men yet alive withdrew their hold, and fell upon their faces to the earth.

The two men crouched on the ground, numb with horror; they did not even see the being who had come to save them.

The missionary bent over them and whispered—

"Up and flee towards Forty Fort."

They sprang up and away. The Indians saw them, but did not move. Queen Esther heard their leap, and ended her chant in a long low wail. Then she turned in her rage, and would have flung her tomahawk at the angel girl, but the Indians sprang upon the rock and guarded her with their uplifted weapons. Superstition, with them, was stronger than reverence for their demon queen.

The rage of that old woman was horrible. She prowled around the phalanx of savages like a tigress; menaced them with her weapons with impotent fury, and, springing on her horse, galloped through the forest by the smouldering fort and across the plain, until she came out opposite the little island where her son was buried. Her horse paused on the brink of the stream, white with foam and dripping with sweat, but she struck him with the flat of her tomahawk and he plunged in, bearing her to the island. Here she cast her steed loose, staggered up to the new-made grave, dropped the reeking tomahawk upon it, and fell down from pure physical exhaustion, bathed with blood as a fiend is draped in flame.

As the aged demon took her way to that grave, the angel girl turned to her path of mercy. For that night the massacre was stayed. To the Indians she had appeared as a prophetess from the Great Spirit, who had laid his hand heavily upon her shoulder as a symbol of divine authority.

Stephen Arnold Douglas.

Born in Brandon, Vt., 1813. **Died** in Chicago, Ill., 1861.

HIS COUNTRY FIRST.

[*Address, on the War, to the Illinois Legislature, 25 April,* 1861.]

FOR the first time since the adoption of this Federal Constitution, a widespread conspiracy exists to destroy the best government the sun of heaven ever shed its rays upon. Hostile armies are now marching upon the Federal capital, with a view of planting a revolutionary flag upon its dome. . . . The boast has gone forth by the secretary of war of this revolutionary government that on the first day of May the revolutionary flag shall float from the walls of the Capitol at Washington, and that on the fourth day of July the revolutionary army shall hold possession of the Hall of Independence. The simple question presented to us is whether we will wait for the enemy to carry out this boast of making war on our soil, or whether we will rush as one man to the defence of this government, and its capital, to defend it from the hands of all assailants who have threatened it. Already the piratical flag has been unfurled against the commerce of the United States. Letters of marque have been issued, appealing to the pirates of the world to assemble under that revolutionary flag, and commit depredations on the commerce carried on under the stars and stripes. Hostile batteries have been planted upon its fortresses; custom-houses have been established; and we are required now to pay tribute and taxes without having a voice in making the laws imposing them, or having a share in the distribution of them after they have been collected. The question is whether this war of aggression shall proceed, and we remain with folded arms inactive spectators, or whether we shall meet the aggressors at the threshold and turn back the tide. . . .

I ask you to reflect and then point out any one act that has been done, any one duty that has been omitted to be done, of which these disunionists can justly complain. Yet we are told, simply because one party has succeeded in a Presidential election, therefore they choose to consider that their liberties are not safe, and therefore they will break up the government. I had supposed that it was a cardinal and fundamental principle of our system of government that the decision of the people at the ballot-box, without a fraud, according to the forms of the Constitution, was to command the explicit obedience of every good citizen. If their defeat at a Presidential election is to justify the minority, or any portion of the minority, in raising the traitorous hand of rebellion against the constituted authorities, you will find the future history of the United States written in the history of Mexico. According to my reading of Mexican history, there never has been one presidential term, from the time of the revolution of 1820 down to this day, when the candidate elected by the people ever served his four years. In every instance, either the defeated candidate has seized upon the presidential chair by the use of the bayonet, or he has turned out the only duly elected candidate before his term expired. Are we to inaugurate this Mexican system in the United States of America? . . . The first duty of an American citizen, or of a citizen of any constitutional government, is obedience to the constitution and laws of his country. I have no apprehension that any man in Illinois or beyond the limits of our own beloved State will misconstrue or misunderstand my motive. So far as any of the partisan questions are concerned, I stand in equal, eternal, and undying opposition to the Republicans and the Secessionists. You all know that I am a good partisan fighter in partisan times. And you will find me equally as good a patriot when the country is in danger. Permit me to say to the assembled Representatives and Senators of our good old State, composed of men of both political parties, that in my opinion it is your duty to lay aside your party creeds and party platforms, to lay aside your party organizations and partisan appeals, to forget that you were divided, until you have rescued the government and the country from their assailants. Then resume your partisan positions, according to your wishes. Give me a country first, that my children may live in peace; then we will have a theatre for our party organizations to operate upon.

I appeal to you, my countrymen, men of all parties, not to allow your passions to get the better of your judgments. Do not allow your vengeance upon the authors of this great iniquity to lead you into rash and cruel and desperate acts upon those who may differ from you in opinion. Let the spirit of moderation and of justice prevail. You cannot expect, within so few weeks after an excited political canvass, that every man can rise to the level of forgetting his partisan prejudices and sacrifice everything upon the altar of his country; but allow me to say to you, whom I have opposed and warred against with an energy you will respect, —allow me to say to you that you will not be true to your country if you ever attempt to manufacture partisan capital out of the miseries of your country. When calling upon Democrats to rally to the tented field, leaving wife, child, father, and mother behind them, to rush to the rescue of the President that you elected, do not make war upon them and try to manufacture partisan capital out of a struggle in which they are engaged from the holiest and purest of motives. Then I appeal to you, my Democratic friends, . . . do not allow the mortification growing out of a defeat in a partisan struggle, and the elevation to power of a party that we firmly believed to be dangerous to the country,—do not let that convert you from patriots to traitors to your native land. Whenever our government is assailed, when hostile armies are marching under rude and odious banners against the government of our country, the shortest way to peace is the most stupendous and unanimous preparation for war. The greater the unanimity the less blood will be shed. The more prompt and energetic is the movement, and the more important it is in numbers, the shorter will be the struggle. . . .

I am not prepared to take up arms, or to sanction a policy of our government to take up arms, to make any war on the rights of the Southern States, on their institutions, on their rights of person or property, but, on the contrary, would rush to their defence and protect them from assault; but, while that is the case, I will never cease to urge my countrymen to take arms to fight to the death in defence of our indefeasible rights. Hence, if a war does come, it is a war of self-defence on our part. It is a war in defence of our own just rights, in defence of the government which we have inherited as a priceless legacy from our patriotic fathers, in defence of our great rights of freedom of trade, commerce, transit, and intercourse from the centre to the circumference of this great continent. These are rights we must struggle for and never surrender. . . .

I see no path of ambition open in a bloody struggle for triumphs over my countrymen. There is no path of ambition open to me in a divided country. Hence, whatever we do must be the result of duty, of conviction, of patriotic duty, the duty we owe to ourselves, to our posterity, and to the friends of constitutional liberty and self-government throughout the world.

My friends, I can say no more. To discuss these topics is the most painful duty of my life. It is with a sad heart, with a grief that I have never before experienced, that I have to contemplate this fearful struggle; but I believe in my conscience that it is a duty we owe to ourselves, our children, and our God, to protect this government and that flag from every assailant, be he who he may.

Henry Ward Beecher.

BORN in Litchfield, Conn., 1813. DIED in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1887.

THE BATTLE SET IN ARRAY.

[*Preached after the Bombardment of Fort Sumter.—Patriotic Addresses. Edited by John R. Howard.* 1887.]

THERE are many reasons which make a good and thorough battle necessary. The Southern men are infatuated. They will not have peace. They are in arms. They have fired upon the American flag! That glorious banner has been borne through every climate, all over the globe, and for fifty years not a land or people has been found to scorn it or dishonor it. At home, among the degenerate people of our own land, among Southern citizens, for the first time, has this glorious national flag been abased, and trampled to the ground! It is for our sons reverently to lift it, and to bear it full high again, to victory and national supremacy! Our arms, in this peculiar exigency, can lay the foundation of future union, in mutual respect. The South firmly believes that *cowardice* is the universal attribute of Northern men! Until they are most thoroughly convinced to the contrary, they will never cease arrogancy and aggression. But if now it please God to crown our arms with victory, we shall have gone far toward impressing Southern men with salutary respect. Good soldiers, brave men, hard fighting, will do more toward quiet than all the compromises and empty, wagging tongues in the world. Our reluctance to break peace, our unwillingness to shed blood, our patience, have all been misinterpreted. The more we have been generous and forbearing, the more thoroughly were they sure that it was because we dared not fight!

With the North is the strength, the population, the courage. There is not elsewhere on this continent that breadth of courage—the courage of a man in distinction from the courage of a brute beast—which there is in the free States of the North. It was General Scott who said that the New Englanders were the hardest to get into a fight, and the most terrible to meet in a conflict, of any men on the globe.

We have no braggart courage; we have no courage that rushes into an affray for the love of fighting. We have that courage which comes from calm intelligence. We have that courage which comes from broad moral sentiment. We have no anger, but we have indignation. We have no irritable passion, but we have fixed will. We regard war and contest as terrible evils; but when, detesting them as we do, we are roused to enter into them, our courage will be of the measure of our detestation. You may be sure that the cause which can stir up the feelings of the North sufficiently to bring them into such a conflict will develop in them a courage that will be terrific to the men who have to meet it. I could wish no worse punishment to those that decry the courage of the North than that they shall have to meet her when she is once brought out and fairly in the field. . . .

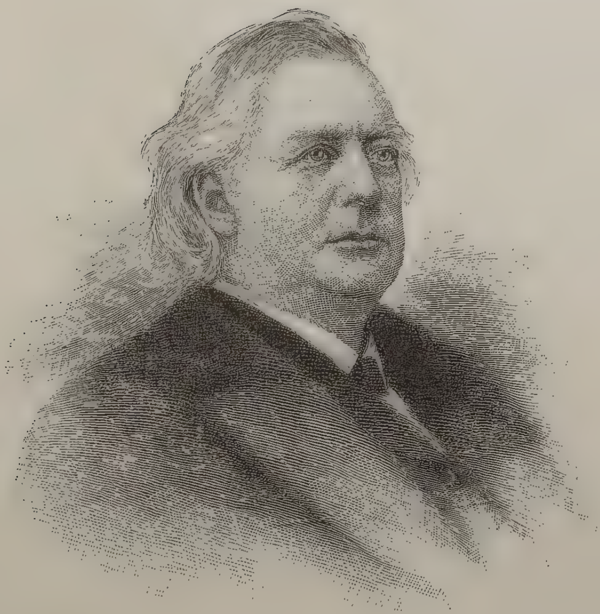
Let no man, then, in this time of peril, fail to associate himself with that cause which is to be so entirely glorious. Let not your children, as they carry you to your burial, be ashamed to write upon your tombstone the truth of your history. Let every man that lives and owns himself an American take the side of true American principles;—liberty for one, and liberty for all; liberty now, and liberty forever; liberty as the foundation of government, and liberty as the basis of union; liberty as against revolution, liberty against anarchy, and liberty against slavery; liberty here, and liberty everywhere, the world through!

When the trumpet of God has sounded, and that grand procession is forming; as Italy has risen, and is wheeling into the ranks; as Hungary, though mute, is beginning to beat time, and make ready for the march; as Poland, having long slept, has dreamt of liberty again, and is waking; as the thirty million serfs are hearing the roll of the drum, and are going forward toward citizenship,—let it not be your miserable fate, nor mine, to live in a nation that shall be seen reeling and staggering and wallowing in the orgies of despotism! We, too, have a right to march in this grand procession of liberty. By the memory of the fathers; by the sufferings of the Puritan ancestry; by the teaching of our national history; by our faith and hope of religion; by every line of the Declaration of Independence, and every article of our Constitution; by what we are and what our progenitors were,—we have a right to walk foremost in this procession of nations toward the bright future.

DEFENCE OF THE NORTH.

[*From his Speech in Exeter Hall, London,* 20 *October,* 1863.—*From the Same.*]

THE religious-minded among our people feel that in the territory committed to us there is a high and solemn trust—a national trust. We are taught that in some sense the world itself is a field, and every Christian nation acknowledges a certain responsibility for the moral condition of the globe. But how much nearer does it come when it is one's own country! And the Church of America is coming to feel more and more that God gave us this country, not merely for material aggrandizement,



Henry Ward Beecher

but for a glorious triumph of the Church of Christ. Therefore we undertook to rid the territory of slavery. Since slavery has divested itself of its municipal protection, and has become a declared public enemy, it is our duty to strike down the slavery which would blight this fair western land. When I stand and look out upon that immense territory as a man, as a citizen, as a Christian minister, I feel myself asked, "Will you permit that vast country to be overclouded by this curse? Will you permit the cries of bondmen to issue from that fair territory, and do nothing for their liberty?" What are we doing? Sending our ships round the globe, carrying missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, to the islands of the Pacific, to Asia, to all Africa. And yet, when this work of redeeming our continent from the heathendom of slavery lies before us, there are men who counsel us to give it up to the devil, and not try to do anything with it. Ah! independent of pounds and pence, independent of national honor, independent of all merely material considerations, there is pressing on every conscientious Northerner's mind this highest of all considerations—our duty to God to save that country from the blast and blight of slavery. Yet how many are there who up, down, and over all England are saying, "Let slavery go—let slavery go"? It is recorded, I think, in the biography of one of the most noble of your own countrymen, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, that on one occasion a huge favorite dog was seized with hydrophobia. With wonderful courage he seized the creature by the neck and collar, and against the animal's mightiest efforts, dashing hither and thither against wall and fence, held him until help could be got. If there had been Englishmen there of the stripe of the *Times*, they would have said to Fowell Buxton, "Let him go"; but is there one here who does not feel the moral nobleness of that man, who rather than let the mad animal go down the street biting children and women and men, risked his life and prevented the dog from doing evil? Shall we allow that hell-hound of slavery, mad, mad as it is, to go biting millions in the future? We will peril life and limb and all we have first. These truths are not exaggerated—they are diminished rather than magnified in my statement; and you cannot tell how powerfully they are influencing us unless you were standing in our midst in America; you cannot understand how firm that national feeling is which God has bred in the North on this subject. It is deeper than the sea; it is firmer than the hills; it is serene as the sky over our head, where God dwells.

But it is said, "What a ruthless business this war of extermination is! I have heard it stated that a fellow from America, purporting to be a minister of the gospel of peace, had come over to England, and that that fellow had said he was in favor of a war of extermination." Well, if he said so he will stick to it;—but not in the way in which enemies put these words. Listen to the way in which I put them, for if I am to bear the responsibility it is only fair that I should state them in my own way. We believe that the war is a test of our institutions; that it is a life-and-death struggle between the two principles of liberty and slavery—that it is the cause of the common people all the world over. We believe that every struggling nationality on the globe will be stronger if we conquer this odious oligarchy of slavery, and that every oppressed people in the world will be weaker if we fail. The sober American regards the war as part of that awful yet glorious struggle which has been going on for hundreds of years in every nation between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between liberty and despotism, between freedom and bondage. It carries with it the whole future condition of our vast continent—its laws, its policy, its fate. And standing in view of these tremendous realities we have consecrated all that we have—our children, our wealth, our national strength—we lay them all on the altar and say, "It is better that they should all perish than that the North should falter and betray this trust of God, this hope of the oppressed, this Western civilization." If we say this of ourselves, shall we say less of the slaveholders? If we are willing to do these things, shall we say, "Stop the war for their sakes"? If we say this of ourselves, shall we have more pity for the rebellious, for slavery seeking to blacken a continent with its awful evil, desecrating the social phrase "National Independence" by seeking only an independence that shall enable them to treat four millions of human beings as *chattels?* Shall we be tenderer over them than over ourselves? Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men who poured out their blood and lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain, you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose example and principles we inherit as so much seed-corn in a new and fertile land, then you will understand our firm, invincible determination—to *fight this war through*, at all hazards and at every cost.

But I hear a loud protest against war. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Chairman,—there is a small band in our country and in yours—I wish their number were quadrupled—who have borne a solemn and painful testimony against all wars, under all circumstances; and although I differ with them on the subject of defensive warfare, yet when men that rebuked their own land, and all lands, now rebuke us, though I cannot accept their judgment, I bow with profound respect to their consistency. But excepting them, I regard this British horror of the American war as something wonderful. Why, it is a phenomenon in itself! On what shore has not the prow of your ships dashed? What land is there with a name and a people, where your banner has not led your soldiers? And when the great resurrection reveillé shall sound, it will muster British soldiers from every clime and people under the whole heaven. Ah! but it is said, This is a war against your own blood. How long is it since you poured soldiers into Canada, and let all your yards work night and day to avenge the taking of two men out of the *Trent?* Old England shocked at a war of principle! She gained her glories in such wars. Old England ashamed of a war of principle! Her national ensign symbolizes her history—the cross in a field of blood. And will you tell us—who inherit your blood, your ideas, and your high spirits, that we must not fight? The child must heed the parents, until the parents get old and tell the child not to do the thing that in early life they whipped him for not doing. And then the child says, "Father and Mother are getting too old; they had better be taken away from their present home and come to live with us." Perhaps you think that the old island will do a little longer. Perhaps you think there is coal enough. Perhaps you think the stock is not quite run out yet; but whenever England comes to that state that she does not go to war for principle, she had better emigrate, and we will give her room.

ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

[*Sermon in Plymouth Church,* 23 *April,* 1865.—*From the Same.*]

EVEN he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in the party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well: I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. Men will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which in vanquishing him has made him a martyr and a conqueror: I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. Men will admire and imitate his unmoved firmness, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place: I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no ministers shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? Oh, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long wronged, and grieved!

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead—dead—dead—he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor!

SOUNDING THE TIMBREL.

[*Sermon in the African Church, Charleston, S. C.*, 16 *April*, 1865.—*Sermons.* 1868.]

I REMEMBER that I am speaking where I never expected to preach—at least in my youth. I did not know but I should preach here when I was a very old man—so old that nobody would be afraid of me; but God has permitted me to stand here while I am yet strong. And He is my witness that my joy is not merely the joy of a man who exults over an enemy subdued. I joy in the Holy Ghost. I joy in the wiping out of the disgraceful fact that any worthy citizen of the United States of America—the country that boasts of larger liberty than any other nation on earth—should not be permitted to go where he chose in his own land. There never has been a period in my lifetime when I could go south of Mason and Dixon's line except at the risk of my life. I have been excluded from half the States of this Union, not because I was convicted of any crime, but merely because I believed in the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence. But things are changed; and I am here in Charleston! And my feeling toward those that have withheld from me privileges which belong to every man under a free government is not, "Ah! now you are down, and we have got our feet on your neck." I am sorry for them, as I am for all wrong-doers. I would, so far as is consistent with justice, bind up their wounded hearts and help them. No, I do not rejoice in their overthrow. In this is my joy: that Charleston is free, and that there is not a man in the United States, unconvicted of crime, who may not walk through her streets in safety. My joy is in this: that through Georgia, and Alabama, and the Carolinas—through every State in all this land where float the Stars and Stripes, any American, not guilty of misdemeanors, can walk freely and safely. There is now nothing that divides us, and nothing that threatens us. That is the ground of my rejoicing, and in view of that I can never rejoice enough. I never can pay God for the benefits that I have received. But my personal good is as nothing compared with the good of my country, which is the dearest land on earth. And now she has gone through a crisis which, let us hope, will end in perfect health. She has passed the peril of her youth, and is entering upon a sound manhood, and is to be a power on the globe. For this I thank God, and bless his name, and rejoice.

VISIONS.

[*Sermon in Plymouth Church,* 15 *January,* 1866.—*From the Same.*]

THEY come, sometimes, without our knowing what brings them. There is always a cause, but we are not always conscious of it. I have had some Sabbath mornings that rose upon me with healing in their wings, after a troubled week. I can scarcely tell why I was troubled, but the mind's fruit was not sweet. Yet, when the Sabbath morning came, I no sooner looked down upon the bay, and across at my morning signal—the star on Trinity Church, symbolic of the star that hung over the spot where the child Jesus lay—than I felt that it was an elect morning. And when I went into the street, all the trees—if it was summer—were murmuring to me; all the birds were singing to me; the clouds were bearing messages to me; everything was kindred to me. All my soul rejoiced; I do not know why. I had met with no unusual good fortune. I had been moody all the week, perhaps. My heart had said, "I will not pray." I was unprepared for any such experience, so far as my own volition was concerned; but undoubtedly there was some cause operating which was in consonance with the laws of the mind; and when the morning came, with its propitious conjunction of circumstances, these results took place. We do not understand the reason of these hours; and when they come without volition or preparation on our part, they seem more like a sheet let down from heaven than like natural phenomena. I like to think that they are divine inspirations. My reason tells me that they are not, but I like to think that they are. Such poetic illusions help to make truth higher and better. . . . .

I never shall forget the half-day that I spent on Gorner Grat, in Switzerland. I was just emerging from that many-formed crystal country (for Switzerland is one vast multiform crystal), and, coming up through the valley of the Rhone, and threading my way along the valley of the Visp, I arrived in the evening at Zermatt, in a perfect intoxication of delight. I lay that night and dreamed of the morning till it broke on me, when we directed our footsteps up the mountain; and after climbing two or three hours, we reached the top of Gorner Grat. It is a barren rock, with snow only here and there in the cracks and crevices; but oh! what a vision opened upon me as I cast my eyes around the horizon! There stood some fifteen of Europe's grandest mountains. There were Monte Rosa, Lyskamm, Breithorn, Steinbock, Weisshorn, Mischabel, and, most wonderful of all, Matterhorn, that lifts itself up thirteen thousand feet and more, and is a square-cut granite rock, standing like a vast tower in the air, and all of it apparently, from basis to summit, rising right up before you. And there was Gorner Glacier, a great river of ice, always moving, but never seeming to move. Down from the sides of these mountains flowed ten distinct glaciers beside. I swept the horizon, and saw at one glance these glorious elevations, on whose tops the sun kindled all the melodies and harmonies of light. I was alone. I disdained company. I was a son of God, and I felt eternity, and God, and glory. And life!—its murmur was like the murmur of the ocean when you hear the beating of the surf against the shore twenty miles away. Life!—it was like the faintest memory of a fading dream. And the influences that had subdued me or warped me—in that royal hour of coronation I lifted them up, and asked, in the light of the other sphere, What are ambition, and vanity, and selfishness, and all other worldly passions? Looking down from that altitude, I gained anew a right measure of life. I never have forgotten it, and I never shall forget it till that vision lapses into the eternal one! Thus, too, one may stand on a mount of vision, quite apart from life and its seductive influences, and there fashion again and readjust all his moral measurements.

My dear Christian brethren, if any of you have been accustomed to look upon these hours as mere visionary hours, in the bad sense of *visionary*, I beseech you to review your judgment. How many of them have you lost! Remember that these hours, although they are not meant to be absolute hours of revelation, are hours of exaltation, in which you have clearer faculties, a higher range of thought and feeling, and a better capacity for moral judgment. You have ecstasies of joy then that perhaps you never have at any other time.

Do not neglect these hours. They are hours in which the gates of the celestial city are opened to you; they are hours in which the guiding stars of heaven shine out for you!

"THE SPARKS OF NATURE."

[*Life Thoughts. Gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of H. W. B. by Edna Dean Proctor.* 1858.—*Beecher as a Humorist. Selections, etc. . . . by Eleanor Kirk.* 1887.]

DOCTRINE is nothing but the skin of Truth set up and stuffed.

It is not well for a man to pray cream, and live skim-milk.

The man that has lived for himself has the privilege of being his own mourner.

When laws, customs, or institutions cease to be beneficial to man, they cease to be obligatory.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in.

A Christian is the best commentary on the New Testament. But there are not enough such commentaries to send out. The edition is small.

Shoot and eat my birds? It is but a step this side of cannibalism. The next step beyond, and one would hanker after Jenny Lind or Miss Kellogg.

"Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love," for love is the seraph, and faith and hope are but the wings by which it flies.

A conservative young man has wound up his life before it was unreeled. We expect old men to be conservative, but when a nation's young men are so, its funeral bell is already rung.

There, on the very topmost twig, that rises and falls with willowy motion, sits that ridiculous but sweet-singing bobolink, singing, as a Roman-candle fizzes, showers of sparkling notes.

This world would be a great groaning machine if God had not sent humor to make its wheels run smooth, and sparkling wit by which to light a torch that should guide a thousand weary feet in right ways.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it, else the hand would cut itself which sought to drive it home upon another. The worst lies, therefore, are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true.

The way to avoid evil is not by maiming our passions, but by compelling them to yield their vigor to our moral nature. Thus they become, as in the ancient fable, the harnessed steeds which bear the chariot of the sun.

Many men want wealth—not a competence alone, but a five-story competence. Everything subserves this; and religion they would like as a sort of lightning-rod to their houses, to ward off, by and by, the bolts of divine wrath.

Many men carry their conscience like a drawn sword, cutting this way and that, in the world, but sheathe it, and keep it very soft and quiet, when it is turned within, thinking that a sword should not be allowed to cut its own scabbard.

Men think God is destroying them because he is tuning them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pitch; but it is not to break it, but to use it tunefully, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack.

It is with the singing of a congregation as with the sighing of the wind in the forest, where the notes of the million rustling leaves, and the boughs striking upon each other, altogether make a harmony, no matter what be the individual discords.

This concert, I perceive by the notice, is to be "partly sacred and partly instrumental"; that is to say, one part is to be just as sacred as the other; for all good music is sacred, if it is heard sacredly, and all poor music is execrably unsacred.

There is much contention among men whether thought or feeling is the better; but feeling is the bow, and thought the arrow, and every good archer must have both. Alone, one is as helpless as the other. The head gives artillery; the heart, powder. The one aims and the other fires.

I think the wickedest people on earth are those who use a force of genius to make themselves selfish in the noblest things; keeping themselves aloof from the vulgar, and the ignorant, and the unknown; rising higher and higher in taste, till they sit, ice upon ice, on the mountain top of eternal congelation.

Do you think oxen better, on the whole, for farm-work, than horses? I seriously wish your advice as to which I had better have. For I have just bought a pair of oxen, and am, like most men, now ready to ask advice under circumstances which make it impossible for me to take it, unless it accords with a foregone fact.

The clearest window that ever was fashioned, if it is barred by spiders' webs, and hung over with carcasses of insects, so that the sunlight has forgotten to find its way through, of what use can it be? Now, the church is God's window; and if it is so obscured by errors that its light is darkness, how great is that darkness!

The average and general influence of a man's teaching will be more mighty than any single misconception, or misapprehension through misconception. A man might run around, like a kitten after its tail, all his life, if he were going around explaining all his expressions, and all the things he had written. Let them go. They will correct themselves.

Never gauge the duration of your sleep by the time any one else sleeps. Some men will tell you that John Wesley had only so much sleep; Hunter, the great physiologist, so much; and Napoleon so much. But when the Lord made you, as a general thing he did not make Napoleons. Every man carries within himself a Mount Sinai, a revealed law, written for himself separately.

When a child is first born, what is it but a pulpy, warm little bit of animal, wrapped up in flannel?—without original righteousness, without original orthodoxy, without original heterodoxy, without original arithmethic, without original rhetoric, without original anything, though the organs are there. The most perfect know-nothing in the world is that of the cradle, agnostic from the beginning.

On one occasion a well-intentioned but feeble-minded, feeble-voiced woman arose in Plymouth prayer-meeting, and meandered on for a long time in mystical, meaningless talk. When she finally sat down, Mr. Beecher (who had sat motionless, with downcast eyes, all the while) looked up with the play of a humorous twinkle on his face, but said with a perfectly serious voice, "*Nevertheless*,—I am in favor of women's speaking. Sing eight thirty-eight" (or whatever the number was).

Folks use their children as if they were garret-pegs, to hang old clothes on—first a jacket, then a coat, and then another jacket. You have to take them all down to find either one. Our children go trudging all their lives with their load of names, as if they were Jews returning with an assortment of old clothes. People use their children as registers to preserve the names of aunts and uncles, parents and grandparents, and so inscribe them with the names of the dead, as if tombstones were not enough.

Patriotism, in our day, is made to be an argument for all public wrong, and all private meanness. For the sake of country a man is told to yield everything that makes the land honorable. For the sake of country a man must submit to every ignominy that will lead to the ruin of the state through disgrace of the citizen. There never was a man so unpatriotic as Christ was. Old Jerusalem ought to have been everything to him. The laws and institutions of his country ought to have been more to him than all the men in his country. They were not, and the Jews hated him; but the common people, like the ocean waters, moved in tides towards his heavenly attraction wherever he went.

When men begin their prayers with, "O thou omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, all-seeing, ever-living, blessed Potentate, Lord God Jehovah!" I should think they would take breath. Think of a man in his family, hurried for his breakfast, praying in such a strain! He has a note coming due, and it is going to be paid to-day, and he feels buoyant; and he goes down on his knees like a cricket on the hearth, and piles up these majestically moving phrases about God. Then he goes on to say that he is a sinner: he is proud to say that he is a sinner. Then he asks for his daily bread. He has it; and he can always ask for it when he has it. Then he jumps up, and goes over to the city. He comes back at night, and goes through a similar wordy form of "evening prayers"; and he is called "a praying man"! A *praying* man? I might as well call myself an ornithologist because I eat a chicken once in a while for my dinner.

When I see how much has been written of those who have lived; how the Greeks preserved every saying of Plato's; how Boswell followed Johnson, gathering up every leaf that fell from that rugged old oak, and pasting it away,—I almost regret that one of the disciples had not been a recording angel, to preserve the odor and richness of every word of Christ. When John says, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," it affects me more profoundly than when I think of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, or the perishing of Grecian art in Athens or Byzantium. The creations of Phidias were cold stone, overlaid by warm thought; but Christ described his own creations when he said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are life." The leaving out of these things from the New Testament, though divinely wise, seems, to my yearning, not so much the unaccomplishment of noble things as the destruction of great treasures, which had already had oral life, but failed of incarnation in literature.

CONCERNING FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

[*From his Statement on resigning his Membership in the Congregational Association,* 13 *October,* 1882.]

I BELIEVE in the teaching of the Scripture that conduct and character in this life produce respectively beneficial or detrimental effects both in the life that now is and in the life that is to come; and that a man dying is not in the same condition on the other side whether he be bad or whether he be good; but that consequences follow and go over the border; and that the nature of the consequences of transgression—that is, such transgression as alienates the man from God, and from the life that is in God—such consequences are so large, so dreadful, that every man ought to be deterred from venturing upon them. They are so terrible as to constitute the foundation of urgent motives and appeal on the side of fear, holding men back from sin, or inspiring them with the desire of righteousness. That far I hold that the Scriptures teach explicitly. Beyond that I do not go, on the authority of the Scriptures. I have my own philosophical theories about the future life; but what is revealed to my mind is simply this: The results of a man's conduct reach over into the other world on those that are persistently and inexcusably wicked, and man's punishment in the life to come is of such a nature and of such dimensions as ought to alarm any man and put him off from the dangerous ground and turn him toward safety. I do not think we are authorized by the Scriptures to say that it is endless in the sense in which we ordinarily employ that term. So much for that, and that is the extent of my authoritative teaching on that subject.

BELIEF IN GOD A MATTER OF INTUITION.

[*The Vitality of God's Truth.—Evolution and Religion.* 1885.]

TO-DAY there are great topics about which the minds of men are unsettled. I do not know that there ever was a period in which thinking, educated men were so unsettled as they are now concerning the nature and existence of God.

There is no use of hiding these things. It is of no use to say that a man must be a fool who does not believe in a God. I tell you that the question is a profound one. I have both sympathy and respect for any honest man whose mind labors on that question. When men say that you cannot prove the existence of God by science, I say "Amen," and only subjoin that it never was pretended, either by prophet, by seer, by apostle, by the Saviour, or in the word of God, anywhere, that it could be proved in that way. God is a spirit. Science deals with matter. You cannot demonstrate the existence of God in any such way as you can demonstrate the existence of matter, or even the fruit of organized matter in human constructions. Who would ever undertake to demonstrate the quality of one of Raphael's pictures by any scientific process, or in any court except the court of a man's taste? You might scrape off the paint, and chemically separate it, and give the proportions of red and yellow, and blue, and green and gray, but all that would not come anywhere near to a demonstration of the superb artistic genius of Raphael or Titian; nor would any test, by alkali, by acid, by reagent, by measurement, by inches, by lines, or by any mechanical means, approach a proof. I should like to see an engineer's report on Rubens's pictures. An engineer can tell you everything that belongs to altitude, width, and extent. He can give you a picture of a fort, and tell you where its weakness is or where its strength lies. He can gauge a mountain; he can weigh it in every way; he can tell where to cut off and where to fill up; he can lay down beforehand the yet unaccomplished result in a picture that shall be as the thing is to be when it is really executed; but what would be an engineer's report on John Milton's poetry? I should like to see Mr. Huxley, Mr. Tyndall, or any other man, give a scientific account of King Lear, of Hamlet, or of Shylock. Yet the world does measure and appreciate these things. How? By a laboratory process that is more subtle and a great deal higher than any that deals with mere matter. The evidence of thought is before the tribunal of thought. The evidence of quality is in the presence of the tribunal of quality. A man standing before a magnificent scene, and not seeing anything in it, is not a judge of the man that stands before the scene and is thrilled in every faculty of his nature by it. I know that there is the existence of a God—well, not exactly as I know that it is summer because I feel it; yet that, perhaps, is as near an illustration of it as is possible, though it is not an analogy. I stand in the presence of God and of the facts that are poured in upon me. I do not undertake to say it is just so much; but I am in the presence of a power that is not represented by the air, the earth, the water, or any chemical elements. I am in the presence of a Spirit that encompasses me, that inspires me, that lifts me out of myself. No human being ever did it. Nature never did it. It is God; *it is God.* Moral intuition is the great evidence of the existence of God. Yet we are not to despise men who having had the ordinary and conventional teaching of the existence of God, look into it philosophically, or search it scientifically, and are overwhelmed with doubt. They are yet in the desert; but they are on the way to the promised land.

THE "SACREDNESS" OF THE BIBLE.

[*Lecture on "Conscience."—A Summer in England with H. W. B. Edited by James B. Pond.* 1887.]

THERE are multitudes of men who think that the Bible is sacred. No thing is sacred except a responsible human being or Divine Being. Only by the permission of language we call places "sacred," but they have no virtue in them; nothing issues out of them, no atmosphere comes from them. We use the language in that way. The Bible: it is a Book that makes a vast amount of sacredness among men. It is a Book that, as respects the past, is almost as invaluable as the future which it depicts. Criticism may carp, men may cut at it and cut it up; the Bible is, after all, a Book that will stand as long as men are in sorrow and in despondency, and are in conscious guilt, and are desirous for the development of love and peace and hope and joy; it is the fountain of the best qualities that can exist in the individual and in human society. The only proof that you can make of the Bible is to live it; that will settle it. A very worthy methodical man, whose mind is very much like the multiplication table, everything divided off into exact figures, and accustomed to read his Bible before he goes down, as he says, into the world every morning, has got half way down the block when he says: "My soul, I forgot to read my chapter!" and back he goes, all a-tremble, to the house, and runs up into his chamber and shuts the door, and draws down his face and reads a Psalm. Blessed be David, who wrote so many short chapters! The moment he has read his chapter he feels better. Now he goes down: "I have done my duty." What sort of a God must he imagine our God to be? My children love me, and greet me with the morning kiss and with the evening farewell; but suppose, in the height and excitement of some enterprise, one of my children should forget to kiss me; do you suppose I would lay it up all day, would think anything about it? Do you suppose God lays up all these little things in his disciples and friends? Is He as narrow and as mean as our conceptions of him are? And it is in this way that the Bible is constantly used. Men swear by the Bible. It is an idol under such circumstances; stands in the place of God, and is an idol. A man sits down accidentally, or he has put his child upon the Bible, and the mother says: "My dear father, the child is sitting on the Bible!" Well, better foundation he could not sit on.

EVOLUTION AND IMMORTALITY.

[*Lecture on "Evolution and Religion."—From the Same.*]

THEN there is beyond that an element in Evolution which endears it to me and to every man; I think it throws bright gleams on the question of immortality. I see that the unfolding series in this world are all the time from lower to higher, that the ideal is not reached at any point, that the leaf works toward the bud, and the bud toward the blossom, and the blossom toward the tree, and that in the whole experience of human nature, and in the whole economy of the providence of God in regard to the physical world, everything is on the march upward and onward. And one thing is very certain, that neither in the individual nor in the collective mass has the intimation of God in the human consciousness verified and fulfilled itself. The imperfection shows that we are not much further than the bud; somewhere we have a right to a prescience of the blossom, and the last we can see of men and of the horizon is when their faces are turned as if they were bound for the New Jerusalem, upward and onward. I think there is no other point of doctrine that is so vital to the heart of mankind as this—we shall live again; we shall live a better and a higher and a nobler life. Paul says: "If in this life only we have hope, we are, of all men, most miserable"; and ten thousand weary spirits in every community are saying: "Oh, this life has been a stormy one to me; full of disappointments, full of pains and sorrows and shames and poverty and suffering, and now comes this vagabond philosophy, and dashes out of my hand the consolation of believing that I am to live again." And it is the cry of the soul: "Lord, let me live again." The accumulated experience of this life ought to have a sphere in which it can develop itself and prove itself. Now, I have this feeling—I thank God that the belief in a future and in an immortal state is in the world; I thank God that it is the interest of every man to keep it in the world; I thank God that there is no power of proof in science that we shall not live. Science may say: "You cannot demonstrate it"; but I believe it; then it is my joy. Can you go to the body of the companion of your love, the lamp of your life, and bid it farewell at the grave? One of the most extraordinary passages in the Gospels is that where the disciples John and Peter ran to the grave of Jesus and saw the angels sitting, and they said to them: "I know whom ye seek; He is not here; He is risen." But what a woe if one bore mother or father, wife or child, to the open grave, and there was no angel in it; if you said farewell forever as the body was let down to its kindred earth. It is the hope of a joyful meeting by-and-by that sustains grief and bereavement in these bitter losses in life. Science cannot destroy belief such as this of immortality after resurrection; it cannot take it away; it cannot destroy it, and it is the most precious boon we have in life—the faith that, through Jesus Christ, we shall live again, and live forever.

Jones Very.

Born in Salem, Mass., 1813. Died there, 1880.

YOURSELF.

[*Poems, with a Memoir by William P. Andrews.* 1883.]

'TIS to yourself I speak; you cannot know
    Him whom I call in speaking such a one,
For you beneath the earth lie buried low,
Which he alone as living walks upon:

You may at times have heard him speak to you,
And often wished perchance that you were he;
And I must ever wish that it were true,
For then you could hold fellowship with me:
But now you hear us talk as strangers, met
Above the room wherein you lie abed;
A word perhaps loud spoken you may get,
Or hear our feet when heavily they tread;
But he who speaks, or him who's spoken to,
Must both remain as strangers still to you.

THE DEAD.

I SEE them,—crowd on crowd they walk the earth,
Dry leafless trees no autumn wind laid bare;
And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
And all unclad would winter's rudeness dare;
No sap doth through their clattering branches flow,
Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright appear;
Their hearts the living God have ceased to know
Who gives the springtime to th' expectant year.
They mimic life, as if from Him to steal
His glow of health to paint the livid cheek;
They borrow words for thoughts they cannot feel,
That with a seeming heart their tongue may speak;
And in their show of life more dead they live
Than those that to the earth with many tears they give.

THE SILENT.

THERE is a sighing in the wood,
A murmur in the beating wave,
The heart has never understood
To tell in words the thoughts they gave.

Yet oft it feels an answering tone,
When wandering on the lonely shore;
And could the lips its voice make known,
'Twould sound as does the ocean's roar.

And oft beneath the windswept pine
Some chord is struck the strain to swell;
Nor sounds nor language can define,—
'Tis not for words or sounds to tell.

'Tis all unheard, that Silent Voice,
 Whose goings forth, unknown to all,
Bids bending reed and bird rejoice,
 And fills with music Nature's hall.

And in the speechless human heart
 It speaks, where'er man's feet have trod;
Beyond the lip's deceitful art,
 To tell of Him, the Unseen God.

Cyrus Augustus Bartol.

BORN in Freeport, Me., 1813.

FATHER TAYLOR: A MAN OF GENIUS.

[*Radical Problems.* 1872.]

HE stands for the sea. He is the great delegate from the waves to the congress of intellect. In thousands of ships, by almost millions of mariners, to whom by baptism of the Holy Ghost he was father who christened their babes, his fame was borne to every port. The sailor says he has been where the United States had not been heard of, but never where Father Taylor had not. How did a man,—no discoverer in the kingdom of ideas, no martyr of principle, nor marshal of opinion,—so touch the common mind? The answer is that word about whose application we are always in quarrel or doubt,—genius. . . . .

His vision was passion. It made a train of his faculties. His insight was enactment. It was said of one, "In company he leaves the scholar behind: in his study he is a different man." Taylor never left nor lost himself, nor seemed made up of parts and pieces. He moved altogether if he moved at all. His casual talk was better than any preparation; his impromptu, his finest performance. A gown would have "wrapped his talent in a napkin." He put on no dress nor garland. He was as inspired at the street-corner as addressing a throng. There was grandeur in his trivial converse, and humor in his grave discourse. He provoked laughter in the congregation, and wet your eyes with his private greeting; put you in church with his grace at table, made an April day of smiles and tears at his evening vestry, or overcame you with solemnity in your house, so that you were inclined to say it thundered, or an angel spake to him. One said he was like a cannon, better on the Common than in a parlor. But in your sitting-room he could be a flute. He was a man-of-war, or tender and soft as a maid. In accidental encounters he melted hard-faced persons with his pathos, or surprised the despondent into good cheer with consolations effectual because before undreamed. In all this was no calculation. As the Spiritualists say, he was under control. He was an Italian improvisator in America, an extemporaneous speaker condensed beyond example, with combustion and no dilution. In many a wit we see the diamond shining: he was the diamond burning. "Do not get worn out," a friend said to him. "I tear out," was his reply. He served some strange power, having its way with him, and which he could not resist. The spirit of this prophet was not subject to the prophet. . . . .

He was as ingrained an actor as Garrick or Kean. He did not believe in preaching from notes; and, making a speech at a meeting of his brethren, he took off a clergyman confined to his manuscript, looking from his page to his hearers, gazing one way and gesticulating another, to the convulsive laughter of the victims he scored. I remember his impersonating a dervish in his spinning raptures, so that to see that Oriental character one had no need to travel. There was in his word a primitive force none could withstand. "Move a little: accommodation is a part of religion," he said to some who took up too much room in a crowded seat; and, as though his request were a favor, and in such quaint phrase they had received a present, they moved. Every subject was to him such an object, he marvelled at our philosophic self-fingering. . . . .

He preached as the birds sang. He could not help it or help himself. Where he stood was a drama, not a desk. He was the character in "Midsummer Night's Dream": it mattered not what part he took. Riches dropped from him unawares, like pearls from Prince Esterhazy's dress. His concern was wide as his race. Genius is love. Was Byron misanthrope? So far no poet. Taylor was no cold peak. His mountain stood on fire. His was a southern heart married to a northern brain. He went back to Virginia, and asked to see Johnny, the little boy he had played with at school fifty years before, and they brought in a white-haired old man; and Taylor came home and represented lad and gray-beard with his marvellous transformations, needing no stage-dress. He entered into every nature; with the Dutch painter could have become a sheep, and seemed only a larger one among the pigeons that swarmed round him in his back yard to be fed. As he walked in the Public Garden, a sparrow flew startled from its bush. He stretched his hand after it, saying, "I will not squeeze you." For a moment I thought the bird might come.

In his illustration of genius, liberality was a mark. A Methodist, Methodism was not his gaol or goal. Like the Indian on the prairie, he said he walked large. He knocked at every door, Orthodox, Episcopal, Romish, Radical; and, as in the Arabian Nights' tale, every door opened. He had the freedom of the city. Thirty years ago he attended a meeting of the Transcendental Club. There were in the company, as he entered, doubtful looks! He was asked to speak, and began in his chair; but soon saying, "I must get up," he rose, rubbed the rumples out of his trousers with a laugh, and pictured our climbing like spiders with such vivacity that when, as he concluded, another ventured to speak, our leader said, "When the spirit has orbed itself in a man, there is nothing more to offer." Who shall come after the king?

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

Born in Alexandria, Va., 1813.

STANZAS.

[*Poems*. 1844.]

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
  Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils:
  Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communion fails
  To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone,
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
  By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
  Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain
  Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
  Melting, flowing into one.

1840.

THE BOBOLINKS.

[*The Bird and the Bell, with other Poems.* 1875.]

WHEN Nature had made all her birds,
  With no more cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh, and out
  There flew a Bobolinkon.

She laughed again; out flew a mate;
  A breeze of Eden bore them
Across the fields of Paradise,
  The sunrise reddening o'er them.

Incarnate sport and holiday,
  They flew and sang forever;
Their souls through June were all in tune,
  Their wings were weary never.

Their tribe, still drunk with air and light,
  And perfume of the meadow,
Go reeling up and down the sky,
  In sunshine and in shadow.

One springs from out the dew-wet grass;
  Another follows after;
The morn is thrilling with their songs
  And peals of merry laughter.

From out the marshes and the brook,
  They set the tall reeds swinging,
And meet, and frolic in the air,
  Half prattling and half singing.

When morning winds sweep meadow-lands
  In green and russet billows,
And toss the lonely elm-tree's boughs,
  And silver all the willows,

I see you buffeting the breeze,
  Or with its motion swaying,
Your notes half drowned against the wind
  Or down the current playing.

When far away o'er grassy flats,
  Where the thick wood commences,
The white-sleeved mowers look like specks
  Beyond the zigzag fences,

And noon is hot, and barn-roofs gleam
  White in the pale blue distance,
I hear the saucy minstrels still
  In chattering persistence.

When Eve her domes of opal fire
  Piles round the blue horizon,
Or thunder rolls from hill to hill
  A Kyrie Eleison,

Still merriest of the merry birds,
  Your sparkle is unfading;—
Pied harlequins of June,—no end
  Of song and masquerading.

What cadences of bubbling mirth,
  Too quick for bar and rhythm!
What ecstasies, too full to keep
  Coherent measure with them!

O could I share, without champagne
  Or muscadel, your frolic,
The glad delirium of your joy,
  Your fun unapostolic,

Your drunken jargon through the fields,
  Your bobolonkish gabble,
Your fine Anacreontic glee,
  Your tipsy reveller's babble!

Nay, let me not profane such joy
  With similes of folly;
No wine of earth could waken songs
  So delicately jolly!

O boundless self-contentment, voiced
  In flying air-born bubbles!
O joy that mocks our sad unrest,
  And drowns our earth-born troubles!

Hope springs with you: I dread no more
  Despondency and dullness;
For Good Supreme can never fail
  That gives such perfect fullness.

The life that floods the happy fields
  With song and light and color
Will shape our lives to richer states,
  And heap our measures fuller.

1866.

IF DEATH BE FINAL.

[*Ariel and Caliban, with other Poems.* 1887.]

IF death be final, what is life, with all
  Its lavish promises, its thwarted aims,
Its lost ideals, its dishonored claims,
Its uncompleted growth? A prison wall,
Whose heartless stones but echo back our call;
An epitaph recording but our names;
A puppet-stage where joys and griefs and shames
Furnish a demon jester's carnival;
A plan without a purpose or a form;
A roofless temple; an unfinished tale.
And men like madrepores through calm and storm
Toil, die to build a branch of fossil frail,
And add from all their dreams, thoughts, acts, belief,
A few more inches to a coral-reef.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1813. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1871.

THE FIRST AMERICAN NOVELIST.

[*Essays, Biographical and Critical.* 1857.]

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN was the first American who manifested a decided literary genius in a form which has survived with anything like vital interest. His native fondness and capacity for literature is not only shown by his voluntary adoption of its pursuit at a time and in a country offering no inducement to such a career, but they are still more evident from the unpropitious social circumstances and local influences amid which he was born and bred. He was the son of a member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia—a class distinguished, indeed, for moral worth, but equally remarkable for the absence of a sense of the beautiful, and a repudiation of the graces of life and the inspiration of sentiment, except that of a strictly religious kind. . . .

Like most gifted men, he won and retained affections with ease; he was the idol of the domestic circle, and loyal as well as magnanimous in friendship; he stood manfully by his comrades during the fearful ravages of the yellow fever; and his letters, while they aim to elicit the inmost experience and outward fortunes of those he loves, are remarkably self-forgetful. He lived wholly in his mind and affections; from a child devoted to books and maps, and, as a man, congratulating himself upon that fragility of body that destined him to meditative pursuits. Reading, clubs, pedestrianism, journalizing, and earnest reflection, were the means of his culture and development. Like the author of the "Seasons," he was silent in mixed companies, but alert and expressive under genial mental excitement. An Utopian, he indulged in the most sanguine visions of the amelioration of society: a deep reasoner, he argued a question of law or government with subtlety and force; a devotee of truth, he ardently sought and carefully recorded facts; a wild dreamer, he gave the utmost scope to his fancy and the most intense exercise to his imagination; careless as to his appearance, unmethodical in affairs, intent upon the contemplative rather than the observant use of his faculties, he yet could summon all his powers at the call of love, duty, or taste, and bring them into efficient action. He describes his sensations at the first sight of the sea with the enthusiasm of Alfieri, and sums up an imaginary case, as president of a law society, with the grave reasoning of a Blackstone. The remarkable feature in his intellectual character was this union of analytical with imaginative power. So contented was he when his literary and domestic tastes were entirely gratified, as was the case during the last few years of his life, that he writes to one of his friends that the only thing which mars his felicity is the idea of its possible interruption. He fell into a gradual decline; and his wife declares that "he surrendered up not one faculty of his soul but with his last breath."

A prolific English novelist expressed his surprise at the discovery of what he called a tendency to supernaturalism in our people, having always regarded the American character as exclusively practical and matter-of-fact. It seems, however, that both individuals and communities are apt to develop in extremes; and that there is some occult affinity between the achieving faculty and the sense of wonder. Shakespeare has inwrought his grand superstitious creation amid vital energies of purpose and action, and thus brought into striking contrast the practical efficiency and spiritual dependence of our nature. The coincidence is equally remarkable, whether it be considered as artistic ingenuity or natural fact; and probably, as in other instances, the great dramatist was true to both motives. The more strictly utilitarian the life, the more keen, it would appear, is a zest for the marvellous; from that principle of reaction which causes a neglected element of the soul to assert itself with peculiar emphasis. No class of people are kept in more stern and continuous alliance with reality than sailors and the poor Irish; and yet among them fanciful superstition is proverbially rife. There is, therefore, no absolute incongruity between the most literal sagacity in affairs and outward experience, and a thorough recognition of the mysterious.

The theological acumen and hardy intelligence of the New England colonists did not suffice against witchcraft and its horrible results; seers flourished among the shrewd Scotch, and gypsy fortune-telling in the rural districts of England. The faculty or sentiment to which these and other delusions appeal, in our more cultivated era, finds scope and gratification in the revelations of science, and so nearly connected are the natural and supernatural, the seen and the unseen, the mysterious and the familiar, that a truly reverent and enlightened mind is often compelled to acknowledge that a sceptical and obstinate rationalism is as much opposed to truth as a visionary and credulous spirit. There is an intuitive as well as a reasoning faith; and presentiments, dreams, vivid reminiscences, and sympathetic phenomena, of which introspective natures are conscious, indicate to the calmest reflection that we are linked to the domain of moral experience and of destiny by more than tangible relations. Hence the receptive attitude of the highest order of minds in regard to spiritual theories, the consolation found in the doctrines of Swedenborg, and the obvious tendency that now prevails to interpret art, literature, and events, according to an ideal or philosophical view.

It is a curious fact, in the history of American letters, that the genius of our literary pioneer was of this introspective order. If we examine the writings of Brown, it is evident that they only rise to high individuality in the analysis of emotion and the description of states of mind. In other respects, though industrious, wise, and able, he is not impressively original; but in following out a metaphysical vein, in making the reader absolutely cognizant of the revery, fears, hopes, imaginings, that "puzzle the will," or concentrate its energies, he obeyed a singular idiosyncrasy of his nature, a Shakespearian tendency, and one, at that period, almost new as a chief element of fiction.

NEWSPAPER READING—ITS USE AND ABUSE.

[*The Criterion.* 1866.]

THERE is a very large class whose reading is confined to newspapers, and they manifest the wisdom of Pope's maxim about the danger of a little learning. Adopting the cant and slang phrases of the hour, and satisfied with the hasty conjectures and partial glimpses of truth that diurnal journals usually contain, they are at once superficial and dogmatic, full of fragmentary ideas and oracular commonplace. If such is the natural effect upon an undisciplined mind of exclusive newspaper reading, even the scholar, the thinker, and the man of refined taste is exposed to mental dissipation from the same cause. A celebrated French philosopher, recently deceased, remarkable for severe and efficient mental labor, told an American friend that he had not read a newspaper for four years. It is incalculable what productiveness of mind and freshness of conception is lost to the cultivated intellect by the habit of beginning the day with newspapers. The brain, refreshed by sleep, is prepared to act genially in the morning hours; and a statistical table, prepared by an able physiologist, shows that those authors who give this period to labor most frequently attain longevity. Scott is a memorable example of the healthfulness and efficiency attending the practice. If, therefore, the student, the man of science, or the author dissipates his mental vigor, and the nervous energy induced by a night's repose, in skimming over the countless topics of a newspaper, he is too much in relation with things in general to concentrate easily his thoughts; his mind has been diverted, and his sympathies too variously excited, to readily gather around a special theme. Those intent upon self-culture, or intellectual results, should, therefore, make this kind of reading a pastime, and resort to it in the intervals of more consecutive thought. There is no element of civilization that debauches the mind of our age more than the indiscriminate and exclusive perusal of newspapers. Only by consulting history, by disciplining the reasoning powers in the study of philosophy, and cherishing a true sense of the beautiful by communion with the poets,—in a word, only by habitual reference to standard literature, can we justly estimate the record of the hour. There must be great examples in the mind, great principles of judgment and taste, or the immediate appeal to these qualities is ignorantly answered; whereas, the thoughtful, intelligent comments of an educated reader of journals upon the questions they discuss, the precedents he brings in view, and the facts of the past to which he refers, place the immediate in relation with the universal, and enable us to seize upon essential truth. To depend for mental recreation upon newspapers is a desperate resource; not to consult them is to linger behind the age. De Tocqueville has shown that devotion to the immediate is characteristic of republics; and this tendency is manifest in the prevalence of newspapers in the United States. They, in a great measure, supersede the demand for a more permanent native literature; they foster a taste for ephemeral topics and modes of thought, and lamentably absorb, in casual efforts, gifts and graces of mind which, under a different order of things, would have attained not only a higher, but a lasting development. The comparative importance of newspapers among us, as materials of history, is evidenced by the fact that the constant reference to their files has induced the historical societies to propose an elaborate index to facilitate the labors of inquirers, which has been felicitously called a diving-bell for the sea of print. A list of the various journals now in existence would be found to include not only every political party and religious sect in the country, but every theory of life, every science, profession, and taste, from phrenology to dietetics, and from medicine, war, and odd-fellowship, to literature, catholicism, and sporting. Tribunals and punsters, not less than fashion and chess-players, have their printed organ. What was a subordinate element, has become an exclusive feature. . . .

It is evident that more excitement than truth, more food for curiosity than aid to reflection, more vague knowledge than actual wisdom, is thus promulgated and preserved. The harvest of the immediate is comparatively barren; and life only proves the truth of Dr. Johnson's association of intellectual dignity with the past and future. The individual, to be true to himself, must take a firm stand against the encroachments of this restless, temporary, and absorbing life of the moment represented by the newspaper; he must cleave to Memory and Hope; he must look before and after, or his mind will be superficial in its activity, and fruitless in its growth.

Joel Tyler Headley.

Born in Walton, Delaware Co., N. Y., 1813.

CHENEY'S ADVENTURES.

[*The Adirondack, or Life in the Woods.* 1849.—*Revised Edition.* 1875.]

HERE in the heart of the Empire State is a man whose fame is known far and wide as the "mighty hunter," and if desperate adventures and hair-breadth escapes give one a claim to the sobriquet, it certainly belongs to him. Some ten or fifteen years ago, Cheney, then a young man, becoming enamored of forest-life, left Ticonderoga, and, with his rifle on his shoulder, plunged into this then unknown, untrodden wilderness. Here he lived for years on what his gun brought him. Finding in his long stretches through the wood, where the timber is so thick you cannot see an animal more than fifteen rods, that a heavy rifle was a useless burden, he had a pistol made about eleven inches in length, stocked like a rifle, which, with his hunting-knife and dog, became his only companions. I had him with me several days as a guide, for he knows better than any other man the mysteries of this wilderness, though there are vast tracks even he would not venture to traverse. Moose, deer, bears, panthers, wolves, and wild cats, have, by turns, made his acquaintance, and some of his encounters would honor old Daniel Boone himself. Once he came suddenly upon a panther that lay crouched for a spring within a single bound of him. He had nothing but his gun and knife with him, while the glaring eyes and gathered form of the furious animal at his feet told him that a moment's delay, a miss, or a false cap, would bring them locked in each other's embrace and in a death-struggle. But without alarm or over-haste, he brought his rifle to bear upon the creature's head, and fired just as he was sallying back for the spring. The ball entered the brain, and with one wild bound his life departed, and he lay quivering on the leaves. Being a little curious to know whether he was not somewhat agitated in finding himself in such close proximity to a panther all ready for the fatal leap, I asked him how he felt when he saw the animal crouching so near. "I felt," said he, coolly, "as if I should kill him." I need not tell you that ~~*I*~~ felt a little foolish at the answer, and concluded not to tell him that I expected he would say that his heart suddenly stopped beating and the woods reeled around him; for the perfect simplicity of the reply took me all aback,—yet it was rather an odd feeling to be uppermost in a man's mind just at that moment; it was, however, perfectly characteristic of Cheney.

His fight with a wolf was a still more serious affair. As he came upon the animal, ravenous with hunger, and floundering through the snow, he raised his rifle and fired; but the wolf, making a spring just as he pulled the trigger, the ball did not hit a vital part. This enraged her still more; and she made at him furiously. He had now nothing but an empty rifle with which to defend himself, and, instantly clubbing it, he laid the stock over the wolf's head. So desperately did the creature fight that he broke the stock into fragments without disabling her. He then seized the barrel, which, making a better bludgeon, told with more effect. The bleeding and enraged animal seized the hard iron with her teeth, and endeavored to wrench it from his grasp; but it was a matter of life and death with Cheney, and he fought savagely. But, in the mean time, the wolf, by stepping on his snow-shoes as she closed with him, threw him over. He then thought the game was up, unless he could make his dogs, which were scouring the forest around, hear him. He called loud and sharp after them, and soon one—a young hound—sprung into view: but no sooner did he see the condition of his master than he turned in affright, and, with his tail between his legs, fled into the woods. But at this critical moment the other hound burst with a shrill, savage cry, and a wild bound, upon the struggling group. Sinking his teeth to the jawbone in the wolf, he tore her fiercely from his master. Turning to grapple with this new foe, she gave Cheney opportunity to gather himself up and fight to better advantage. At length, by a well-directed blow, he crushed in the skull, which finished the work. After this he got his pistol made.

You know that a bear always sleeps through the winter. Curled up in a cavern, or under a fallen tree, in some warm place, he composes himself to rest, and, Rip Van Winkle-like, snoozes away the season. True, he is somewhat thin when he thaws out in the spring, and looks voracious about the jaws, making it rather dangerous to come in contact with him. Cheney told me that one day, while hunting on snow-shoes, he suddenly broke through the crust, and came upon a bear taking his winter's nap. The spot this fellow had chosen was the cavity made by the roots of an upturned tree. It was a warm, snug place; and the snow, having fallen several feet deep over him, protected him from frosts and winds. The unceremonious thrust of Cheney's leg against his carcass roused up Bruin, and, with a growl that made the hunter withdraw his foot somewhat hastily, he leaped forth on the snow. Cheney had just given his knife to his companion, who had gone to the other side of the mountain to meet him farther on, and hence had nothing but his pistol to defend himself with. He had barely time to get ready before the huge creature was close upon him. Unterrified, however, he took deliberate aim right between the fellow's eyes, and pulled the trigger; but the cap exploded without discharging the pistol. He had no time to put on another cap; so, seizing his pistol by the muzzle, he aimed a tremendous blow at the creature's head. But the bear caught it on his paw with a cuff that sent it ten yards from Cheney's hand, and the next moment was rolling over Cheney himself in the snow. His knife being gone, it became simply a contest of physical strength, and in hugging and wrestling the bear evidently had the advantage, and the hunter's life seemed not worth asking for. But, just then, his dog came up, and seizing the animal from behind, made him loosen his hold and turn and defend himself. Cheney then sprang to his feet, and began to look around for his pistol. By good luck he saw the breech just peeping out of the snow. Drawing it forth, and hastily putting on a fresh cap, and refastening his snow-shoes, which had become loosened in the struggle, he made after the bear. When he and the dog closed, both fell, and began to roll, one over the other, down the side-hill, locked in the embrace of death. The bear, however, was too much for the dog, and, at length, shook him off, leaving the latter dreadfully lacerated—"torn," as Cheney said, "all to pieces." "But," he added, "I never saw such pluck in a dog before. As soon as he found I was ready for a fight he was furious, bleeding as he was, to be after the bear. I told him we would have the rascal, if we died for it; and away he jumped, leaving his blood on the snow as he went. 'Hold on,' said I, and he held on till I came up. I took aim at his head, meaning to put the ball in the centre of his brain; but it struck below, and only tore his jaw to pieces. I loaded up again, and fired, but did not kill him, though the ball went through his head. The third time I fetched him; and he was a bouncer, I tell you." "But the dog, Cheney," said I: "what became of the poor, noble dog?" "Oh, he was dreadfully mangled. I took him up, and carried him home, and nursed him. He got well, but was never good for much afterwards; that fight broke him down." . . . . .

He was once hunting alone by a little lake, when his dogs brought a noble buck into the water. Cocking his gun, and laying it in the bottom of the boat, he pulled after the deer, which was swimming boldly for his life. In the eagerness of pursuit, he hit his rifle either with his paddle or foot, when it went off, sending the ball directly through one of his ankles. He stopped, and looking at his benumbed limb, saw where the bullet had come out of his boot. The first thought was to return to the shore; "the next was," said he, "I may need that venison before I get out of these woods"; so, without waiting to examine the wound, he pulled on after the deer. Coming up with him, he beat him to death with his paddles, and, pulling him into the boat, rowed ashore. Cutting off his boot, he found his leg was badly mangled and useless. Bandaging it up, however, as well as he could, he cut a couple of crotched sticks for crutches, and with these walked fourteen miles to the nearest clearing. There he got help, and was carried slowly out of the woods. How a border life sharpens a man's wits. Especially in an emergency does he show to what strict discipline he has subjected his mind. His resources are almost exhaustless, and his presence of mind equal to that of one who has been in a hundred battles. Wounded, perhaps mortally, it nevertheless flashed on this hunter's thoughts, that he might be so crippled that he could not stir for days and weeks, but starve to death there in the woods. "I may need that venison before I get out," said he; and so, with a mangled bleeding limb, he pursued and killed a deer, on which he might feed in the last extremity.

Epes Sargent.

Born in Gloucester, Mass., 1813. Died in Boston, Mass., 1880.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

[*Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry. Edited by Epes Sargent.* 1882.]

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
  A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
  And the winds their revels keep:
Like an eagle caged, I pine
  On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
  The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand
  Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
  The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
  Like an ocean-bird set free;—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
  We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
  The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
  We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
  While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
  A life on the ocean wave!

TO DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.

THOU sayest, my friend, 'twould strike thee with dismay
  To be assured that life would not end here;
Since utter death is less a thing to fear
In thy esteem than life in clearer day:
For life, continuous life, thou wouldst not pray;
And even reunion with the loved and near
Is not to thee a prospect that could cheer,
Or shed a glory on thy earthward way.

O power of thought perverse and morbid mood,
Conspiring thus to numb and blind the heart!
The universe gives back what we impart,—
As we elect, gives poison or pure food:
Mock-silence—the soul's whisper,—and Despair
Becomes to man than Hope itself more fair!

John Sullivan Dwight.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1813.

A DEFINITION OF MUSIC.

[*The Intellectual Influence of Music. The Atlantic Monthly.* 1870.]

IT by no means covers the whole significance of music to call it the language of feeling; though, rightly understood, there might not be a higher definition. The poet truly sings,

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought."

But then he means the feeling which *is* "deep," and which relates us to the highest universal ends of being. Now, musical art, to be sure, does not describe objects, nor narrate histories, nor unfold cosmogonies and systems of philosophy and ethics, as some imaginative expounders of "Ninth Symphonies" would have us think. It does not express ideas, except of the kind technically known as *musical ideas*, pregnant little germs of melody, capable of logical development in a way analogous to the development of thoughts. And here, by way of caution, lest we be misunderstood in claiming that music is intellectual and has meaning, we would take occasion once for all to wash our hands of all responsibility for that kind of musical interpretation which seeks to trace a story, a mythology, a thread of doctrine, throughout such or such a symphony, sonata, or "tone-poem"; and to express our conviction that music stoops from its proper, higher mission when it undertakes to describe scenes or imitate sounds in nature; and that it is never less intellectual, or more regardless of its own chaste integrity, than when it takes the form of "programme music," not trusting its own proper element, but borrowing chances of effect *ab extra*, and dividing the attention as if to cover its own insufficiency. Music must be sufficient in itself. The highest kind of music is *pure* music, that which lives and moves in purely musical ideas. Yet nothing is more natural than to try to describe the effect upon you of a piece of music by calling up such images, associations, trains of thought, analogous effects in other spheres, as it may have awakened in your mind. You clutch at all these feeble helps in your enthusiastic, vain endeavors to describe the witching thing. This you may do legitimately, so long as you profess no more, and do not try to reverse the order, and make it appear that the music was written to describe your thought. For here we find the true relation between thought and feeling in the sphere of music. Music in one sense describes, by awakening the feelings with which objects, thoughts, experiences, are inevitably associated; every such feeling may of course awaken many images and many memories in many minds; but there will be, at least, some vague analogy, affinity between them; so that music, even of the most pure and abstract sort (such as a stringed quartette by Mozart), is always heard to best advantage on the fit occasion. If it be wedded to words, as in a song, an opera, an oratorio, these in a measure must determine its expression, though it bring out new meanings such as the words alone could hardly have conveyed. Yet take the words away, the music could not be translated into them, would not enable you to find them, though it would put you in a state of mind and feeling in which those or kindred thoughts and words might offer themselves most aptly.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. Leaving objections, we come back to positive statement. The highest definition of music, its full significance and worth, is to be sought mainly in the highest kind of music; that is to say, *pure* music, dealing in purely musical ideas, conscious of no outward purpose, content in its own world, preoccupied with its own peculiar mission, which is too divine to need the justification of any end to serve. This, indeed, is the first principle of truth in art of any kind.

In this we find the intellectuality of music. For music, in this view, is the most abstract, pure embodiment and type of universal law and movement. It is a key to the divine method throughout all the ordered distribution of the worlds of matter and of spirit. It is the most fluid, free expression of form, in the *becoming* (what the Germans call *das Werden*); form developing according to intrinsic and divine necessity. There is nothing arbitrary in music; no acquiring any power in it except by patient, reverent study and mastering of divine proportions and the eternal laws of fitness. Goethe says: "The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no *material*, no *subject-matter*, whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly *form* and *power*, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses."

Hence the study of the laws of fugue and counterpoint, the subtile art of what is called the *polyphonic* interweaving of the *parts* in harmony, the learning to develop out of a little melodic phrase of theme or motive, as from a seed-thought, all the wealth of meaning and of beauty there concealed and waiting for the touch of fairy wand of genius, is at least as good a kind of higher intellectual gymnastics as the transcendental mathematics, or the categorical chains of logic, or the perpetually shifting, vanishing cloud-forms of metaphysics. Good music has a logic of its own; none more severe, more subtile, and surely none so fascinating, for it leads, it charms into the infinite.

Even to contemplate the elementary phenomena in nature, upon which all the wonders of the musical art are founded, is to find ourselves in presence of enchanting facts, of laws so intellectual, so inexhaustible in their suggestion, such startling revelations of an infinitely beautiful organic, all-pervading, living order, that the soul is filled with awe as if the very air were tremulous with Deity. For what is music? Its substance, common air. Its form, vibration. All beauty, in whatever art, is the result, the impressed form of motion,—free, unimpeded, even motion; and motion, movement, is the universal sign and undeniable assertion of force, of power, of inspiration, in a word, of life; and, finally, all free, undisturbed motion is vibratory, undulating, measured, proportionate, rhythmical. Physically, then, music is motion, and it is nothing else. And nothing moves that does not impress upon the air a vibration, or (which is the same thing) a sound, a *tone*. If I sing to you, a vibration of my soul, my feeling, imparts itself to the atmospheric medium, traveling on until it becomes a vibration in *your* soul, your feeling. The spiritual fact of music answers to this physical fact. Its business is directly with the motive principle in human life, and not with thoughts, perceptions, memories; for these are passive, prompted by some motive force behind them.

Sylvester Judd.

Born in Westhampton, Mass., 1813. Died in Augusta, Me., 1853.

A CHILD'S SUNDAY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[*Margaret*. 1851.]

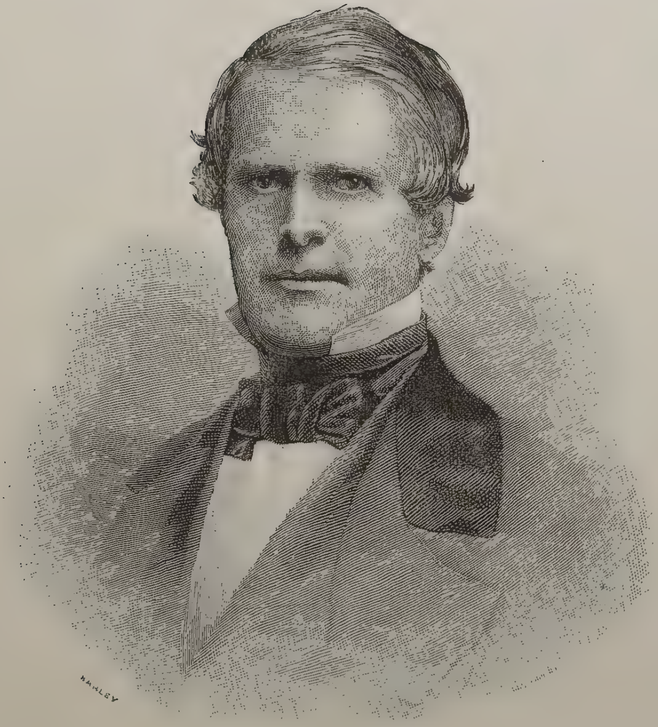
THE Via Dolorosa became to Margaret to-day a via jocundissima, a very pleasant way. Through what some would consider rough woods and bleak pasture-land, in a little sheep-track, crooked and sometimes steep, over her hung like a white cloud the wild thorn-tree—large gold-dusted cymes of viburnums, rose-blooming lambkill, and other sorts, suggested all she knew, and more than she knew, of the Gardens of Princes. The feathery moss on the old rocks, dewy and glistening, was full of fairy feeling. A chorus of fly-catchers, as in ancient Greek worship, from their invisible gallery in the greenwood, responded one to another;—"Whee whoo whee, wee woo woo wee, whee whoo, whoo whoo wee—God bless the little Margaret! How glad we are she is going to Meeting at last. She shall have berries, nutcakes, and good preaching. The little Isabel and Job Luce are there. How do you think she will like Miss Amy?"

Emerging in Deacon Hadlock's Pasture, she added to her stock red sorrel blossoms, pink azaleas, and sprigs of pennyroyal. Then she sorted her collection, tying the different parcels with spears of grass. The Town was before her silent and motionless, save the neighing of horses and squads of dogs that traipsed to and fro on the Green. The sky was blue and tender; the clouds in white veils, like nuns, worshipped in the sunbeams; the woods behind murmured their reverence; and birds sang psalms. All these sights, sounds, odors, suggestions, were not, possibly, distinguished by Margaret, in their sharp individuality, or realized in the bulk of their shade, sense, and character. She had not learned to criticise; she only knew how to feel. A new indefinable sensation of joy and hope was deepened within her, and a single concentration of all best influences swelled her bosom. She took off her hat and pricked grass-heads and bluebells in the band, and went on. The intangible presence of God was in her soul, the universal voice of Jesus called her forward. Besides she was about to penetrate the profoundly interesting anagogue of the Meeting, that for which every seventh day she had heard the bell so mysteriously ring, that to which Obed and his mother devoted so much gravity, awe, and costume, and that concerning which a whole life's prohibition had been upon her. Withal, she remembered the murderer, and directed her first steps to the Jail.

She tried to enter the Jail House, but Mr. Shooks drove her away. Then she searched along the fence till she found a crevice in the posts of which the enclosure was made, and through this, on the ground-floor of the prison, within the very small aperture that served him for a window, she saw the grim face of the murderer, or a dim image of his face, like the shadow of a soul in the pit of the grave.

"I have brought the flowers," said she; "but they won't let me carry them to you."

"We know it," replied the imprisoned voice. "There is no more world now, and flowers don't grow on it; it's hell, and beautiful things, and hearts to love you, are burnt up. There was blood spilt, and this is the afterwards."



In much love,
Your Son. Sylvester.

"I will fasten a bunch in this hole," she said, "so you can see them."

"It is too late," rejoined the man. "I had a child like you, and she loved flowers—but I am to be hanged—I shall cry if you stay there, for I was a father—but that is gone, and there are no more Angels, else why should not my own child be one? Go home and kiss your father, if you have one, but don't let me know it."

She heard other voices and could see the shadows of faces looking from other cells, and hear voices where she could see no faces, and the Jail seemed to her to be full of strange human sounds, and there was a great clamoring for flowers.

"I will leave some in the fence for you to look at," she said, in rather vague answer to these requests.

Now, the faithful guardian of the premises, overhearing the conversation, rushed in alarm from his rooms, and presented himself firmly in the midst of what seemed to be a conspiracy. "What piece of villany is this?" he exclaimed, snatching the flowers from the paling. "In communication with the prisoners!—on the Lord's day!" Flinging the objects of Margaret's ignorant partiality with violence to the ground, Mr. Shooks looked as if he was about to fall with equal spirit upon the child in person, and she fled into the street.

Climbing a horse-block, from which could be seen the upper cells of the Jail, she displayed her flowers in sight of the occupants, holding them up at arm's length. The wretched men answered by shouting and stamping. "If words won't do, we'll try what vartue there is in stones," observed the indignant jailer, and thereupon suiting the action to the word, the persevering man fairly pelted the offender away.

She turned towards the Meeting-house and entered the square, buttress-like, silent porch. Passing quietly through, she opened the door of what was to her a more mysterious presence, and paused at the foot of the broad aisle.

She saw the Minister, in his great wig and strange dress, perched in what looked like a high box; above hung the pyramidal sounding-board, and on a seat beneath were three persons in powdered hair, whom she recognized as the Deacons Hadlock, Ramsdill and Penrose. Through the balustrade that surrounded the high pews, she could see the heads of men and women; little children stood on the seats, clutching the rounds, and smiled at her. The Minister had given out a hymn, and Deacon Hadlock, rising, read the first line. Then, in the gallery overhead, she heard the toot toot of Master Elliman on the pitch-pipe, and his voice leading off, and she walked farther up the aisle to discover what was going on. A little toddling girl called out to her as she passed, and thrust out her hand as if she would catch at the flowers Margaret so conspicuously carried. The Sexton, hearing the noise, came forward and led her back into the porch. Philip was not by nature a stern man; he let the boys play on the steps during the week, and the young men stand about the doors on the Sabbath. He wore a shredded wig, and black clothes, as we have said, and was getting old, and had taken care of the Meeting-house ever since it was built, and though opposed to all disturbance of the worship, he still spoke kindly to Margaret.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to go to Meeting," she replied.

"Why don't you go?"

"I don't know how," she answered.

"I should think so, or you would not have brought all these posies. This is no day for light conduct."

"Mayn't they go to Meeting too?"

"I see"—he added. "You are one of the Injins, and they don't know how to behave Sabbar days. But I'm glad you have come. You don't know what a wicked thing it is to break the Sabbath."

"Mr. Shooks said I broke it when I went to give the murderer some flowers, and threw stones at me, and you say I break it now. Can't it be mended again?"

"You shouldn't bring these flowers here."

"I saw the Widow and Obed bring some."

"Not so many. You've got such a heap!"

"I got a bigger bunch one day."

"Yes, yes, but these flowers are a dreadful wicked thing on the Lord's day."

"Then I guess I will go home. It an't wicked there."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings if you have had a bad bringing up. Be a good gal, keep still, and you may sit in that first pew along with me."

"I don't want to be shut up there."

"Then you may go softly up the stairs and sit with the gals."

She ascended the stairs, which were within the body of the house, and in a pew at the head she saw Beulah Ann Orff, Grace Joy, and others that she had seen before; they laughed and snubbed their noses with their handkerchiefs, and she, as it were repelled by her own sex, turned away, and went to the other side of the gallery, occupied by the men. But here she encountered equal derision, and Zenas Joy, a tithing-man, moved by regard to his office and perhaps by a little petulance of feeling, undertook to lead her back to her appropriate place in the church. She resisted, and what might have been the result we know not, when Mom Dill, who was sitting in one corner with Tony, asked her in. So she sat with the negroes. Parson Welles had commenced his sermon. She could not understand what he said, and told Mom Dill she wanted to go out. She descended the stairs, moving softly in her moccasins, and, turning up the side-aisle, proceeded along under the high pews till she came to the corner where she could see the Minister. Here she stood gazing steadfastly at him. Deacon Hadlock motioned her to be gone. Deacon Ramsdill limped almost smiling towards her, took her by the arm, opened the pew where his wife sat, and shut her in. Mistress Ramsdill gave her caraway and dill, and received in return some of the child's pennyroyal and lambkill, and other flowers. The old lady used her best endeavors to keep Margaret quiet, and she remained earnestly watching the Preacher till the end of the service.

Noon-time of a Sunday in a New England country town used to be, and even now is, a social and reunitive epoch of no small interest. Brothers, uncles, cousins, from the outskirts, accompanied their relatives to their homes on the Green. A certain class of men and boys, with a meek look and an unconscious sort of gait, would be seen wending their way to the stoops of the tavern. Some sat the whole hour on the Meeting-house steps, talking of good things in a quiet undertone, others strolled into the woods in the rear; several elderly men and women retired to what was called a "Noon-House," a small building near the School-house, where they ate dinner and had a prayer; quite a number went to Deacon Penrose's. Of the latter, the Widow Wright. Mistress Ramsdill, who lived a little off the Green, offered to take Margaret to her house, but the Widow interfered, saying it was too long a walk, and all that, and prevailed with Margaret to go with her. This going to Deacon Penrose's consisted in having a seat in his kitchen Sunday noons, and drinking of his nice cool water. Seats were brought into the room, the floor was duly sanded, the pewter in the dresser was bright and glistening. The Deacon's own family and his particular relations occupied the parlor. To this place came Mistress Whiston, and Old Mistress Whiston, Mistresses Joy and Orff, Breaknecks; Mistress Ravel, from the North Part of the town; Widows Brent and Tuck, from the Mill; Paulina and Mercy Whiston, and others. They ate nutcakes and cheese, snuffed snuff, talked of the weather, births, deaths, health, sickness, engagements, marriages, of friends at the Ohio, of Zenas and Delinda's publishment, and would have talked about Margaret, save that the Widow protected the child, assured them of her ignorance, and hoped she would learn better by and by. Mistress Whiston asked Margaret how she liked the Meeting. She replied that she liked to hear them sing. "Sing!" exclaimed Paulina Whiston. "I wish we could have some singing. I was up to Brandon last Sunday, and their music is enough sight better than ours; they have introduced the new way almost everywhere but here. We must drag on forty years behind the whole world."

"For my part," said Mistress Orff, "I don't want any change; our fathers got along in the good old way, and went to Heaven. The Quakers use notes and the Papists have their la sol me's, and Deacon Hadlock says it's a contrivance to bring all those pests into the land. Then it makes such a disturbance in the Meetings; at Dunwich two of the best Deacons couldn't stand it, and got up and went out; and Deacon Hadlock says he won't stay to hear the heathenish sounds. It's only your young upstarts, lewd and irregular people, and the like of that, that wants the new way."

"If our hearts was only right," said Mistress Tuck, "we shouldn't want any books; and the next thing we shall know, they will have unconverted people singing."

"We have better leaders," rejoined Paulina, "than Deacon Hadlock and Master Elliman; their voices are old and cracked, and they drawl on, Sunday after Sunday, the same old tunes in the same old way."

"If we once begin to let in new things, there is no knowing where they will stop," replied Mistress Orff.

"Just so," said the Widow Tuck. "They begun with wagons and shays, and the horses wan't used to it, and got frightened at the noise, and run away; and our Eliashib came nigh spraining his ankle."

"I remember," said the elder Mistress Whiston, "when old Parson Bristead down in Raleigh used thirty bushels of sand on his floors every year; and I don't believe Parson Welles uses five."

"Yes, yes," said her daughter-in-law, "great changes, and nobody can tell where it will end."

"When I was a gal," continued the senior lady, "they didn't think of washing but once a month"—

"And now washing-days come round every Monday," added Paulina. "If you will let us have some respectable singing, I will agree to go back to the old plan of washing, Grandma, ha ha!"

"It's holy time, child," said her mother.

"I remember," said the Widow Brent, who was a little deaf, "milking a cow a whole winter for half a yard of ribbon."

"I remember," said Mistress Ravel, "the Great Hog up in Dunwich, that hefted nigh twenty score."

"If you would go to the Pond to-day," said Margaret, "I guess Chilion would play you a better tune on his fiddle than they sing at the Meeting."

"Tush, tush!" said the Widow Wright.

"There, there! You see what we are coming to," said Mistress Orff. "Booly Ann, where was the Parson's text this forenoon?"

The Widow Wright assumed the charge of Margaret in the afternoon. The child kept quiet till the prayer, when the noise of the hinge-seats or something else seemed to disconcert her, and she told her protectress she wished to go home. The Widow replied there was to be a christening, and prevailed with her to stop, and lifted her on the seat where she could witness the ceremony. The Minister descended from the pulpit, and Mr. Adolphus Hadlock carried forward the babe, enveloped in a long flowing blanket of white tabby silk, lined with white satin, and embroidered with ribbon of the same color. The Minister from a well-burnished font sprinkled water in the face of the child, and after the usual formula baptized it "Urania Bathsheba." Margaret was not alone in the number of causes that disturbed the serenity of the Meeting that day; there was an amount of mirth in the minds of the people at large, touching Mr. Adolphus Hadlock's children, which, as a matter of course, must spend itself on what seemed to be their annual reappearance at the altar.

Finally Mistress Ramsdill insisted on Margaret's remaining to the catechizing. Margaret at first demurred, but Deacon Ramsdill supported the request of his wife with one of his customary smiles, remarking that "catechizing was as good arter the sermon to the children as greasing arter shearing; it would keep the ticks off," which, he said, "were very apt to fly from the old sheep to the lambs." The class, comprising most of the youths in town, was arranged in the broad aisle, the boys on one side and the girls on the other, with the Minister in the pulpit at the head.

"What is the chief end of man?" was the first question; to which a little boy promptly and swiftly gave the appropriate answer.—"How many persons are there in the Godhead?" "There are four persons in the Godhead," began a boy, quite elated and confident. There was an instant murmur of dissent. The neophyte, as it were challenged to make good his ground, answered not so much to the Minister as to his comrades. "There is God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and God Buonaparte,—Tony Washington said the Master said so." This anti-Gallicism and incurable levity of the pedagogue wrought a singular mistake; but it was soon rectified, and the Catechism went on. "Wherein consists the sinfulness of that state wherein man fell?" "The sinfulness of that state wherein man fell, God having out of his mere good pleasure elected some to everlasting life, is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man that is naturally engendered in him, and deserveth God's wrath and damnation," was the rapid and disjointed answer. The question stumbling from one to another was at length righted by Job Luce, the little hunchback. The voice of this child was low and plaintive, soft and clear, and he quite engaged Margaret's attention. There were signs of dissatisfaction on the faces of others. But his own was unruffled as a pebble in a brook. Shockingly deformed, the arms of the lad were long as an ape's, and he seemed almost to rest on his hands, while his shoulders rose high and steep above his head.

"That's Job Luce," whispered Mistress Ramsdill to Margaret; "and if there ever was a Christian, I believe he is one, if he is crooked. Don't you see how he knows the Catechism; he has got the whole Bible eeny most by heart, and he is only three years old." Margaret forgot everything else to look at a creature so unfortunate and so marvellous.

When the Catechism was over and the people left the church, she at once hastened to Job and took one of his hands; little Isabel Weeks too, sister-like, took his other hand, and these two girls walked on with the strange boy. Margaret stooped and looked into his eye, which he turned up to her, blue, mild, and timid, seeming to ask, "Who are you that cares for me?" In truth, Job was, we will not say despised, but for the most part neglected. His mother was a poor widow, whose husband had been a shoemaker, and she got her living binding shoes. The old people treated her kindly, but rather wondered at her boy; and what was wonder in the parents degenerated into slight, jest, and sometimes scorn, in the children; so that Job numbered but few friends. Then he got his lessons so well the more indolent and duller boys were tempted to envy him.

"You didn't say the Catechism," said he to Margaret.

"No," she replied, "I don't know it; but I have a Bird Book and can say Mother Goose's Songs." Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation and a sigh from Miss Amy and the Widow Luce, who were close behind.

"Woe, woe to a sinful mother!" was the language of the latter.

"Child, child!" cried the former, addressing herself to Margaret, "don't you like the Catechism?"

"I don't know it," replied Margaret.

"She isn't bad, if she is an Injin," interposed Isabel.

"Does she understand Whipporwill?" abstractedly asked Job.

"God's hand is heavily upon us!" mournfully ejaculated the Widow.

"Can anything be done?" anxiously asked Miss Amy.

They stopped. Miss Amy was moved to take Margaret by the hand, and with some ulterior object in view she detached the child from Job, and went with her up the West Street, the natural route to the Pond.

"Did you never read the Primer?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," was the reply.

"Have you never learned how many persons there are in the Godhead?"

"One of the little boys said there were four; the others that there were but three. I should love to see it."

"How dare you speak in that way of the Great Jehovah!"

"The great what?"

"The Great God, I mean."

"I thought it was a bird."

"Can it be there is such heathenism in our very midst!" said the lady to herself. Her interest in the state of Margaret was quickened, and she pushed her inquiry with most philanthropic assiduity.

"Do you never say your prayers?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied Margaret. "I can say the Laplander's Ode and Mary's Dream."

"What do you do when you go to bed?"

"I go to sleep, ma'am, and dream."

"In what darkness you must be at the Pond!"

"We see the sun rise every morning, and the snow-drops don't open till it's light."

"I mean, my poor child, that I am afraid you are very wicked there."

"I try to be good, and pa is good when he don't get rum at Deacon Penrose's; and Chilion is good; he was going to mend my flower-bed to-day to keep the hogs out."

"What, break the Sabbath! Violate God's holy day! Your father was once punished in the stocks for breaking the Sabbath. God will punish us all if we do so."

"Will it put our feet in the stocks the same as they did father?"

"No, my child. He will punish us in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

"What, the same as Chilion and Obed and I burnt up the bees?"

"Alas! alas!" sorrowed the lady.

"We were so bad," continued Margaret, "I thought I should cry."

"Deacon Penrose and the rest of us have often spoken of you at the Pond; and we have thought sometimes of going up to see you. In what a dreadful condition your father is!"

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes. He rolls his eyes so, and groans, and shakes, and screams, and nobody can help him. I wish Deacon Penrose would come and see him, and I think he would not sell him any more rum."

"Poor little one!—don't you know anything of the Great God who made you and me?"

"Did that make me? I am so glad to know. The little chickens come out of the shells, the beans grow in the pods, the dandelions spring up in the grass, and Obed said I came in an acorn; but the pigs and wild turkeys eat up the acorns, and I can't find one that has a little girl in it like me."

"Would you like to come down to Meeting again?"

"I don't know as I like the Meeting. It don't seem so good as the Turkey Shoot and Ball. Zenas Joy didn't hurt my arm there, and Beulah Ann Orff and Grace Joy talked with me at the Ball. To-day they only made faces at me, and the man at the door told me to throw away my flowers."

"How deceitful is the human heart, and desperately wicked!"

"Who is wicked?"

"We are all wicked."

"Are you wicked? then you do not love me, and I don't want you to go with me any farther."

"Ah! my dear child, we go astray speaking lies as soon as we be born."

"I never told a lie."

"The Bible says so: do not run away; let me talk with you a little more."

"I don't like wicked people."

"I wish to speak to you about Jesus Christ; do you know him?"

"No, ma'am—yes, ma'am, I have heard Hash speak about it when he drinks rum."

"But did you not hear the Minister speak about him in the pulpit to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am,—does he drink rum too?"

"No, no, child; he only drinks brandy and wine."

"I have heard Hash speak so when he only drank that."

"The Minister is not wicked like Hash,—he does not get drunk."

"Hash wouldn't be wicked if he didn't drink. I wish he could drink and not be wicked too."

"Oh! we are all wicked, Hash and the Minister, and you and I; we are all wicked; and I was going to tell you how Christ came to save wicked people."

"What will he do to Hash?"

"He will burn him in hell-fire, my child."

"Won't he burn the Minister too? I guess I shall not come to Meeting any more. You and the Minister and all the people here are wicked. Chilion is good. I will stay at home with him."

"The Minister is a holy man—a good man, I mean; he is converted; he repents of his sins. I mean he is very sorry he is so wicked."

"Don't he keep a-being wicked? You said he was wicked."

"Why, yes, he is wicked. We are all totally depraved. You do not understand. I fear I cannot make you see it as it is. My dear child, the eyes of the carnal mind are blind, and they cannot see. I must tell you, though it may make you feel bad, that young as you are, you are a mournful instance of the truth of Scripture. But I dare not speak smooth things to you. If you would read your Bible, and pray to God, your eyes would be opened so you could see. But I did want to tell you about Jesus Christ, who was both God and Man. He came and died for us. He suffered the cruel death of the cross. The Apostle John says, he came to take away the sins of the world. If you will believe in Christ he will save you. The Holy Spirit, that came once in the form of a dove, will again come, and cleanse your heart. You must have faith in the blood of Christ. You must take him as your Atoning Sacrifice. Are you willing to go to Christ, my child?"

"Yes, ma'am, if he won't burn up Hash; and I want to go and see that little crooked boy too."

"It's wicked for children to see one another Sundays."

"I did see him at Meeting."

"I mean to meet and play and show picture-books, and that little boy is very apt to play; he catches grasshoppers, and goes down by the side of the brook, before sundown; that is very bad."

"Are his eyes sore like Obed's, sometimes, and the light hurts him?"

"It is God's day, and he won't let children play."

"He lets the grasshoppers play."

"But he will punish children."

"Won't he punish the grasshoppers too?"

"No."

"Well, I guess I am not afraid of God."

Miss Amy, whether that she thought she had done all she could for the child, or that Margaret seemed anxious to break company with her, or that she had reached a point in the road where she could conveniently leave her, at this instant turned off into Grove Street, and Margaret pursued her course homeward. She arrived at the water a little before sunset; she fed her chickens, her squirrel and robin; her own supper she made of strawberries and milk in her wooden bowl and spoon. She answered as she best could the inquiries and banterings of the family touching the novel adventures of the day. She might have been tired, but the evening air and the voices of the birds were inviting, and her own heart was full of life; and she took a stroll up the Indian's Head. . . . .

To this place Margaret ascended; hither had she often come before, and here in her future life she often came.

She went up early in the morning to behold the sun rise from the eastern hills, and to be wrapt in the fogs that flowed up from the River; at noon, to lie on the soft grass under the murmuring firs, and sleep the midtide sleep of all nature; or ponder with a childish curiosity on the mystery of the blue sky and the blue hills; or, with a childish dread, to brood over the deep dark waters that lay chasmed below her. She came up in the fall to pick brambleberries and gather the leaves and crimson spires of the sumach for her mother to color with.

She now came up to see the sun go down. Directly on the right of the sunsetting was an apparent jog or break at the edge of the world, having on one side something like a cliff or sharp promontory, jutting towards the heavens, and overlooking what seemed like a calm clear sea beyond; within this depression lay the top of Umkidden, before spoken of; here also, after a storm, appeared the first clear sky, and here at midday the white clouds, in long ranges of piles, were wont to repose like ships at anchor. Near at hand, she could see the roads leading to Dunwich and Brandon, winding, like unrolled ribbons, through the woods. There were also pastures covered with gray rocks that looked like sheep; the green woods in some places were intersected by fields of brown rye or soft clover. On the whole, it was a verdant scene. Greenness, like a hollow ocean, spread itself out before her; the hills were green and the depths also; in the forest, the darkness, as the sun went down, seemed to form itself into caverns, grottos, and strange fantastic shapes, out of solid greenness. In some instances she could see the tips of the trees glancing and frolicking in the light, while the greedy shadows were crawling up from their roots, as it were out of the ground, to devour them. Deep in the woods the blackcap and thrush still whooted and clanged unweariedly; she heard also the cawing of crows, and scream of the loon; the tinkle of bells, the lowing of cows, and bleating of sheep were distinctly audible. Her own Robin, on the Butternut below, began his long, sweet, many-toned carol; the tree-toad chimed in with its loud trilling chirrup; and frogs, from all the waters around, crooled, chubbed, and croaked. Swallows skimmered over her, and plunged into the depths below; swarms of flies in circular squadrons skirmished in the sunbeams before her eyes; at her side, in the grass, crickets sung their lullabies to the departing day; a rich, fresh smell from the water, the woods, wild-flowers, grass-lots, floating up over the hill, regaled her senses. The surface of the Pond, as the sun declined, broke into gold ripples, deepening gradually into carmine and vermilion; suspended between her eye and the horizon was a table-like form of illuminated mist, a bridge of visible sunbeams shored on pointed shining piers reaching to the ground.

Margaret sat, we say, attentive to all this; what were her feelings we know not now, we may know hereafter; and clouds, that had spent the Sabbath in their own way, came with her to behold the sunsetting; some in long tapering bands, some in flocky rosettes, others in broad, many-folded collops. In that light they showed all colors, rose, pink, violet, and crimson, and the sky in a large circumference about the sun weltered in ruddiness, while the opposite side of the heavens threw back a purple glow. There were clouds, to the eye of the child, like fishes; the horned-pout, with its pearly iridine breast and iron-brown back; floating after it was a shiner, with its bright golden armory; she saw the blood-red fins of the yellow-perch, the long snout of the pickerel, with its glancing black eye, and the gaudy tail of a trout. She beheld the sun sink half below the horizon, then all his round red face go down; and the light on the Pond withdraw, the bridge of light disappear, and the hollows grow darker and grimmer. A stronger and better defined glow streamed for a moment from the receding depths of light, and flashed through the atmosphere. The little rose-colored clouds melted away in their evening joy, and went to rest up in the dark unfathomable chambers of the heavens. The fishes swam away with that which had called them into being, and plunged down the cataract of light that falls over the other side of the earth; the broad massive clouds grew denser and more gloomy, and extended themselves, like huge-breasted lions couchant, which the Master had told her about, to watch all night near the gate of the sun. She sat there alone, with no eye but God's to look upon her; he alone saw her face, her expression, in that still, warm, golden sunsetting; she sat as if for her the sun had gone down and the sky unloosed its glory; she sat mute and undisturbed, as if she were the child-queen of this great pageant of Nature.

Charles Timothy Brooks.

Born in Salem, ~~Mass., 1813.~~ Died at Newport, R. I., 1883.

THE VOICE OF THE PINE.

[*Poems, Original and Translated.* 1885.]

O TALL old pine! old gloomy pine!
Old grim, gigantic, gloomy pine!
What is there in that voice of thine
That thrills so deep this heart of mine?

Is it that in thy mournful sigh
Old years and voices long gone by,
And feelings that can never die,
Come thronging back on memory?

Is it that in thy solemn roar
My listening spirit hears once more
The trumpet-music of the host
Of billows round my native coast?

Or is it that I catch a sound
Of that more vast and dread profound,—
The soul's unfathomable sea,
The ocean of eternity?

Henry Whitney Bellows.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1814. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1882.

MISTAKE OF THE RELIGIOUS CLASSES IN THEIR TREATMENT OF THE STAGE.

[*The Relation of Public Amusements to Public Morality. Delivered before "The American Dramatic Fund Society."* 1857.]

THE attractiveness of the theatre, even to vice and folly, is nothing against it, until it can be proved that they are attracted there by what is bad and depraving. It is not enough to show that they carry there what is bad and depraving, or that they are not kept away by what is bad and depraving there, but that they are attracted by what is bad and depraving. I suppose them to be attracted precisely by what would attract me or you, or any innocent or well-intentioned person—by the love of pleasure, spectacle, society, talent, beauty, light, architecture, and I suppose them to be very innocent so far as the enjoyment of these things is concerned. That, knowing their presence, and coarseness or unscrupulousness, the stage should cater to it, is a monstrous evil; that folly and weakness should find those waiting for them there to practise on their propensities; that they should carry their vices and tastes to the theatre with them, is a dreadful and undeniable misfortune to society. But I am yet to see how, because the wicked and the careless like what the good and the careful also like—namely, pleasure—it makes pleasure wrong; and how, because the theatre, in its character of an amusement, attracts the vicious and the depraved, it proves it to be a vicious and depraved amusement. Have the vicious and depraved no human and universal tastes left? are they not still men and women? are not some of their doings and feelings such as the good and the innocent can share? For my own part, I believe the theatre has in every age, *exhibited* the vices and follies of society rather than *created* them, and that it has owed its reputation for evil mainly to the fact that it has been the only place in which the decency, or virtue, or propriety of society has met the indecency, the vice, and disreputableness. Now, if the theatre had produced this indecency, vice, or disreputableness, or encouraged it, we should utterly condemn it; but I believe, on the contrary, notwithstanding its imperfect administration, it has done something to correct it. Perhaps the most innocent hours of the vicious have been those in which they were publicly amused under the protection of society. For the innocent pleasure which even vice and folly get out of their existence is the only part of their career we can look at with any satisfaction;—all else is loss and ruin.

But, whatever the effect of the theatre is, or has been, having nothing essentially wrong in its principle, and having proved itself to be, in fact, what in theory it has already shown itself to be, the most attractive and permanent of amusements, a fixed and indestructible fact, it seems to me that avowed moralists and Christian leaders and guides have committed a grave and hurtful error in their mode of dealing with it. They have made the drama and the stage answerable for all the vices and follies which have gathered round them—a course as unjust as to make the market responsible for the dogs and rats, the thieves and knaves, sure to find a harvest in that most frequented and necessary place. . . . .

The levity, excess, association with vice, and general lack of moderation in the theatre; its opposition to, or defiance of religion; its lax morals and bad taste, be they more or less, are due, mainly, in my judgment, to the unhappy separation between the church and the world—the guides and examples in morals and virtue, and the public at large; and to the special emphasis which this separation has had in the case of the theatre. What are we to look for, in general, when the young and the old no longer mingle in the same society; when the grave and the gay keep themselves systematically apart; and society is divided into those who partake and enjoy amusement, and those who abstain from and decry it? Will it not necessarily occur that one class will ruin itself by excess in pleasures, while the other is seriously injured and narrowed by the lack of them? Is it not clear, in American society, that the gay are too gay, the grave too grave, the young too flighty, the old too sad; that places of public amusement are too exclusively, and to the great injury of their habitual frequenters, attended by a special class, when the intermingling of the class who now utterly shun them would at once act with a twofold charm—namely, to make general society, home, and intercourse with the sober less uninteresting and repulsive, and the places of amusement not so exclusively attractive, by being adapted to higher, purer, and less superficial tastes? In addition to its other offices, the theatre is now a sort of blind protest against the sad seriousness of trade and the hard gravity of piety. It says, "there is some fun, frolic, nonsense, beauty, leisure still left in the world." When domestic life and the religious life shall both learn how to invest themselves with the charms of art and the mild and pleasing graces of sympathy we may anticipate some diminution of the excessive taste which the young people of our day have for the theatre. But until the more sober citizens and our religious people allow themselves some generous participation in the pleasures and amusements of the world, they will neither know what Art is nor what its powers and fascinations are. Brought up on a hard diet of duty, they have learned to live in a corner of their wide and complex nature, and cannot understand this outbreak of their children into the fields of romance, passion, and æsthetics. It is an insurrection of nature for her rights, and an insurrection which will ripen into a revolution. It becomes us by timely concession to see that something better than anarchy follows.

I charge, then, the vices and follies of the theatre, as of our other amusements, and of our general society, to the withdrawal, the self-separation, of the moral and religious portion of the community, as a class, from the pleasure-loving resorts of the people. I believe that all the specified classes of evils connected with the theatre would disappear to as great an extent as they ever disappeared, even in respectable society, if, after having recognized the essential innocency and necessity of public amusement in general, and of the stage in particular, the sober and virtuous people of this and every city would go in moderation to the theatres. This would at once take the ban off this diversion as a thing essentially and hopelessly wrong—an enormous injury to actors, and also to the public, whom it drives to their pleasures in defiance of what they themselves suppose to be right. Next, their presence there would be the only possible and effective censorship in a country like ours, securing the selection of plays of a harmless and spotless character, and their performance in a manner decorous and unblamable. Further, the same influence would exclude—for it has partially done it already—drinking-places and improper characters, as such, from the play-house; and, finally, their countenance, requirement, and support, would give actors and actresses the strength and courage they so much need, to rise above the perils of their laborious and exciting vocation, and to take their place with other respected and respectable callings, upon the common platform of moral and Christian amenableness.

CHANNING AS A PREACHER.

[*William Ellery Channing: His Opinions, Genius, and Character.—Given at Newport, R. I., on the Centenary of his Birth,* 7 *April,* 1880.]

OF his preaching, I was myself the glad and fortunate beneficiary, and am among the not too many living witnesses to its transcendent power! There is no spot in Boston so sacred to me as the profaned site of the old Federal Street Church; for thither, a youth of twenty-one, I was wont to repair (and it was a walk of several miles) every other Sunday morning, for two critical years of my life and theological studies, to hear Channing preach! There were excellent preachers to be heard much nearer home; but there was that in Channing's mind and soul, in his voice, manner, and look, that separated him from them, as the prophet is separated from the priest. Indeed he did *not preach* in the ordinary sense of the word. Gowned as he was, and obedient to all the decorums of the pulpit, it was not the preacher, but the apostle, you saw and heard! Even in the pulpit he lived the things he saw and said! The greatness of human nature shone in his beautiful brow, sculptured with thought and lighted from within; his eye, so full and blue, was lustrous with a vision of God, and seemed almost an open door into the shining presence. His voice, sweet, round, unstrained, full, though low, lingered as if with awed delay upon the words that articulated his dearest thoughts, and trembled with an ever-restrained but most contagious emotion. He was intensely present in his thoughts, as if just born from his soul and dressed from his lips, although he usually (always in my experience) spoke from a manuscript. But while his individuality was inexpressibly commanding, it gave no suggestion of the love of personal influence. He used the word I with the freedom of the Master, but it conveyed the sense, "not I, but the Father in me; not I, but the truth I speak; and not you, but the nature you represent; not you, but humanity and God in you and in us." He rose slowly, read a hymn, and began his discourse (for seldom in ~~my day~~ was he able to spare much of his strength for the preliminary services, conducted by his colleague) on a plain so level to the feet of the simplest of his hearers that few noticed the difficulty of the slow but steady ascent he always made, carrying his wrapt hearers with him by the power of his thought, the calm insistence of his conviction, and the solemn earnestness of his spirit, until they found themselves standing at a height from which visions of Divine things, in their true proportions and real perspective, became easy and spontaneous. There was no muscular strain or contortion in his limbs or face or voice; no excitement of a fleshly origin; no false fervor or false emphasis; no loss of perfect dignity and self-possession. And there was little in the *words* themselves to fix attention, except their purity and grace. It was the subject that came forward and remained in the memory. He left you not thinking of him nor of his rhetoric. He had no startling figures, no brilliant fancies, no sharp points; little for admiration or praise; everything for reflection, for inspiration, and for illumination. There was one other peculiarity in his preaching. He preached only on great themes, and this made his sermons always timely, for great subjects are ever in order. So profoundly helpful, so inspiring was his preaching, that I, for one, lived on it, from fortnight to fortnight, and went to it every time with the expectation and the experience of receiving the bread of heaven on which I was to live and grow, until the manna fell again; and men of all ages had much the same feeling. When, for the first time, I saw Channing out of the pulpit, I was as much surprised at his diminutive form as if, expecting a giant, I had met a dwarf! He had seemed to me a large and tall man in his pulpit; but I soon found that, slight and low as his frame was, nearness and familiarity took nothing from its dignity, and suggested nothing fragile or weak. Indeed his attenuated and lowly figure really increased the sense of his moral majesty and intellectual eminence. His presence was more awful, simple and gentle as he was, than that of any human being I ever saw.

Francis Alexander Durivage.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1814. Died in New York, N. Y., 1881.

CHEZ BRÉBANT.

THE vicomte is wearing a brow of gloom
  As he mounts the stair to his favorite room.
"Breakfast for two!" the *garçons* say,
"Then the pretty young lady is coming to-day!"
But the *patron* mutters, *à Dieu ne plaise!*
I want no clients from Père la Chaise.
Silver and crystal—a splendid show!
And a damask cloth white as driven snow.
The vicomte sits down with a ghastly air—
His *vis-à-vis* is an empty chair.
But he calls to the *garçon*, "Antoine! *Vite!*
Place a stool for the lady's feet."
"The lady, monsieur?" (in a wavering tone).
"Yes—when have you known me to breakfast alone?
Fill up her glass! *Versez! Versez!*
You see how white are her cheeks to-day:
Sip it, my darling, 'twas ordered for thee."
He raises his glass, "*à toi*, Mimi!"
The *garçon* shudders, for nothing is there
In the lady's place but an empty chair.
But still, with an air of fierce unrest,
The vicomte addresses an unseen guest.
"Leave us, Antoine; we have much to say,
And time is precious to me to-day."

When the *garçon* was gone he sprang up with a start:
"Mimi is dead of a broken heart.
Could I think, when she gave it with generous joy,
A woman's heart such a fragile toy?
Her trim little figure no longer I see!
Would I were lying with thee, Mimi!
For what is life but a hell to me?
What splendor and wealth but misery?"
A jet of flame and a whirl of smoke!
A detonation the silence broke.
The landlord enters, and lying there
Is the dead vicomte, with a stony glare
Rigidly fixed on an empty chair.
"*Il faut avertir le commissaire!*
Ma foi! Chez Brébant ces choses sont rares!"

John Lothrop Motley.

BORN in Dorchester, Mass., 1814. DIED at "Kingston-Russell House," Dorsetshire, England, 1877.

HIS PROJECT FOR A GREAT HISTORY.

[*Letter to F. H. Underwood*, 4 *March*, 1859.—*John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.* 1879.]

THE whole work, of which the three volumes already published form a part, will be called "The Eighty Years' War for Liberty."

Epoch I. is the Rise of the Dutch Republic.
Epoch II. Independence Achieved. From the Death of William the Silent till the Twelve Years' Truce. 1584–1609.
Epoch III. Independence Recognized. From the Twelve Years' Truce to the Peace of Westphalia. 1609–1648.

My subject is a very vast one, for the struggle of the United Provinces with Spain was one in which all the leading states of Europe were more or less involved. After the death of William the Silent, the history assumes world-wide proportions. Thus the volume which I am just about terminating . . . is almost as much English history as Dutch. The Earl of Leicester, very soon after the death of Orange, was appointed governor of the provinces, and the alliance between the two countries almost amounted to a political union. I shall try to get the whole of the Leicester administration, terminating with the grand drama of the Invincible Armada, into one volume; but I doubt, my materials are so enormous. I have been personally very hard at work, nearly two years, ransacking the British State-Paper Office, the British Museum, and the Holland archives, and I have had two copyists constantly engaged in London, and two others at the Hague. Besides this, I passed the whole of last winter at Brussels, where, by special favor of the Belgian Government, I was allowed to read what no one else has ever been permitted to see,—the great mass of copies taken by that government from the Simancas archives, a translated epitome of which has been published by Gachard. This correspondence reaches to the death of Philip II., and is of immense extent and importance. Had I not obtained leave to read the invaluable and, for my purpose, indispensable documents at Brussels, I should have gone to Spain, for they will not be published these twenty years, and then only in a translated and excessively abbreviated and unsatisfactory form. I have read the whole of this correspondence, and made very copious notes of it. In truth, I devoted three months of last winter to that purpose alone.

The materials I have collected from the English archives are also extremely important and curious. I have hundreds of interesting letters never published or to be published, by Queen Elizabeth, Burghley, Walsingham, Sidney, Drake, Willoughby, Leicester, and others. For the whole of that portion of my subject in which Holland and England were combined into one whole, to resist Spain in its attempt to obtain the universal empire, I have very abundant collections. For the history of the United Provinces is not at all a provincial history. It is the history of European liberty. Without the struggle of Holland and England against Spain, all Europe might have been Catholic and Spanish. It was Holland that saved England in the sixteenth century, and, by so doing, secured the triumph of the Reformation, and placed the independence of the various states of Europe upon a sure foundation. Of course, the materials collected by me at the Hague are of great importance. As a single specimen, I will state that I found in the archives there an immense and confused mass of papers, which turned out to be the autograph letters of Olden Barneveld during the last few years of his life; during, in short, the whole of that most important period which preceded his execution. These letters are in such an intolerable handwriting that no one has ever attempted to read them. I could read them only imperfectly myself, and it would have taken me a very long time to have acquired the power to do so; but my copyist and reader there is the most patient and indefatigable person alive, and he has quite mastered the handwriting, and he writes me that they are a mine of historical wealth for me. I shall have complete copies before I get to that period, one of signal interest, and which has never been described. I mention these matters that you may see that my work, whatever its other value may be, is built upon the only foundation fit for history—original contemporary documents. These are all unpublished. Of course, I use the contemporary historians and pamphleteers—Dutch, Spanish, French, Italian, German, and English—but the most valuable of my sources are manuscript ones. I have said the little which I have said in order to vindicate the largeness of the subject. The kingdom of Holland is a small power now, but the Eighty Years' War, which secured the civil and religious independence of the Dutch Commonwealth and of Europe, was the great event of that whole age.

The whole work will therefore cover a most remarkable epoch in human history, from the abdication of Charles Fifth to the Peace of Westphalia, at which last point the political and geographical arrangements of Europe were established on a permanent basis,—in the main undisturbed until the French Revolution.

PORTRAITS OF CHARLES AND PHILIP.

[*The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* 1855.]

CHARLES the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old; but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well-proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark-blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous, in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, and narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournament, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted." The same wholesale admirer adds, that "his aspect was so reverend, that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration." In face, he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance, the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

[*From the Same.*]

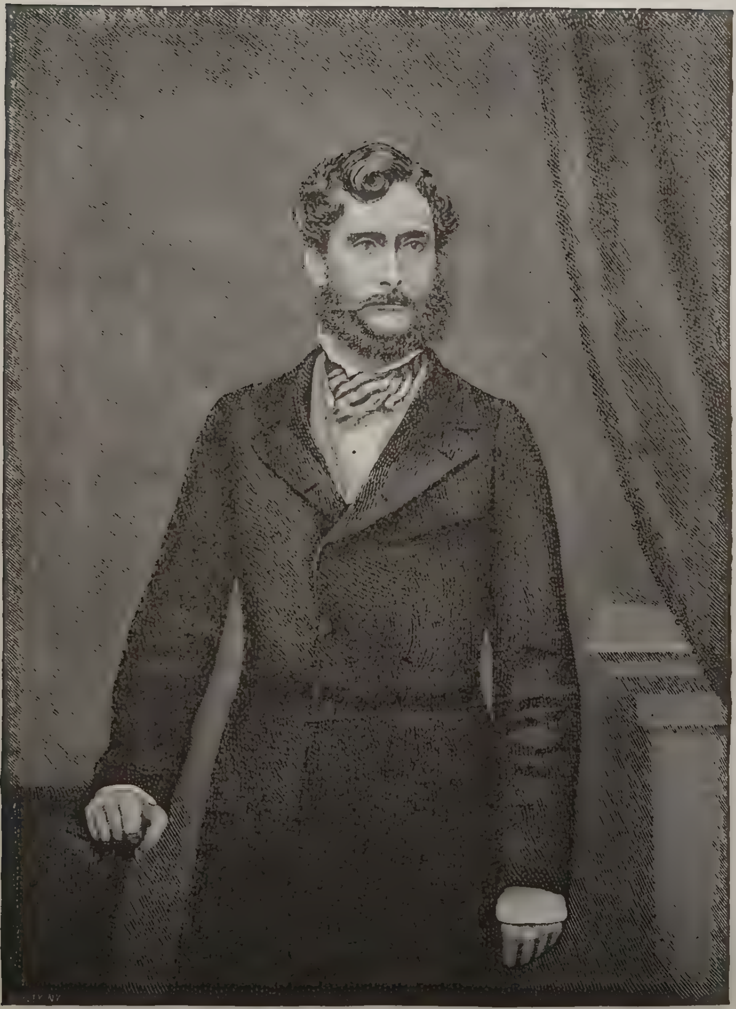
MEANTIME the Spanish cavalry had cleft its way through the city. On the side farthest removed from the castle, along the Horse-market, opposite the New-town, the states dragoons and the light horse of Beveren had been posted, and the flying masses of pursuers and pursued swept at last through this outer circle. Champagny was already there. He essayed, as his last hope, to rally the cavalry for a final stand, but the effort was fruitless. Already seized by the panic, they had attempted to rush from the city through the gate of Eeker. It was locked; they then turned and fled towards the Red-gate, where they were met face to face by Don Pedro Tassis, who charged upon them with his dragoons. Retreat seemed hopeless. A horseman in complete armor, with lance in rest, was seen to leap from the parapet of the outer wall into the moat below, whence, still on horseback, he escaped with life. Few were so fortunate. The confused mob of fugitives and conquerors, Spaniards, Walloons, Germans, burghers, struggling, shouting, striking, cursing, dying, swayed hither and thither like a stormy sea. Along the spacious Horse-market, the fugitives fled onward towards the quays. Many fell beneath the swords of the Spaniards, numbers were trodden to death by the hoofs of horses, still greater multitudes were hunted into the Scheld. Champagny, who had thought it possible, even at the last moment, to make a stand in the New-town and to fortify the Palace of the Hansa, saw himself deserted. With great daring and presence of mind, he effected his escape to the fleet of the Prince of Orange in the river. The Marquis of Havré, of whom no deeds of valor on that eventful day have been recorded, was equally successful. The unlucky Oberstein, attempting to leap into a boat, missed his footing, and, oppressed by the weight of his armor, was drowned.

Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat still raged in the interior of the city. Various currents of conflict, forcing their separate way through many streets, had at last mingled in the Grande Place. Around this irregular, not very spacious square, stood the gorgeous Hotel de Ville, and the tall, many storied, fantastically gabled, richly decorated palaces of the guilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated for a time by the cavalry of Vargas, who, arriving through the streets of Saint Joris, accompanied by the traitor Van Ende, charged decisively into the mêlée. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set on fire. A large number of sutlers and other varlets had accompanied the Spaniards from the citadel, bringing torches and kindling materials for the express purpose of firing the town. With great dexterity, these means were now applied, and in a brief interval the City-hall and other edifices on the square were in flames. The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street, taking fire. Nearly a thousand buildings, in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of the city, were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them. In the City-hall many were consumed, while others leaped from the windows to renew the combat below. The many tortuous streets which led down a slight descent from the rear of the Town-house to the quays were all one vast conflagration. On the other side, the magnificent cathedral, separated from the Grande Place by a single row of buildings, was lighted up, but not attacked by the flames. The tall spire cast its gigantic shadow across the last desperate conflict. In the street called the Canal au Sucre, immediately behind the Town-house, there was a fierce struggle, a horrible massacre. A crowd of burghers, grave magistrates, and such of the German soldiers as remained alive, still confronted the ferocious Spaniards. There, amid the flaming desolation, Goswyn Verreyck, the heroic margrave of the city, fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster Van der Meere, lay dead at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain. With him effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Scheld. Women, children, old men, were killed in countless numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded, every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes.

Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in the blood-stained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that, in the course of this and the two following days, not less than eight thousand human beings were murdered. The Spaniards seemed to cast off even the vizard of humanity. Hell seemed emptied of its fiends. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city; but worse horrors began after the contest was ended. This army of brigands had come thither with a definite, practical purpose, for it was not blood-thirst, nor lust, nor revenge, which had impelled them, but it was avarice, greediness for gold. For gold they had waded through all this blood and fire. Never had men more simplicity of purpose, more directness in its execution. They had conquered their India at last; its golden mines lay all before them, and every sword should open a shaft. Riot and rape might be deferred; even murder, though congenial to their taste, was only subsidiary to their business. They had come to take possession of the city's wealth, and they set themselves faithfully to accomplish their task. For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; for gold, parents were tortured in their children's presence; for gold, brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes. Wherever treasure was suspected, every expedient which ingenuity, sharpened by greediness, could suggest, was employed to extort it from its possessors. The fire, spreading more extensively and more rapidly than had been desired through the wealthiest quarter of the city, had unfortunately devoured a vast amount of property. Six millions, at least, had thus been swallowed; a destruction by which no one had profited. There was, however, much left. The strong boxes of the merchants, the gold, silver, and precious jewelry, the velvets, satins, brocades, laces, and similar well concentrated and portable plunder, were rapidly appropriated. So far the course was plain and easy, but in private houses it was more difficult. The cash, plate, and other valuables of individuals were not so easily discovered. Torture was, therefore, at once employed to discover the hidden treasures. After all had been given, if the sum seemed too little, the proprietors were brutally punished for their poverty or their supposed dissimulation. A gentlewoman, named Fabry, with her aged mother and other females of the family, had taken refuge in the cellar of her mansion. As the day was drawing to a close, a band of plunderers entered, who, after ransacking the house, descended to the cellarage. Finding the door barred, they forced it open with gunpowder. The mother, who was nearest the entrance, fell dead on the threshold. Stepping across her mangled body, the brigands sprang upon her daughter, loudly demanding the property which they believed to be concealed. They likewise insisted on being informed where the master of the house had taken refuge. Protestations of ignorance as to hidden treasure, or the whereabouts of her husband, who, for aught she knew, was lying dead in the streets, were of no avail. To make her more communicative, they hanged her on a beam in the cellar, and after a few moments cut her down before life was extinct. Still receiving no satisfactory reply, where a satisfactory reply was impossible, they hanged her again. Again, after another brief interval, they gave her a second release, and a fresh interrogatory. This barbarity they repeated several times, till they were satisfied that there was nothing to be gained by it, while, on the other hand, they were losing much valuable time. Hoping to be more successful elsewhere, they left her hanging for the last time, and trooped off to fresher fields. Strange to relate, the person thus horribly tortured survived. A servant in her family, married to a Spanish soldier, providentially entered the house in time to rescue her perishing mistress. She was restored to existence, but never to reason. Her brain was hopelessly crazed, and she passed the remainder of her life wandering about her house, or feebly digging in her garden for the buried treasure which she had been thus fiercely solicited to reveal.

A wedding-feast was rudely interrupted. Two young persons, neighbors of opulent families, had been long betrothed, and the marriage-day had been fixed for Sunday, the fatal 4th of November. The guests were assembled, the ceremony concluded, the nuptial banquet in progress, when the horrible outcries in the streets proclaimed that the Spaniards had broken loose. Hour after hour of trembling expectation succeeded. At last, a thundering at the gate proclaimed the arrival of a band of brigands. Preceded by their captain, a large number of soldiers forced their way into the house, ransacking every chamber, no opposition being offered by the family and friends, too few and powerless to cope with this band of well-armed ruffians. Plate chests, wardrobes, desks, caskets of jewelry, were freely offered, eagerly accepted, but not found sufficient, and to make the luckless wretches furnish more than they possessed, the usual brutalities were employed. The soldiers began by striking the bridegroom dead. The bride fell shrieking into her mother's arms, whence she was torn by the murderers, who immediately put the mother to death, and an indiscriminate massacre then followed the fruitless attempts to obtain by threats and torture treasure which did not exist. The bride, who was of remarkable beauty, was carried off to the citadel. Maddened by this last outrage, the father, who was the only man of the party left alive, rushed upon the Spaniards. Wresting a sword from one of the crew, the old man dealt with it so fiercely that he stretched more than one enemy dead at his feet, but it is needless to add that he was soon despatched. Meantime, while the party were concluding the plunder of the mansion, the bride was left in a lonely apartment of the fortress. Without wasting time in fruitless lamentation, she resolved to quit the life which a few hours had made so desolate. She had almost succeeded in hanging herself with a massive gold chain which she wore, when her captor entered the apartment. Inflamed, not with lust, but with avarice, excited not by her charms, but by her jewelry, he rescued her from her perilous position. He then took possession of her chain and the other trinkets with which her wedding-dress was adorned, and caused her to be entirely stripped of her clothing. She was then scourged with rods till her beautiful body was bathed in blood, and at last alone, naked, nearly mad, was sent back into the city. Here the forlorn creature wandered up and down through the blazing streets, among the heaps of dead and dying, till she was at last put out of her misery by a gang of soldiers.

Such are a few isolated instances, accidentally preserved in their details, of the general horrors inflicted on this occasion. Others innumerable have sunk into oblivion. On the morning of the 5th of November, Antwerp presented a ghastly sight. The magnificent marble Townhouse, celebrated as a "world's wonder," even in that age and country, in which so much splendor was lavished on municipal palaces, stood a blackened ruin—all but the walls destroyed, while its archives, accounts, and other valuable contents, had perished. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed, at least five hundred palaces, mostly of



J L Motley.

marble or hammered stone, being a smouldering mass of destruction. The dead bodies of those fallen in the massacre were on every side, in greatest profusion around the Place de Meer, among the Gothic pillars of the Exchange, and in the streets near the Town-house. The German soldiers lay in their armor, some with their heads burned from their bodies, some with legs and arms consumed by the flames through which they had fought. The Margrave Goswyn Verreyck, the burgomaster Van der Meere, the magistrates Lancelot Van Urselen, Nicholas Van Boekholt, and other leading citizens, lay among piles of less distinguished slain. They remained unburied until the overseers of the poor, on whom the living had then more importunate claims than the dead, were compelled by Roda to bury them out of the pauper fund. The murderers were too thrifty to be at funeral charges for their victims. The ceremony was not hastily performed, for the number of corpses had not been completed. Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted, for riot, gaming, rape, which had been postponed to the more stringent claims of robbery and murder, were now rapidly added to the sum of atrocities. History has recorded the account indelibly on her brazen tablets; it can be adjusted only at the judgment-seat above.

Of all the deeds of darkness yet compassed in the Netherlands, this was the worst. It was called The Spanish Fury, by which dread name it has been known for ages. The city, which had been a world of wealth and splendor, was changed to a charnel-house, and from that hour its commercial prosperity was blasted. Other causes had silently girdled the yet green and flourishing tree, but the Spanish Fury was the fire which consumed it to ashes. Three thousand dead bodies were discovered in the streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheld, and nearly an equal number were burned or destroyed in other ways. Eight thousand persons undoubtedly were put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and at least as much more was obtained by the Spaniards.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

[*From the Same.*]

IN person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically-shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God, he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the Reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty. Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task, through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar;—for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Nor was he forced into his career by an accidental impulse from which there was no recovery. Retreat was ever open to him. Not only pardon but advancement was urged upon him again and again. Officially and privately, directly and circuitously, his confiscated estates, together with indefinite and boundless favors in addition, were offered to him on every great occasion. On the arrival of Don John, at the Breda negotiations, at the Cologne conferences, we have seen how calmly these offers were waved aside, as if their rejection was so simple that it hardly required many words for its signification, yet he had mortgaged his estates so deeply that his heirs hesitated at accepting their inheritance, for fear it should involve them in debt. Ten years after his death, the account between his executors and his brother John amounted to one million four hundred thousand florins due to the Count, secured by various pledges of real and personal property, and it was finally settled upon this basis. He was besides largely indebted to every one of his powerful relatives, so that the payment of the incumbrances upon his estate very nearly justified the fears of his children. While on the one hand, therefore, he poured out these enormous sums like water, and firmly refused a hearing to the tempting offers of the royal government, upon the other hand he proved the disinterested nature of his services by declining, year after year, the sovereignty over the provinces; and by only accepting, in the last days of his life, when refusal had become almost impossible, the limited, constitutional supremacy over that portion of them which now makes the realm of his descendants. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country: "God pity this poor people!" were his dying words.

His intellectual faculties were various and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander, and his friends claimed that, in military genius, he was second to no captain in Europe. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment, but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy—his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight—his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general—his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick bed, for the besieged city of Leyden—will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That, with no lieutenant of eminent valor or experience, save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don

John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese—men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world—is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two; only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master-hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

Ghent, saved thrice by the policy, the eloquence, the self-sacrifices of Orange, fell within three months of his murder into the hands of Parma. The loss of this most important city, followed in the next year by the downfall of Antwerp, sealed the fate of the Southern Netherlands. Had the Prince lived, how different might have been the country's fate! If seven provinces could dilate, in so brief a space, into the powerful commonwealth which the Republic soon became, what might not have been achieved by the united seventeen? a confederacy which would have united the adamantine vigor of the Batavian and Frisian races with the subtler, more delicate, and more graceful national elements in which the genius of the Frank, the Roman, and the Romanized Celt were so intimately blended. As long as the Father of the country lived, such a union was possible. His power of managing men was so unquestionable, that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour, for men felt implicit reliance, as well on his intellectual resources as on his integrity.

This power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence—sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon, for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed his all for them, the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people, and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared—his written messages to the states-general, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies—his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from emperors and kings down to secretaries, and even children—all show an easy flow of language, a fulness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose—a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master-minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime, and although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the "large composition" of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

Thus his eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed, also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces of men, like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided, never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip, or Granvelle, or Don John, or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the King of Spain; Charlotte of Bourbon or Louisa de Coligny might have done the same had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile.

As for the Aerschots, the Havrés, the Chimays, he was never influenced either by their blandishments or their plots. He was willing to use them when their interest made them friendly, or to crush them when their intrigues against his policy rendered them dangerous. The adroitness with which he converted their schemes in behalf of Matthias, of Don John, of Anjou, into so many additional weapons for his own cause, can never be too often studied. It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Macchiavelian school employed by a master of the craft, to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the Imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the King's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch that ever governed the Spanish empire, and Philip, chain-mailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own.

Ten years long the King placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange, together with a key to the ciphers and every other illustration which might be required. Thus the secrets of the King were always as well known to Orange as to himself; and the Prince being as prompt as Philip was hesitating, the schemes could often be frustrated before their execution had been commenced. The crime of the unfortunate clerk, John de Castillo, was discovered in the autumn of the year 1581, and he was torn to pieces by four horses. Perhaps his treason to the monarch whose bread he was eating, while he received a regular salary from the King's most determined foe, deserved even this horrible punishment, but casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the Prince for his share in the transaction. This history is not the eulogy of Orange, although, in discussing his character, it is difficult to avoid the monotony of panegyric. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery or any other crime, even to accomplish a lofty purpose; yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war, and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain. Orange possessed the rare quality of caution, a characteristic by which he was distinguished from his youth. At fifteen he was the confidential counsellor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic, as well as the most warlike potentate of his age, and if he at times indulged in wiles which modern statesmanship, even while it practises, condemns, he ever held in his hand the clue of an honorable purpose to guide him through the tortuous labyrinth.

It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure, but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross. It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit; the self-abnegation and the generosity were counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition—by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action, but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man—not even Washington—has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and self-seeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds of the man are there. As much as possible, his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters, and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle—in the deadly air of pestilential cities—in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety—amid the countless conspiracies of assassins—he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to his service. He will do therewith what pleases him for his glory and my salvation." Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard, when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The Prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good—the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gaiety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

Henry Norman Hudson.

BORN in Cornwall, Vt., 1814. DIED at Cambridge, Mass, 1886.

THE VISION OF A GREAT POET.

[*Lectures on Shakespeare.* 1848.]

MOST of us see things only in their phenomena; Shakespeare sees them in their principles: we study their history, and infer their nature; he seizes their nature, and infers their history: we learn what they are by observing what they do; he sees at once what they are, and can prophesy what they will do. Viewing effects, not as they come up in detail and succession, but in the causes that produce them, he can therefore anticipate and preannounce them with as much essential accuracy as they can announce themselves. While, for example, we can scarce discern the form and structure of a tree when it stands full-grown before us, Shakespeare discerns its whole form and structure, as it were, in the seed from which it springs. Or take any human institution, the institution, for example, of knighthood: Shakespeare does not learn its nature by poring over an obscure heap of historical records, but penetrates at once to the fundamental principle which built up and organized the whole fabric; and therefore can write its history in substance without studying it. In the parent germ, as it were, he discerns the whole systems of feelings, and sentiments, which will in due time grow out of it. Once more, take any given actual person; Shakespeare does not need to wander, like the rest of us, through the facts of his past life, to arrive at his character, but seizes at a glance the actuating principle of his being; and, from the inexhaustible variety of forms and images at his command, can reveal the character better, perhaps, in a few minutes, than the character can reveal itself in as many years. Disentangling, as it were, and drawing out the pure reality from the dreamy, unreal mixtures which everywhere darken and obstruct it, he bodies it forth in more transpicuous and more expressive forms. Accordingly, Goethe has compared his characters to watches with crystalline cases and plates, which, while they point out with perfect accuracy the course of the hours and minutes, at the same time disclose the whole combination of springs and wheels whereby they are moved. Therefore it is that his characters often seem more real than the characters about us, because the former are given to us cleared from the perplexities and obscurations which more or less cloud the simplest characters of real life from our vision. . . .

He never confounds his own individuality with that of his characters; never, like Byron, thrusts himself upon us under the names and through the faces of his different persons. In a word, he distinguishes perfectly between himself and the object of his thought, and therefore never discloses the one when he means to disclose the other. The thing stands before him in its exact shape and color, unmodified by his own thoughts, untinged by his own feelings; and the pure white light of his intellect reveals the whole thing without being visible itself. Undoubtedly much of this was owing to his singular purity of heart, his freedom from everything like conceit, and pride, and vanity; his willingness to make his characters everything, himself nothing; to keep behind his subject, instead of getting upon it. So that it seems doubtful whether this perfect self-aloofness from his representations declares more strongly for his purity or for his perspicacity of mind; whether his self-oblivion sprung from clearness of sight or his clearsightedness from oblivion of self. His genius, in short, was like sunlight, which, always taking the precise form and color of the object it shines upon, makes everything else visible, but remains itself unseen.

Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber.

Born in Portsmouth, N. H., 1814.

SOME OF MRS. PARTINGTON'S OPINIONS.

[*Partingtonian Patchwork.* 1873.]

"WHAT a label it is upon the character of Boston!" said Mrs. Partington, as she read a speech on the liquor bill that reflected on Boston. "There is no place where benevolence is so aperient as here. For my part I don't know where so much is done for the suffering—and anybody can see it that can read—for how often we see 'free lunch' in the windows of our humane institutions. You never see sich things in the country, as much better as they think themselves."

Mrs. Partington paused, looking over the top of the paper at the country member, as though she were resting her gaze there preparatory to making another shot, while Ike sat on the floor, lathering the cat with raw custard.

"Are you in favor of the prohibitive law, or the license law?" asked her opposite neighbor of the relict of P. P., corporal of the "Bloody 'Leventh."

She carefully weighed the question, as though she were selling snuff, and answered—

"Sometimes I think I am, and then again I think I am not."

Her neighbor was perplexed, and repeated the question, varying it a little.

"Have you seen the 'Mrs. Partington Twilight Soap?'" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "everybody has seen that; but why?"

"Because," said the dame, "it has two sides to it, and it is hard to choose between 'em. Now, here are my two neighbors, contagious to me on both sides—one goes for probation, t'other for licentiousness; and I think the best thing for me is to keep nuisance."

She meant neutral, of course. The neighbor admired, and smiled, while Ike lay on the floor, with his legs in the air, trying to balance Mrs. Partington's fancy waiter on his toe.

"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington on New Year's Day, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral; "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life is apt to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every mile he goes brings him nearer where he is going, and farther from where he started. I am not so young as I was once, and I don't believe I shall ever be, if I live to the age of Samson, which, heaven knows as well as I do, I don't want to, for I wouldn't be a centurian or an octagon, and survive my factories, and become idiomatic, by any means. But then there is no knowing how a thing will turn out till it takes place; and we shall come to an end some day, though we may never live to see it."

"Mrs. Partington *et als!*" said Mrs. P., as Ike read an eulogistic notice of herself and retinue thus headed. "Is that so, Isaac?"

"'Tain't nothing else," replied he, thrusting the cat's head through the paper, which served as an elaborate choker.

"Et als!" mused she. "I never ate als in my life that I know of, though there is so many dishes with new names that one might forget 'em all, unless he is an epicac."

She turned everything in her mind to remember what she had eaten,—her mind an oven full of turnovers,—but it refused to come to her; and she made a memorandum by tying a knot in her handkerchief, to call on the editor, and find out about it. Ike sat upon the leaf of the extension-table, swinging his feet beneath it, trying to make a tune out of the creak.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

BORN in Cambridge, Mass., 1815. DIED in Rome, Italy, 1882.

A FLOGGING AT SEA.

[*Two Years Before the Mast.* 1840.—*Revised Edition.* 1868.]

FOR several days the captain seemed very much out of humor. Nothing went right, or fast enough for him. He quarrelled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck, and had a dispute with the mate about reeving a Spanish burton; the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man *who was a sailor!* This the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at swords' points at once. But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-moulded fellow from the Middle States, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, was rather slow in his motions, and was only a tolerably good sailor, but usually seemed to do his best; yet the captain took a dislike to him, thought he was surly and lazy, and "if you once give a dog a bad name,"—as the sailor-phrase is,—"he may as well jump overboard." The captain found fault with everything this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marline-spike from the main-yard, where he was at work. This, of course, was an accident, but it was set down against him. The captain was on board all day Friday, and everything went on hard and disagreeably. "The more you drive a man, the less he will do," was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night, and were turned-to early Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Mr. Russell and I were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when he heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate or one of the crew I could not tell, and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came aboard, and we leaned down the hatchway, and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear:

"You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your *jaw?*" No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. "You may as well keep still, for I have got you," said the captain. Then came the question, "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

"I never gave you any, sir," said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half choked.

"That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?"

"I never have been, sir," said Sam.

"Answer my question, or I'll make a spread-eagle of you! I'll flog you, by G–d."

"I'm no negro slave," said Sam.

"Then I'll make you one," said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and, rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate: "Seize that man up, Mr. Amerzene! Seize him up! Make a spread-eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!"

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway; but it was not until after repeated orders that the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

"What are you going to flog that man for, sir?" said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon John; but, knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and, calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

"Let me alone," said John. "I'm willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force"; and, putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam, by this time, was *seized up*, as it is called, that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to them, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the end of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast! A man, too, whom I had lived with, eaten with, and stood watch with for months, and knew so well! If a thought of resistance crossed the minds of any of the men, what was to be done? Their time for it had gone by. Two men were fast, and there were left only two men beside Stimson and myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age; and Stimson and I would not have joined the men in a mutiny, as they knew. And then, on the other side, there were (beside the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk, and the cabin supplied with weapons. But beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, what are they to be for the rest of their lives? If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission is his only alternative. Bad as it was, they saw it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice,—six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear; this brought as many more as the man could stand, when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and to go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John, and taking his irons off. As soon as John was loose, he ran forward to the forecastle. "Bring that man aft!" shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been in the forecastle with these men the early part of the voyage, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John; but John soon threw him from him. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers: "Drag him aft!—Lay hold of him! I'll *sweeten* him!" etc., etc. The mate now went forward, and told John quietly to go aft; and he, seeing resistance vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him, said he would go aft of himself, that they should not drag him, and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he struggled; but, the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast, he turned to the captain, who stood rolling up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. "Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?"

"No," said the captain, "it is not that that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference, for asking questions."

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No," shouted the captain; "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel but myself," and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. As he went on, his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out, as he swung the rope: "If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it!—because I like to do it!—It suits me! That's what I do it for!"

The man writhed under the pain until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us: "O Jesus Christ! O Jesus Christ!"

"Don't call on Jesus Christ," shouted the captain; "*he can't help you. Call on Frank Thompson!* He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!"

At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, I turned away, and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts, I don't know what,—our situation, a resolution to see the captain punished when we got home,—crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back once more. At length they ceased, and, turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cast him loose. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the forecastle. Everyone else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage, and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us: "You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect!"—"You've been mistaken in me; you didn't know what I was! Now you know what I am!"—"I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy up!"—"You've got a driver over you! Yes, a *slave-driver,—a nigger-driver!* I'll see who'll tell me he isn't a NIGGER slave!" With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after, John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put upon it. "No," said the captain, who heard him from below; "tell him to put his shirt on; that's the best thing for him, and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay-up on board this vessel." He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to "give way," "give way!" but, finding they did their best, he let them alone. The agent was in the stern sheets, but during the whole pull—a league or more—not a word was spoken. We landed; the captain, agent, and officer went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, stayed near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone. I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and under suffering; and he had his knife with him, and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. But nothing happened; and we went quietly on board. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have had nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indians, whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them.

After the day's work was done, we went down into the forecastle, and ate our plain supper; but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night; but there was no song,—no "Sweethearts and wives." A gloom was over everything. The two men lay in their berths, groaning with pain, and we all turned in, but, for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men showed that they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture long; the dim, swinging lamp shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived, and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind. I had no apprehension that the captain would try to lay a hand on me; but our situation, living under a tyranny, with an ungoverned, swaggering fellow administering it; of the character of the country we were in; the length of the voyage; the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then, if we should return, the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and I vowed that, if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast.

CRACKING ON FOR HOME.

[*From the Same.*]

IT is usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific, to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but as there had now set in a strong, steady, and clear southwester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward, running inside the Falkland Islands. Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail. In a moment the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert, and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due southwest, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef shaken out of the topsails, and the reefed foresail set. When we came to mast-head the topsail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up "Cheerly, men," with a chorus which might have been heard half-way to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang out from the quarter-deck, "Another reef out of that fore topsail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef-points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows, the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still everything held. Preventer-braces were reeved and hauled taut, tackles got upon the backstays, and everything done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway, rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship, "Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going, when the captain called out, "Mr. Brown, get up the topmast studding-sail! What she can't carry she may drag!" The mate looked a moment; but he would let no one be before him in daring. He sprang forward. "Hurrah, men! rig out the topmast studding-sail boom! Lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!" We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girt-line down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and halyards; ran out the boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower halyards as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the "old man" was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new topmast studding-sail made with a reef in it,—a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding-sail it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for, there being a reef in the topsail, the studding-sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding-sail with reefed topsails was rather a novelty; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole topsail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the block; but when the mate came to shake the catspaw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom-end the sail, it shook the ship to her centre. The boom buckled up and bent, like a whip-stick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of the short, tough, upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom-end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taut to take off the strain. Every rope-yarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvas; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with every one of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvas.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her,—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship,—"Hurrah, you jade, you've got the scent!—you know where you're going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking,—"There she goes!—There she goes,—handsomely?—As long as she cracks she holds!"—while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away, if anything went. At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft which sent the chip home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going somewhat faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec, Jack Stewart, who was a good helmsman, and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey-jackets must come off; and, cold as it was, we stood in our shirt-sleeves in a perspiration, and were glad enough to have it eight bells, and the wheel relieved. We turned-in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract.

At four o'clock we were called again. The same sail was still on the vessel, and the gale, if there was any change, had increased a little. No attempt was made to take the studding-sail in; and, indeed, it was too late now. If we had started anything toward taking it in, either tack or halyards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good; if not, something must go,—the weakest stick or rope first,—and then we could get it in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed to crowd the sea into a heap before her; and the water poured over the spritsail yard as it would over a dam. Toward daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily along, relieved of the pressure, when Mr. Brown, determined to give her no respite, and depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week, —hove-to. It was soon ready, the boom topped up, preventer guys rove, and the idlers called up to man the halyards; yet such was still the force of the gale that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; carried away the outhaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set than the ship tore on again like one mad, and began to steer wilder than ever. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down, constantly. Add to this, the gale did not lessen as the day came on, but the sun rose in clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather-wheel across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man, regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save the ship from broaching to, though as she came up the studding-sail boom stood at an angle of forty-five degrees. She had evidently more on her than she could bear; yet it was in vain to try to take it in,—the clew-line was not strong enough, and they were thinking of cutting away, when another wide yaw and a come-to snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in with a crash against the lower rigging. The outhaul block gave way, and the topmast studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly a half-circle, and sprang out again to its shape. The clew-line gave way at the first pull; the cleat to which the halyards were belayed was wrenched off, and the sail blew round the spritsail yard and head guys, which gave us a bad job to get it in. A half-hour served to clear all away, and she was suffered to drive on with her topmast studding-sail set, it being as much as she could stagger under.

During all this day and the next night we went on under the same sail, the gale blowing with undiminished violence; two men at the wheel all the time; watch and watch, and nothing to do but to steer and look out for the ship, and be blown along;—until the noon of the next day,—

Sunday, July 24th, when we were in latitude 50° 27′ S., longitude 62° 13′ W., having made four degrees of latitude in the last twenty-four hours. Being now to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the ship was kept off, northeast, for the equator; and with her head for the equator, and Cape Horn over her taffrail, she went gloriously on; every heave of the sea leaving the Cape astern, and every hour bringing us nearer to home and to warm weather. Many a time, when blocked up in the ice, with everything dismal and discouraging about us, had we said, if we were only fairly round, and standing north on the other side, we should ask for no more; and now we had it all, with a clear sea and as much wind as a sailor could pray for. If the best part of a voyage is the last part, surely we had all now that we could wish. Everyone was in the highest spirits, and the ship seemed as glad as any of us at getting out of her confinement. At each change of the watch, those coming on deck asked those going below, "How does she go along?" and got, for answer, the rate and the customary addition, "Aye! and the Boston girls have had hold of the tow-rope all the watch." Every day the sun rose higher in the horizon, and the nights grew shorter; and at coming on deck each morning there was a sensible change in the temperature. The ice, too, began to melt from off the rigging and spars, and, except a little which remained in the tops and round the hounds of the lower masts, was soon gone. As we left the gale behind us, the reefs were shaken out of the topsails, and sail made as fast as she could bear it; and every time all hands were sent to the halyards a song was called for, and we hoisted away with a will.

Sail after sail was added, as we drew into fine weather; and in one week after leaving Cape Horn, the long top-gallant-masts were got up, top-gallant and royal yards crossed, and the ship restored to her fair proportions.

The Southern Cross and the Magellan Clouds settled lower and lower in the horizon; and so great was our change of latitude that each succeeding night we sank some constellation in the south, and raised another in the northern horizon. . . . .

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite, dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.

One night, while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom upon some duty, and, having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from the deck, I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel; and there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night-air, to the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade-wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark-blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out, wide and high,—the two lower studding-sails stretching on each side far beyond the deck; the topmast studding-sails like wings to the topsails; the topgallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and, highest of all, the little skysail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail, so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was, had been gazing at the show), half to himself, still looking at the marble sails,—"How quietly they do their work!"

Elizabeth Hussey Whittier.

BORN in Haverhill, Mass., 1815. DIED at Amesbury, Mass., 1864.

THE WEDDING VEIL.

DEAR ANNA, when I brought her veil,
Her white veil on her wedding night,
Threw o'er my thin brown hair its folds,
And, laughing, turned me to the light.

"See, Bessie, see! you wear at last
The bridal veil forsworn for years!"
She saw my face,—her laugh was hushed,
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

With kindly haste and trembling hand
She drew away the gauzy mist;
"Forgive, dear heart!" her sweet voice said:
Her loving lips my forehead kissed.

We passed from out the searching light;
The summer night was calm and fair:
I did not see her pitying eyes,
I felt her soft hand smooth my hair.

Her tender love unlocked my heart;
Mid falling tears, at last I said,
"Forsworn indeed to me that veil
Because I only love the dead!"

She stood one moment statue-still,
And, musing, spake in undertone,
"The living love may colder grow;
The dead is safe with God alone!"

Charles Edwards Lester.

BORN in Griswold, Conn., 1815.

JOHN THOROGOOD, DISSENTER.

[*The Glory and the Shame of England.* 1841.]

CHELMSFORD, ——, 1840.

YESTERDAY I came to this place, which is thirty miles northeast of London, chiefly to see John Thorogood, who is a victim of the tyranny of the Established Church. I have spent several hours with him in the Chelmsford jail; and I have seen no man for a long time for whom I feel more sympathy and admiration. I found my way to the jail, and asked permission to see Mr. Thorogood. The keeper reluctantly turned the key and unbarred the door.

"Yes, sir," said he, "you must come in, I suppose, but I wish the authorities would take this Thorogood away; for once in a few minutes, day after day, and month in and month out, some one comes to the door, 'Can I see John Thorogood, sir?' 'Can I see Mr. Thorogood, sir?' 'I have come to see this famous Thorogood'; and I have got sick of his very name. Why, if you were to stay here one week, you would think there was nobody in all England worth seeing but John. But I don't complain of him or his wife—*that's* all well enough; still I don't want to be bothered with John any longer."

The jailer led me to Mr. Thorogood's apartment, and I introduced myself. He seemed to be about thirty-five or forty years old, with a stout and well-made person. His countenance wears a kind but resolute expression, and his forehead denotes a considerable degree of intellect. He is a mechanic, and has always moved in the common walks of society; but he is a man of extraordinary intelligence and great firmness of character. I told him that I had come to Chelmsford to see him; that I considered him a persecuted man, and wished to know something of his history.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I *am* a persecuted man, and I thank you for coming to see me. I am an obscure and unworthy individual, but the Providence of God has placed me in circumstances very trying, and I have endeavored to act like a free man in Christ. I said I was glad to see you, and I am; and I thank you for the sympathy you manifest in my behalf: not because I begin to grow irresolute and faint-hearted; for I should be just as firm, I think, if I stood alone; but then, you know, it does one good to see the face of a friend, and take hold of his hand, when one is in trouble or persecution for conscience' sake."

"How long have you been confined here, sir?"

"Eighteen months, sir; and all for what some consider a very small matter. They say John Thorogood had rather lie in jail eighteen months than pay five and sixpence church-rate. Just as though I cared anything for that five and sixpence. Why, I will give any of those gentlemen half a sovereign or more any time for a good cause; but I am not in Chelmsford jail for five and sixpence at all. I am here because I will not surrender my liberty of conscience. That is the highest and most inviolable of all human rights. I can bear oppression until you invade the sacred ground of native moral rights; and then I cannot, and will not, give way to the wicked claims of despotic civil rulers.

"But I will tell you something about the history of this matter, and then you can judge for yourself. I am, as you well know, a Dissenter. For many years I felt it my duty to oppose the Established Church. I wept over its corruptions, its abuses of power and truth, its tyrannical oppressions of the consciences of good men; but still I paid my church-rates, although I received no advantages whatever from the institution I supported. I regarded this payment of church-rates rather as a civil duty.

"But after suffering a good many trials of feeling, at last I became satisfied that it was wrong for me in *any* way to give my countenance to the Establishment, and I refused to pay five and sixpence church-rate. I was summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court to be tried, and, of course, condemned by my enemies; for in England, when the Church prosecutes a suit at law, you must know that they are both judge and jury. I thought and prayed over the matter, and concluded it was best for me to pay no attention to it.

"The result of it all was, that for contempt of court, as it was called, I was thrown into this jail, the 16th of January, 1839, where I have remained ever since, and where I *will* remain *till I die*, rather than surrender the principle for which I am contending. That principle is no less than that for which Protestant reformers in all ages have contended: the very principle for which England broke away from her allegiance to Rome; for which Huss and Jerome, and ten thousand others, went to the stake; the same principle for which John Bunyan lay twelve years in Bedford jail; the greatest, the dearest principle for which man ever contended—the high and sacred right of conscience. . . . . .

"They are right in saying, 'The question is not whether we shall let an honest and worthy man go out of his prison and enjoy his freedom'; for they all would be glad, undoubtedly, to see me liberated; but the question is, 'Shall we surrender the rights of the Church? Shall we concede the great question of church-rates, tithes, and government patronage? If we let this man go, we must give up the Church; and the consequence of it would be a dissolution of the union of Church and State.'

"It has always happened, I believe, that every great question which has ever yet been disposed of has been settled in this way. Nothing has pained me so much as to see how insensible the great mass of the Dissenters are to the infinite importance of this question. Why, sir, multitudes of them have come to me, and besought me to give it up; they said, 'Why, John, you are only *one* man!' So was Luther only *one* man; and suppose *he* had given up.

"Look back on the history of the world, and you will find that *one man* has worked a revolution. One man is enough to *start* a Reform; but he must have help to carry it on. Oh! brethren, I say to them, if you would all come along with me; if the millions of English Dissenters would take the same stand that I have, what a spectacle would be presented! Why, we would gain our cause *at once*. To assert our rights would be to *secure* them; it would be a pretty sight, surely, to see half the people of England in jail! Oh! would to God the faint-hearted and policy-bewitched Dissenters would go along with me. I want to see no violence; none is needed. We could dissolve the Unholy Alliance of the Cross and the Throne as peaceably as we effected the Revolution of 1688.

"It is a mystery which I cannot unravel, why the Dissenters submit to these abuses. They will get up great meetings; they will make enthusiastic speeches; they will write flaming pieces about the corruptions of the Church; they will clamor violently about *rights of conscience*, and yet not a soul of them has the courage to take the stand that poor, ignorant John Thorogood, the shoemaker, has. But they will have to do it before they ever get their liberty."

Rufus Wilmot Griswold.

BORN in Benson, Vt., 1815. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1857.

THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF POE.

[*From the Memoir of Poe, afterward suppressed, in "The Literati."—The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. With a Memoir by R. W. Griswold. Edition of* 1850.]

THERE is a singular harmony between his personal and his literary qualities. St. Pierre, who seemed to be without any nobility in his own nature, in his writings appeared to be moved only by the finest and highest impulses. Poe exhibits scarcely any virtue in either his life or his writings. Probably there is not another instance in the literature of our language in which so much has been accomplished without a recognition or a manifestation of conscience. Seated behind the intelligence, and directing it, according to its capacities, Conscience is the parent of whatever is absolutely and unquestionably beautiful in art as well as in conduct. It touches the creations of the mind and they have life; without it they have never, in the range of its just action, the truth and naturalness which are approved by universal taste or in enduring reputation. In Poe's works there is constantly displayed the most touching melancholy, the most extreme and terrible despair, but never reverence or remorse. . . . . .

His realm was on the shadowy confines of human experience, among the abodes of crime, gloom, and horror, and there he delighted to surround himself with images of beauty and of terror, to raise his solemn palaces and towers and spires in a night upon which should rise no sun. His minuteness of detail, refinement of reasoning, and propriety and power of language—the perfect keeping (to borrow a phrase from another domain of art) and apparent good faith with which he managed the evocation and exhibition of his strange and spectral and revolting creations—gave him an astonishing mastery over his readers, so that his books were closed as one would lay aside the nightmare or the spells of opium. The analytical subtlety evinced in his works has frequently been overestimated, as I have before observed, because it has not been sufficiently considered that his mysteries were composed with the express design of being dissolved. When Poe attempted the illustration of the profounder operations of the mind, as displayed in written reason or real action, he frequently failed entirely.

In poetry, as in prose, he was eminently successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. They display a sombre and weird imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty which was most agreeable to his temper. But they evince little genuine feeling, and less of that spontaneous ecstasy which gives its freedom, smoothness, and naturalness to immortal verse. His own account of the composition of "The Raven" discloses his methods—the absence of all impulse, and the absolute control of calculation and mechanism. That curious analysis of the processes by which he wrought would be incredible if from another hand. . . . .

In criticism, as Mr. Lowell justly remarks, Mr. Poe had "a scientific precision and coherence of logic"; he had remarkable dexterity in the dissection of sentences; but he rarely ascended from the particular to the general, from subjects to principles: he was familiar with the microscope, but never looked through the telescope. His criticisms are of value to the degree in which they are demonstrative, but his unsupported assertions and opinions were so apt to be influenced by friendship or enmity, by the desire to please or the fear to offend, or by his constant ambition to surprise or produce a sensation, that they should be received in all cases with distrust of their fairness. A volume might be filled with literary judgments by him as antagonistical and inconsistent as the sharpest antitheses. . . . .

In person he was below the middle height, slenderly but compactly formed, and in his better moments he had in an eminent degree that air of gentlemanliness which men of a lower order seldom succeed in acquiring.

His conversation was at times almost supramortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed, or was changeless in pallor, as his imagination quickened his blood or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortals can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition, exactly and sharply defined, in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his ocular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty—so minutely and distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations—till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common and base existence, by vulgar fancies or exhibitions of the ignoblest passion.

He was at all times a dreamer—dwelling in ideal realms—in heaven or hell—peopled with the creatures and the accidents of his brain. He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer (never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned, but) for their happiness who at the moment were objects of his idolatry;—or, with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn, close by whose portals his disturbed soul sought to forget the ills to which his constitution subjected him—close by the Aidenn where were those he loved—the Aidenn which he might never see, but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death.

He seemed, except when some fitful pursuit subjugated his will and engrossed his faculties, always to bear the memory of some controlling sorrow. The remarkable poem of "The Raven" was probably much more nearly than has been supposed, even by those who were very intimate with him, a reflection and an echo of his own history. *He* was that bird's

"—— unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

Every genuine author, in a greater or less degree, leaves in his works, whatever their design, traces of his personal character: elements of his immortal being, in which the individual survives the person. While we read the pages of the "Fall of the House of Usher," or of "Mesmeric Revelations," we see in the solemn and stately gloom which invests one, and in the subtle metaphysical analysis of both, indications of the idiosyncrasies—of what was most remarkable and peculiar—in the author's intellectual nature. But we see here only the better phases of his nature, only the symbols of his juster action, for his harsh experience had deprived him of all faith in man or woman. He had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole system with him was an imposture. This conviction gave a direction to his shrewd and naturally unamiable character. Still, though he regarded society as composed altogether of villains, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villany, while it continually caused him by overshots to fail of the success of honesty. He was in many respects like Francis Vivian, in Bulwer's novel of "The Caxtons." Passion, in him, comprehended many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him but you raised quick choler; you could not speak of wealth but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. The astonishing natural advantages of this poor boy—his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere—had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudices against him. Irascible, envious—bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold repellant cynicism: his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed to him no moral susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor. He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit.

Thomas Bangs Thorpe.

Born in Westfield, Mass., 1815. **Died** in New York, N. Y., 1878.

THE BEE-HUNTER.

[*The Mysteries of the Backwoods.* 1846.]

IT was on a beautiful Southern October morning, at the hospitable mansion of a friend, where I was staying to drown dull care, that I first had the pleasure of seeing Tom Owen. He was straggling on this occasion up the rising ground that led to the hospitable mansion of mine host, and the difference between him and ordinary men was visible at a glance; perhaps it showed itself as much in the perfect contempt of fashion he displayed in the adornment of his outward man as it did in the more elevated qualities of his mind that were visible in his face. His head was adorned with an outlandish pattern of a hat; his nether limbs were ensconced in a pair of inexpressibles, beautifully fringed by the brier-bushes through which they were often drawn; coats and vests he considered as superfluities, and hanging upon his back were a couple of pails, and an axe in his right hand formed the varieties that represented the corpus of Tom Owen. As is usual with great men, he had his followers, and with a courtier-like humility they depended upon the expression of his face for all their hopes of success. The usual salutations of meeting were sufficient to draw me within the circle of his influence, and I at once became one of his most ready followers. "See yonder!" said Tom, stretching his long arm into infinite space, "see yonder—there's a bee." We all looked in the direction he pointed, but that was the extent of our observation. "It was a fine bee," continued Tom, "black body, yellow legs, and into that tree," pointing to a towering oak, blue in the distance. "In a clear day I can see a bee over a mile, easy!" When did Coleridge "talk" like that? And yet Tom Owen uttered such a saying with perfect ease.

After a variety of meanderings through the thick woods, and clambering over fences, we came to our place of destination as pointed out by Tom, who selected a mighty tree whose trunk contained the sweets, the possession of which the poets have likened to other sweets that leave a sting behind. The felling of a mighty tree is a sight that calls up a variety of emotions; and Tom's game was lodged in one of the finest in the forest. But "the axe was laid at the root of the tree," which, in Tom's mind, was made expressly for bees to build their nests in, that he might cut them down and obtain possession thereof. The sharp sounds of the axe as it played in the hands of Tom, and was replied to by a stout negro from the opposite side, by the rapidity of their strokes fast gained upon the heart of the lordly sacrifice. There was little poetry in the thought that long before this mighty empire of states was formed Tom Owen's "bee-hive" had stretched its brawny arms to the winter's blast and grown green in the summer's sun. Yet such was the case, and how long I might have moralized I know not, had not the enraged buzzing about my ears satisfied me that the occupants of the tree were not going to give up their home and treasure without showing considerable practical fight. No sooner had the little insects satisfied themselves that they were about to be invaded than they began one after another to descend from their airy abode and fiercely pitch into our faces; anon a small company, headed by an old veteran, would charge with its entire force upon all parts of our body at once. It need not be said that the better part of valor was displayed by a precipitate retreat from such attacks.

In the midst of this warfare the tree began to tremble with the fast-repeated strokes of the axe, and then might have been seen a bee-hive of stingers precipitating themselves from above on the unfortunate hunter beneath. Now it was that Tom shone forth in his glory.

His partisans, like many hangers-on about great men, began to desert him on the first symptoms of danger; and when the trouble thickened, they, one and all, took to their heels, and left only our hero and Sambo to fight their adversaries. Sambo, however, soon dropped his axe and fell into all kinds of contortions; first he would seize the back of his neck with his hands, then his shins, and yell with pain. "Don't holler, nigger, till you get out of the woods," said the sublime Tom, consolingly; but writhe he did, until he broke and left Tom "alone in his glory."

Cut—thwack! sounded through the confused hum at the foot of the tree, marvellously reminding me of the interruptions that occasionally broke in upon the otherwise monotonous hours of my school-boy days. A sharp cracking finally told me the chopping was done, and looking aloft, I saw the mighty tree balancing in the air. Slowly and majestically it bowed for the first time towards its mother earth, gaining velocity as it descended, shivering the trees that interrupted its downward course, and falling with thundering sound, splintering its mighty limbs and burying them deeply in the ground.

The sun, for the first time in at least two centuries, broke uninterruptedly through the chasm made in the forest, and shone with splendor upon the magnificent Tom standing a conqueror among his spoils.

As might be expected, the bees were very much astonished and confused, and by their united voices they proclaimed death, had it been in their power, to all their foes, not, of course, excepting Tom Owen himself. But the wary hunter was up to the tricks of this trade, and, like a politician, he knew how easily an enraged mob could be quelled with smoke; and smoke he tried until his enemies were completely destroyed. We, Tom's hangers-on, now approached his treasure. It was a rich one, and, as he observed, "contained a rich chance of plunder." Nine feet, by measurement, of the hollow of the tree was full, and this afforded many pails of pure honey. Tom was liberal, and supplied us all with more than we wanted, and "toted," by the assistance of Sambo, his share to his own home, soon to be devoured and replaced by the destruction of another tree and another nation of bees.

Johnson J. Hooper.

Born in North Carolina, about 1815. **Died** in Alabama, 1863.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

[*Adventures of Capt. Simon Suggs.* 1845.—*New Edition, with Alabama Sketches.* 1881.]

WE rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life—just that period at which nature supplies most abundantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of the female tongue—and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we, in our usual bland, and somewhat insinuating manner.

"Mornin'," said the widow gruffly.

Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded—"I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and——"

"The mischief you are!" said the old termagant. "Yes, I've hearn of you; Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him jist what I tell you, that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' *ur* 'chickens,' to *me*, I'd set the dogs on ye.—Here, Bull! here, Pomp!" Two wolfish curs responded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight growl, and then laid down on the steps. "Now," continued the old she-savage, "them's the severest dogs in this country. Last week Bill Stonecker's two-year-old steer jumped my yard-fence, and Bull and Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the world."

"Yes, ma'am," said we, meekly; "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

"You may well say that: what I tells them to do they do—and if I was to sick them on your old hoss yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Roberson. And it's jist what I shall do, if you try to pry into my consarns. They are none of your business, nor Van Buren's nuther, I reckon. Oh, old Van Banburen! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! *I'd* show you what—I'd—I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, jist to tax it, when it's taxed enough a'ready!"

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of her family.

"No sich a thing—you'll do no sich a thing," said she; "I've got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the dratted old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old; they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are *he* or *she*, is none of your consarns."

We told her we would report her to the marshal, and she would be fined: but it only augmented her wrath.

"Yes! send your marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren here, if you're bad off to—let 'em come—let Mr. Van Buren come"—looking as savage as a Bengal tigress—"Oh, I wish he *would* come"—and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed—"I'd cut his head off!"

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark, by way of a joke.

"Kill him! kill him—oh—if I had him here by the *years* I reckon I *would* kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittils out'n gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky—the oudacious, nasty, stinking old scamp!" She paused a moment, and then resumed, "And now, mister, jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Jist put down 'Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children.'"

We objected to making any such entry, but the old hag vowed it should be done, to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We, however, were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth, our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule—"Judy Tompkins, *ageable* woman, and four children."

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart: and forthwith mounting our old black, we determined to give the old soul a parting fire. Turning half round, in order to face her, we shouted—

"Old 'oman!"

"Who told you to call me old 'oman, you long-legged, hatchet-faced whelp, you? I'll make the dogs take you off that horse if you give me any more sarse. What do you want?"

"Do you want to get married?"

"Not to you, if I do!"

Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremity of our countenance, we said, "You needn't be uneasy, old 'un, on that score—thought you might suit sore-legged Dick S—— up our way, and should like to know what to tell him he might count on, if he comes down next Sunday!"

"Here, Bull!" shouted the widow, "sick him, Pomp!" but we cantered off, unwounded, fortunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress—"Si-c-k, Pomp—sick, sick, si-c-k him, Bull—suboy! suboy! suboy!"

Andrew Jackson Downing.

Born in Newburgh, N. Y., 1815. **Drowned** in the Hudson, near Yonkers, N. Y., 1852.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE PICTURESQUE.

[*Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture. Revised Edition.* 1849.]

THE Beautiful in Landscape Gardening is produced by outlines whose curves are flowing and gradual, surfaces of softness, and growth of richness and luxuriance. In the shape of the ground, it is evinced by easy undulations melting gradually into each other. In the form of trees, by smooth stems, full, round, or symmetrical heads of foliage, and luxuriant branches often drooping to the ground,—which is chiefly attained by planting and grouping, to allow free development of form; and by selecting trees of suitable character, as the elm, the ash, and the like. In walks and roads, by easy-flowing curves, following natural shapes of the surface, with no sharp angles or abrupt turns. In water, by the smooth lake with curved margin, embellished with flowing outlines of trees, and full masses of flowering shrubs—or in the easy-winding curves of a brook. The keeping of such a scene should be of the most polished kind,—grass mown into a softness like velvet, gravel walks scrupulously firm, dry, and clean; and the most perfect order and neatness should reign throughout. Among the trees and shrubs should be conspicuous the finest foreign sorts, distinguished by beauty of form, foliage, and blossom; and rich groups of shrubs and flowering plants should be arranged in the more dressed portions near the house. And finally, considering the house itself as a feature in the scene, it should properly belong to one of the classical modes; and the Italian, Tuscan, or Venetian forms are preferable, because these have both a polished and a domestic air, and readily admit of the graceful accompaniments of vases, urns, and other harmonious accessories. Or, if we are to have a plainer dwelling, it should be simple and symmetrical in its character, and its veranda festooned with masses of the finest climbers.

The Picturesque in Landscape Gardening aims at the production of outlines of a certain spirited irregularity, surfaces comparatively abrupt and broken, and growth of a somewhat wild and bold character. The shape of the ground sought after has its occasional smoothness varied by sudden variations, and in parts runs into dingles, rocky groups, and broken banks. The trees should in many places be old and irregular, with rough stems and bark; and pines, larches, and other trees of striking, irregular growth, must appear in numbers sufficient to give character to the woody outlines. As, to produce the Beautiful, the trees are planted singly in open groups to allow full expansion, so for the Picturesque, the grouping takes every variety of form; almost every object should group with another; trees and shrubs are often planted closely together; and intricacy and variety—thickets, glades, and underwood—as in wild nature, are indispensable. Walks and roads are more abrupt in their windings, turning off frequently at sudden angles where the form of the ground or some inviting object directs. In water, all the wildness of romantic spots in nature is to be imitated or preserved; and the lake or stream with bold shore and rocky, wood-fringed margin, or the cascade in the secluded dell, are the characteristic forms. The keeping of such a landscape will of course be less careful than in the graceful school. Firm gravel walks near the house, and a general air of neatness in that quarter, are indispensable to the fitness of the scene in all modes, and indeed properly evince the recognition of art in all Landscape Gardening. But the lawn may be less frequently mown, the edges of the walks less carefully trimmed, where the Picturesque prevails; while in portions more removed from the house the walks may sometimes sink into a mere footpath without gravel, and the lawn change into the forest glade or meadow. The architecture which belongs to the picturesque landscape is the Gothic mansion, the old English or the Swiss cottage, or some other striking forms, with bold projections, deep shadows, and irregular outlines. Rustic baskets, and similar ornaments, may abound near the house, and in the more frequented parts of the place. . . . .

If we declare that the Beautiful is the more perfect expression in landscape, we shall be called upon to explain why the Picturesque is so much more attractive to many minds. This, we conceive, is owing partly to the imperfection of our natures by which most of us sympathize more with that in which the struggle between spirit and matter is most apparent than with that in which the union is harmonious and complete; and partly because from the comparative rarity of highly picturesque landscape, it affects us more forcibly when brought into contrast with our daily life. Artists, we imagine, find somewhat of the same pleasure in studying wild landscape, where the very rocks and trees seem to struggle with the elements for foothold, that they do in contemplating the phases of the passions and instincts of human and animal life. The manifestation of power is to many minds far more captivating than that of beauty.

Philip Pendleton Cooke.

Born in Martinsburg, Va., 1816. Died near Boyce, Va., 1850.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
  Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
  Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
  My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
  Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
    The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
    At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
    Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
    Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
    In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
    Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
    Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
    Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
    Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
    Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
    Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
    Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
    By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
    Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
    Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
    Florence Vane!

Abel Stevens.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1815.

A LIGHT OF METHODISM.

[*History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.* 1864–67.]

GEORGE PICKERING was a rare man in all respects. Any just delineation of him must comprehend the whole man, for it was not his distinction to be marked by a few extraordinary traits, but by general excellence. In person he was tall, slight, and perfectly erect. His countenance was expressive of energy, shrewdness, self-command, and benignity; and in advanced life his silvered locks, combed precisely behind his ears, gave him a strikingly venerable appearance. The exactitude of his mind extended to all his physical habits. In pastoral labors, exercise, diet, sleep, and dress, he followed a fixed course, which scarcely admitted of deviation. In the last respect he was peculiarly neat, holding, with an old divine, that "cleanliness comes next to holiness." He continued to the last to wear the plain Quaker-like dress of the first Methodist ministry, and none could be more congruous with the bearing of his person and his venerable aspect. His voice was clear and powerful, and his step firm to the end.

His intellectual traits were not of the highest, but of the most useful order. Method was perhaps his strongest mental habit, and it comprehended nearly every detail of his daily life. His sermons were thoroughly "skeletonized." His personal habits had the mechanical regularity of clock-work. During his itinerant life he devoted to his family, residing permanently at one place, a definite portion of his time; but even these domestic visits were subjected to the most stringent regularity. During fifty years of married life he spent, upon an average, but about one fifth of his time at home, an aggregate of ten years out of fifty. This rigor may indeed have been too severe. It reminds us of the noble but defective virtue of the old Roman character. If business called him to the town of his family residence at other times than those appropriated to his domestic visits, he returned to his post of labor without crossing the threshold of his home. In that terrible calamity which spread gloom over the land—the burning of the steamer "Lexington" by night on Long Island Sound—he lost a beloved daughter. The intensity of the affliction was not capable of enhancement, yet he stood firmly on his ministerial watch-tower, though with a bleeding heart, while his family, but a few miles distant, were frantic with anguish. Not till the due time did he return to them. When it arrived he entered the house with a sorrow-smitten spirit, pressed in silence the hand of his wife, and, without uttering a word, retired to an adjacent room, where he spent some hours in solitude and unutterable grief. Such a man reminds us of Brutus, and, in the heroic times, would have been commemorated as superhuman.

He pretended to no subtlety, and was seldom, if ever, known to preach a metaphysical discourse. The literal import of the Scriptures, and its obvious applications to experimental and practical religion, formed the substance of his sermons. Perspicuity of style resulted from this perspicacity of thought. The most unlettered listener could have no difficulty in comprehending his meaning, and the children of his audience generally shared the interest of his adult hearers. Bombast and metaphysical elaborateness in the pulpit he silently but profoundly contemned as indicating a lack both of good sense and disinterested purpose in the preacher. It has been said that a man of few words is either a sage or a fool. George Pickering was seldom, if ever, known to occupy three minutes at a time in the discussions (usually so diffuse) of the Annual Conferences, and the directness of his sentences and the pertinence of his counsels always indicated the practical sage.

Almost unerring prudence marked his life. If not sagacious at seizing new opportunities, he was almost infallibly perfect in that negative prudence which attains safety and confidence. No man who knew him would have apprehended surprise or defeat in any measure undertaken by him after his usual deliberation. His character was full of energy, but it was the energy of the highest order of minds, never wavering, never impulsive. He would have excelled in any department of public life which requires chiefly wisdom and virtue. As a statesman, he would always have been secure, if not successful; as a military commander, his whole character would have guaranteed that confidence, energy, discipline, and foresight which win victory more effectually than hosts.

In combination with these characteristics, and forming no unfavorable contrast with them, was his well-known humor. I have already attempted to account for the prevalence of this trait among the early Methodist itinerants. It seemed natural to the constitution of Pickering's mind. In him, however, it was always benevolent. It seldom or never took the form of satire. It was that "sanctified wit," as it has been called, which pervades the writings of Henry, Fuller, and other old religious authors in our literature, and the smile excited by it in the hearer was caused more by an odd and surprising appositeness in his remarks or illustrations than by any play of words or pungency of sentiment.

Charles Gamage Eastman.

BORN in Fryeburg, Me., 1816. DIED at Montpelier, Vt., 1860.

A PICTURE.

[*Poems. Revised and Complete Edition.* 1880.]

THE farmer sat in his easy chair
  Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
  Was clearing the dinner away;

A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Used to sit in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay, stretched out on the floor
Where the shade after noon used to steal,
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning-wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantletree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

DIRGE.

SOFTLY!
She is lying
With her lips apart;
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast;
Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.

Gently!
She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last!
Gently!
While you're weeping
She to heaven has passed.

Lewis William Mansfield.

Born in Kent, Conn., 1816.

SINGING "CHINA."

[*Up-Country Letters.* 1852.]

OUT of the south window I could look over a wide sweep of country, but the storm now fell so fast and furious that nothing could be seen. Very soon, looking out the window, a thousand little spirits seemed to be surrounding and wrapping me in some subtle influence, and in ten minutes, I suppose, from the time I took that chair, I was fast asleep. The unusual excitement was having its reaction; and I was gone. Nothing else slept. Not the wind. Not the northeaster. Not the cat: she was only on the borders of that land; for the moment she fancied I was asleep, she came up and took a seat on my right shoulder, and busied herself winking at the big fire. I saw it all through the glass on the mantel.

And now, Professor, if you ask what all this means, and what I was about, I could not have told you. I had not planned anything definitely. Perhaps I was now getting my frolic in this royal nap all alone, nearly, in an old house, and a storm outside that was perfectly pitiless in its character. What greater luxury can a man have than rest, when it is contrasted with tumult, and hurry, and fearful imaginings? What more exquisite folding in of the golden hours than this up at Frank's, so utterly beyond the chances of intrusion? I suppose the keynote, however, was in that sharp wail of the wind outside. Let me get away, I may have said, where I can talk a little with that chap. From earliest childhood I have had a strange liking for sad and mournful sounds. They are a kind of nutriment to me; and when I feel happiest, I am most likely to break out in some dismal hymn, which, for some unaccountable reason, has for me, as I have said, this strange fascination. But right in the very climax of such a time, my wife will come up and beg me not to do so: for, strange to say, the effect upon her is not a happy one; and Joy even tosses her head at it. It is evident she has a gentle contempt for that kind of music. I had attempted one of the old Methodist tunes, when I first sat down,—being anxious to make the most of my time,—but failed, and, as aforesaid, napped instead.

It was more than an hour after I fell asleep, that Tim came in, asking what I would have for dinner. "Why, bless me, Tim," said I, "I've only just breakfasted." "You breakfasted very late then, sir: it's two o'clock, and will be dark directly." "Tim," said I, "can you get me a bit of chicken, that's fat and hearty, and not too old, Tim, broiled gently, and just a little brown?" "That's precisely what I have been doing, sir"; said the old man,—"for I remember that you always likes a broil." "And Tim," said I, "is there ever a bottle of famous old wine (ah, sir, never fear), that Mr. Bryars has left in some dusty corner (will make your mouth water, sir), or may be in some cupboard, or possibly in the garret, behind the north chimney, or may be you have the key,"—"Sure," shouted Tim, who was nearly out of patience,—"I can find ye forty of them, if ye like,"—and disappeared again in the dark passage. He appeared again, shortly, with a white apron, and directly before the great fire arranged a little old-fashioned table, which might have been a large stand, except that it had legs like tables. Standing for a moment by this small affair, after the dinner was all complete, he asked, "Will your honor have your wine now?"—and uncorking a dusty bottle, the old servant departed again.

Dinner, oh, Professor, is the great event, eh! Not often is it so with me: but for some reason, the little pullet which Tim had broiled for me had an unusual savor; or was it that choice old Burgundy, which they say can never be brought over seas, and yet here it was, sweet as nuts. There was also a little carafon of old port; and cigars I had found in a drawer of Frank's secretary. Ah! what would T. say, what would Joy and Tidy say, what would my father say, at the sight of this broken down man dining in such Palais Royal style! The peculiar thing in the transaction being, you observe, that T., and Joy, and Tidy were not there. Hurra! Hurr-rr-ah! Ah, Professor, if you could have heard me sing "Jim Crack Corn," it would have done your heart good. I began with "Jim Crack Corn," and "Old Uncle Ned," as being upon the outer borders of those sad strains, which I kept as *bonnes bouches*, and in which I could exhaust myself of this fatal passion. I was engaged in Dundee, when Tim came in and found me striding solemnly about the room, while Growler walked slowly up and down, and whenever the accent was peculiarly touching, the old dog howled, for a moment, and then ceased till I came around again to the same spot.

"Now, Tim," said I, pouring him a glass of wine, "we will drink to the health and long life of our friends over sea; and you shall sing me an ould-country song." Tim. having already laid in a small supply of cider, was quite ready; and after tossing off his glass of port, he embarked in perhaps the most dismal and wind-shrieking song that Ould Ireland ever produced. It was positively dreadful; and I directly called to him to stop a moment, as I had something to suggest. "Tim," I cried, and with no little excitement, "can you sing 'China'?" (I had kept "China" as the event of the day: as after "China" there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that makes any approach to that depth of despair so desirable in this kind of music.) "Well," said Tim, "it's likely I can sing it. I'm convanient at most of those tunes of yours. Haven't I heard you and Master Frank singing them, all alone to yourselves?"

We started, therefore, with "China," myself walking up and down, and rocking to and fro in the going-off spots, while Tim threw his arms about like a madman, and Growler now howled continually. Ah, Professor, it was very grand: it was more, it was glorious! or, as an old Connecticut friend of mine used to say, "grand, glorious, and magnificent." But, in the very midst of it, and high over the highest reach of Tim's voice, was now heard another—sharp and sky-piercing, and now, as we stopped to listen to it—low, and dying slowly away.

"Tim," said I, "do you hear that? Is any one upstairs, or in the garret, or maybe down cellar?"

"Niver a soul in the house but us, yer honor"—and we proceeded again. "*Why—should—we—mourn—de-par-ar-ted-da—*" and again rose that cry, and now it said—if it said anything—"Zariar! Zariar! Mr. *Pundison!*" In a moment, I raised one of the south windows, and behold in the distance, oh, Professor, behold, I say—the round face of my blessed wife just above the snow, her arms hanging upon the surface, and all the rest of the lady entirely gone! It was a sight, sir! Just behind her was Joy, leaning back in the snow, and laughing her eyes out. Nearer was Rover, in a deep hole, his nose seen occasionally above it as he struggled to get out; and farther off, Pompey—who was entirely out of sight, in a deep cavity, and only known to be there by his barking incessantly. They had wandered a little from the way, into a ditch which had drifted full of soft snow.

I jumped through the window, and cautiously approaching Mrs. P., threw my arms around her, and cried out, "Give me a kiss for good morning." Then it was, sir, that I saw Mrs. P. had come out in . . . This had been her ruin. She had dropped immediately through all the depths. It was only by spreading her arms that Mrs. Pundison kept herself afloat.

And now, sir, shall I tell you how we escaped from those depths, and how those ladies insisted upon tasting the wine, and making little notes and memorandums (solemn things, sir, to a husband) of what had been going on? Under the circumstances, not more glad were they than I, to get back again to our old established home: to the round table, and the curtains, and the hall-stove, and the thermometers.

T. has said, since, that it was plain the wine had got in my head; for immediately after tea I had gone to sleep in my chair, and did not wake till ten o'clock: and, besides, it was years since I had kissed her in the snow. I have been of opinion that it was the wind that made me so sleepy, but the fact, I suppose, is not to be doubted. As I awoke, and we all drew a little closer to the fire—for it was bitter cold—T. came up, and in that confiding way which a wife so well understands, asked me to say what it was that took me up to Frank Bryars'. "Will you promise," I said, "never to mention the little incident—never, upon pain of the . . . and boots being produced?" All promised; and I expounded as follows:

"You know, my children, that we all have our little ways: or, rather, our little ways have us; and we know it not. We are guided as by the wind, which goeth where it listeth.

"I tell you, very solemnly, that when I started this morning, I had no conception of any special act, other than to go up to Frank's; but, with equal solemnity, I tell you that I believe the whole motive—hidden and concealed away, like fine gold—from the very start, all through the walk in the snow, all through the household arrangements, through dinner, through everything, up to that piercing scream of yours—*was to sing 'China'!*"

T. smiled faintly as I said this; and Joy was on the verge of a laugh, which I checked instantly with a severe look; and immediately retired for the night.

"Zarry dear," said Mrs. P. just as I was going to sleep, "did you get through singing 'China'?" "My dear wife," said I, "I have exhausted 'China' for six months to come."

ELEGY.

THROUGH all the silent rooms, from far away,
  The light comes softly, seeking for my love;
Through all the silent rooms, day after day,—
  And goes up sorrowing to its home above.

With sad dumb look, with speechless questioning,
  It steps so softly through the open doors,
Where all day long the maple-shadows swing,
  Alike as speechless, o'er the vacant floors.

I wonder much that through the whole round year,
  Patient and sad, but hopeful as before,
It still comes seeking that which is not here,
  The dear bright face which we shall see no more.

I wonder much the sunlight doth not know,
  Or may not guess,—the mute and wondering light,—
That she hath gone now where the lilies blow,
  By living waters, far beyond the Night.

O sunlight, go up higher! In the blue,
  With harp and crowns and white robes,—close by Him,
Thy master,—thou wilt surely find a new
  And glad young angel with the cherubim.

Her sweet face still the same we loved, but bright
  With glories which we saw not; and her brow
Crowned with the light which Jesus gives,—a light
  Burning and radiant and immortal now.

1855.

Richard Burleigh Kimball.

Born in Lebanon, N. H., 1816.

STURM UND DRANG.

[*St. Leger, or, The Threads of Life. A Romance.* 1850.]

BELIEF.

I BELIEVE! Those words were full of meaning; and in every situation, under every trial, in the midst of scenes the most exciting, I have remembered them. Strange to say, the first lesson which I learned in Germany, the land of mystical philosophy, of wild theories, and of wilder doubts, was Belief; and that, too, from the most remarkable individual, every way considered, of whom Germany could boast. But did Goethe *believe?* I will not vouch for it; I am only confident of his assertion that he did; and I will not think that he was a man to palter. But for my purpose it was of no consequence, so long as the exclamation was evidence of his opinion. And had I wandered so far to learn the simple lesson from *him?* Yes. And now, just as the German is ascending to his zenith, I, so many years his junior—I, who have had the same glowing energy, the same healthful, hopeful ambition, the same unchanging, determined aspirations—I must stop short when I have scarce entered the lists. I see the door closed upon me just as I essay to cross the threshold. The pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, before a draught of the refreshing waters is conveyed to me; and when the reward of past struggles and of present exertions appears to be close at hand, I am called away, to be here no more. God forgive me for this momentary murmur! I know that his purposes are true, and none can question them. Come then to my aid, O sacred Faith, in this moment of my weakness, and give me strength. Teach me that although we work here, and know comparatively nothing, yet we live always; that knowledge is and ever has been progressive; that the soul of man is as capacious as his aspirations are boundless, and that he has before him duration infinite, in which to labor and to know.

LOVE, AND LIFE.

Those are halcyon days,—continued Hegewisch, after a pause,—the days of the first wish of love; the days when the object is found, and the wish becomes a sensation; the days when as yet no words are spoken, but when in their place is that indescribable something in the look, the manner, the conduct of each toward the other, which is perfectly appreciated, yet not quite understood; which leaves room for delicious doubts, and exquisite half-formed hopes, and gentle fears, and sweet questionings of the heart. . . . .

Hegewisch was silent several minutes, apparently nerving himself for the recital; then his countenance grew animated, his eyes gleamed with a strange fire, and he exclaimed in a bitter tone:

——"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

The Florentine was in the right when he wrote those lines. No, there is no greater anguish; but there is a point beyond that—yes!—where no anguish, nor sorrow, nor torment comes; because there is nothing within by which to feel them any more, where all is dead. Dead! what more horrible conception! what so dreadful a reality! Vitality, but no life; mind, thought, memory, but no hope, no apprehension, no joy, no pang! Why did not the Ghibelline put *that* into his Divine Comedy?

Life! shall I tell you what it is? Ah, would it were what so many make it: a pumping of air in and out of the lungs; a covering of the nakedness, to the prevention of shame; eating lest the body fall away; sleeping o' nights, from wearisomeness of the flesh!—then were man indeed somewhat better than a beast. But to have pining wants which gnaw the soul, and for which no provision has been made; to love, and feel that love lasts only so long as life; to labor, and know that the grave closes upon all results of toil; to enjoy, and be conscious that time withers up the sources of our bliss; to be miserable, and feel that death may not release us; to undergo all the mad pleasures of earth, and all the remorse which their indulgence brings; to feel in prosperity that nothing can secure against change, and to recognize in adversity no hope—Ha! ha! that—*that* is life! What a precious boon to that poor praying beggar, man! But in me the god of this world and the God of the other world are both baffled, for *I* am DEAD!

SURSUM CORDA.

If ever captive felt lightness of heart when his chains were struck off and he set at liberty, after breathing the noisome atmosphere of a dungeon; if ever convalescent was cheered by the pleasant sunlight and the refreshing breeze, after the confinement of a long and dangerous sickness; if ever mariner, tempest-tossed for months, hailed with transport the sight of the green earth: then did I feel lightness of heart, then was I cheered, transported, at the prospect of this change of life. How the blood went galloping through my veins! I will pack to-day, and will set off to-morrow. Now for life! Pleasure, I will grasp you yet! Change, novelty, new scenes, new actions, freedom—ay, freedom! freedom for anything—by Heaven, I will shut out all but this purpose! I *will* live a while without the interference of that surly weight that hangs like lead about my heart. Up and out into life! Already is my appetite sharpened for adventure; already a thousand tumultuous thoughts crowd upon me.

Italy! I shall see thy soft skies; I shall revel in thy classic groves, delightful Tuscany; I shall wander through thy ruins, Eternal City. Spain! how sweet the anticipation of thy beauties! Already I see thy sunny plains and stately palm-groves, thy orange-walks, and thy delicious gardens. I hear the soft music of the evening guitar; and now, the tinkling of the muleteer's bell greets my ear. 'Tis evening; the maidens of Andalusia are on the balconies listening to the impassioned serenade. I come! I will soon see this birth-place of passion—this home of love!

What if the heart become cold?—what if the cheek wrinkle and the eye grow dim? Youth! let me but enjoy youth! Give me but the experience of joy, passion, love, jealousy, hate; let me see beauty, and call it mine; let me clutch what looks so glittering; baubles they may be, but let me have them in my hand! Let me see, and know, and feel, instead of taking upon trust, what doth and what doth not perish with the using. Then approach, ye ministers of fate, and do your worst with me!

A SURPRISE FOR THE RECTOR.

[*To-Day in New York.* 1870.]

ONE pleasant afternoon, the latter part of September; it was about sunset; the Reverend Croton Ellsworth was standing in the open air, leaning against the neat paling which surrounded his grounds.

He was enjoying the *dolce far niente* of his situation to the fullest degree. He had just made up his mind to preach a couple of old sermons the following Sunday, and the idea gave an additional expression of freedom from all earthly care to the reverend gentleman's features. The soft haze of a September day had, too, its tranquillizing effect. I wish I could present him to you in tableau just as he stood with his surroundings.

Two very pretty young women had been conversing on the piazza with Mrs. Ellsworth, and now advanced to pass through the gate. Some very pleasant words were exchanged, while the young neophytes looked adoration in the face of their confessor as they tripped out.

Croton Ellsworth followed them with dreamy eyes. His soul began to glow with complacency. He glanced around his well-kept grounds. He surveyed the handsome church edifice. "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" he *felt* to himself.

It was the supreme moment unalloyed—the last he ever experienced at Scotenskopft!

"Can you tell me where hereabouts Barnabas Low is anchored?"

Croton Ellsworth turned, and saw standing before him a large, rough-looking man, with very broad shoulders, a grisly beard, and thick gray hair, which curled closely in his neck. He was dressed in sailors' garb, and wore a tarpaulin on his head.

Croton was startled by this sudden apparition, but he was not easily thrown off his guard. He scrutinized the speaker closely, and could discover nothing dangerous in his countenance, which was, all things considered, an open one. He ventured, therefore, to put on all his dignity.

He looked majestically in the man's face, and said—"What?"

"I was asking the bearings of Barnabas Low, who, they tell me, is moored a little to leeward of this, but I am blessed if it is in sight on this tack. What course shall I lay?" he continued, seeing the other did not speak.

"I can give you no information, my man. I know no such person," responded the Reverend Croton Ellsworth, stiffly.

"Are you a priest?" demanded the sailor, bluntly.

"I am."

"And you undertake to show people the road to heaven, and don't know the way to your nearest neighbor," exclaimed the stranger, in a tone so free and easy that Croton felt alarmed.

The man meantime did not stir.

"You had better pass on," said Croton.

"Why?" asked the sailor.

"Because it is not agreeable to me for you to stay any longer on my premises."

"Your premises! The highway is as free as a watercourse. You must be a d—d fool!"

"Man!" exclaimed Croton, with solemn emphasis, "if you do not leave here instantly, I will have you removed."

"Have *me* removed!" said the other, laughing, as if struck with the ridiculousness of the idea. "Pray, who is to do it? Suppose, now," he added, coming up still closer to the fence, "I say, suppose I should make up my mind to go in and see your wife and children, who is to prevent me?"

Croton was now thoroughly alarmed. He cast his eyes up the street. He saw two men walking toward him. They were his parishioners. Here was relief almost immediate.

The sailor saw him looking, and seemed to understand what was passing in his mind. "Come, now," he said, "you don't answer?"

"I will answer you presently," returned Croton, growing bolder.

"So you think I had better not go in?" continued the sailor, in a tantalizing tone.

"Move on, instantly, or I put you in custody."

The two men were getting near.

"Why, don't you know me, Crote? By ——, I don't believe the fellow is shamming, after all. You didn't know Reub, that's a fact."

Croton Ellsworth turned pale. For once he exhibited this show of emotion. What could it be? The two persons came up and passed unheeded. He seized on the paling for support. The sailor stood looking at him with an expression of intense contempt.

"Shall I go in?" he asked.

"No, Reuben, no. I can't have you come in. The house is full—friends from New York. Besides, my wife doesn't know—doesn't know ——"

"That you have such a rough customer for a brother, eh, whom you are ashamed to own. Well, Crote, it's like you. I suppose you are afraid I'll tell about your lark with Sally Jenkens—a d—d shame it was, too. Crote," he continued, with a knowing wink, "you are the same cunning coon you always was—ha—ha—ha—ha—saw it when those pretty girls came out."

"Reuben, how can you go on so? Do you never think of God, and judgment, and eternity?"

"Don't come your cant over me. Anything but that. What do *you* know about God, and judgment, and eternity? You were born a hypocrite, Crote, and a hypocrite you are, and always will be."

"You are a bold blasphemer."

"What do you care what I am? Just drop that sort of thing, and tell me where I can find my shipmate."

"I will inquire of the servants; stay where you are till I return."

Croton Ellsworth came speedily back with the desired information.

"Croton," said the sailor, in a less rude tone than he had previously used, "Croton, how is mother?"

"She is well, I presume," said the clergyman, hesitatingly.

"You *presume!*" exclaimed his brother. "Don't you *know?* When did you hear from her?"

"It is some considerable time."

"When?"

"I think last Spring."

"Don't you help her any?"

"I do all I can afford to——"

"Which is devilish small rations, I'll be bound," interrupted Reuben. "Confess, Crote, you have not sent her a stiver for six months."

The other was silent.

"Nor for a year."

"You are mistaken," said Croton Ellsworth, promptly.

"You see, Crote, I am a reprobate—a swearing, drinking, ungodly reprobate. You are a saint—one of the oily, unguentum kind. Now listen to me. When I shipped on my three years' cruise, I entered on the articles, 'three-fourths of wages to be paid to the old woman.' The rest was enough for toggery and tobacco; as for grog, no use for it on board. Good-day. I'll call on you again some time, and see my sweet little nephews and nieces."

He disappeared round the corner, and pursued his way along the lane, leaving the clergyman in a state of mind quite indescribable.

"Who is that very rude-looking creature, that Croton talks so long with?" asked one of the Miss Marlinspikes of his wife.

"I am sure I cannot imagine."

At this moment Croton entered. He looked pale and disturbed. The question was repeated.

"Oh, only a sailor; a very interesting man; an extremely interesting and instructive person. He has lately returned from the Sandwich Islands."

James Thomas Fields.

BORN in Portsmouth, N. H., 1816. DIED in Boston, Mass., 1881.

COMMON SENSE.

[*Ballads and Other Verses.* 1881.]

SHE came among the gathering crowd,
  A maiden fair, without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;
And, when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And *Common Sense* should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

GLANCES AT THACKERAY.

[*Yesterdays with Authors.* 1871.]

THACKERAY announced to me by letter in the early autumn of 1852 that he had determined to visit America, and would sail for Boston by the Canada on the 30th of October. All the necessary arrangements for his lecturing tour had been made without troubling him with any of the details. He arrived on a frosty November evening, and went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We apologized—although we had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table—for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised; then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half-dozen (rejecting a large one, "because," he said, "it resembled the High Priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off"), and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby." . . . .

Thackeray's playfulness was a marked peculiarity; a great deal of the time he seemed like a school-boy, just released from his task. In the midst of the most serious topic under discussion he was fond of asking permission to sing a comic song, or he would beg to be allowed to enliven the occasion by the instant introduction of a brief double-shuffle. Barry Cornwall told me that when he and Charles Lamb were once making up a dinner-party together, Charles asked him not to invite a certain lugubrious friend of theirs. "Because," said Lamb, "he would cast a damper even over a funeral." I have often contrasted the habitual qualities of that gloomy friend of theirs with the astounding spirits of both Thackeray and Dickens. They always seemed to me to be standing in the sunshine, and to be constantly warning other people out of cloudland. During Thackeray's first visit to America his jollity knew no bounds, and it became necessary often to repress him when he was walking in the street. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold, and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture-hall he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders. An instance of his procrastination occurred the evening of his first public appearance in America. His lecture was advertised to take place at half past seven, and when he was informed of the hour, he said he would try and be ready at eight o'clock, but thought it very doubtful. Horrified at this assertion, I tried to impress upon him the importance of punctuality on this, the night of his first bow to an American audience. At a quarter past seven I called for him, and found him not only unshaved and undressed for the evening, but rapturously absorbed in making a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a passage in Goethe's Sorrows of Werther, for a lady, which illustration,—a charming one, by the way, for he was greatly skilled in drawing,—he vowed he would finish before he would budge an inch in the direction of the (I omit the adjective) Melodeon. A comical incident occurred just as he was about leaving the hall, after his first lecture in Boston. A shabby, ungainly looking man stepped briskly up to him in the anteroom, seized his hand and announced himself as "proprietor of the Mammoth Rat," and proposed to exchange season tickets. Thackeray, with the utmost gravity, exchanged cards and promised to call on the wonderful quadruped next day.

Robert Traill Spence Lowell.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1816.

THE BRAVE OLD SHIP, THE ORIENT.

[*Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago.* 1860.]

WOE for the brave ship Orient!
Woe for the old ship Orient!
For in broad, broad light, and with land in sight,
Where the waters bubbled white,
One great sharp shriek! One shudder of affright!—
And—
down went the brave old ship, the Orient!

It was the fairest day in the merry month of May,
And sleepiness had settled on the seas;
And we had our white sail set, high up, and higher yet,
And our flag flashed and fluttered at its ease;
The cross of St. George, that in mountain and in gorge,—
On the hot and dusty plain,—
On the tiresome, trackless main,—
Conquering out,—conquering home again,—
Had flamed, the world over, on the breeze.
Ours was the far-famed Albion.

And she had her best look of might and beauty on,
As she swept across the seas that day.
The wind was fair and soft, both alow and aloft,
And we wore the even hours away.

The steadying sun heaved up, as day drew on,
And there grew a long swell of the sea.
And, first in upper air, then under, everywhere,
From the topmost towering sail
Down, down to quarter-rail,
The wind began to breathe more free.
It was soon to breathe its last,
For a wild and bitter blast
Was the master of that stormy day to be.

"Ho! Hilloa! A sail!" was the topman's hail:
"A sail, hull-down upon our lee!"
Then with sea-glass to his eye,
And his gray locks blowing by,
The Admiral sought what she might be.
And from top, and from deck,
Was it ship? Was it wreck? A far-off, far-off speck,
Of a sudden we found upon our lee.

On the round waters wide, floated no thing beside,
But we and the stranger sail:
And a hazy sky, that threatened storm,
Came coating the heaven so blue and warm,
And ahead hung the portent of a gale;
A black bank hanging there
When the order came, to wear,
Was remembered, ever after, in the tale.

Across the long, slow swell
That scarcely rose and fell,
The wind began to blow out of the cloud;
And scarce an hour was gone ere the gale was fairly on,
And through our strained rigging howled aloud.
Before the stormy wind, that was maddening behind,
We gathered in our canvas farthest spread.
Black clouds had started out
From the heavens all about,
And the welkin grew all black overhead.
But though stronger and more strong
The fierce gale rushed along,
The stranger brought her old wind in her breast.
Up came the ship from the far-off sea,
And on with the strong wind's breath rushed we.
She grew to the eye, against the clouded sky,
And eagerly her points and gear we guessed.
As we made her out, at last,

She was maimed in spar and mast
And she hugged the easy breeze for rest.

We could see the old wind fail
At the nearing of our gale;
We could see them lay their course with the wind:
Still we neared and neared her fast,
Hurled on by our fierce blast,
With the seas tumbling headlong behind.
She had come out of some storm, and, in many a busy swarm,
Her crew were refitting, as they might,
The wreck of upper spars
That had left their ugly scars,
As if the ship had come out of a fight.
We scanned her well, as we drifted by:
A strange old ship, with her poop built high,
And with quarter-galleries wide,
And a huge beaked prow, as no ships are builded now,
And carvings all strange, beside.
A Byzantine bark, and a ship of name and mark
Long years and generations ago;
Ere any mast or yard of ours was growing hard
With the seasoning of long Norwegian snow.
She was the brave old Orient,
The old imperial Orient,
Brought down from times afar,
Not such as our ships are,
But unchanged in hull and unchanged in spar,
Since mighty ships of war were builded so.

Down her old black side poured the water in a tide,
As they toiled to get the better of a leak:
We had got a signal set in the shrouds,
And our men through the storm looked on in crowds:—
But for wind, we were near enough to speak.
It seemed her sea and sky were in times long, long gone by,
That we read in winter-evens about;
As if to other stars
She had reared her old-world spars,
And her hull had kept an old-time ocean out.
We saw no signal fly, and her men scarce lifted eye,
But toiled at the work that was to do;
It warmed our English blood
When across the stormy flood
We saw the old ship and her crew.
The glories and the memories of other days agone
Seemed clinging to the old ship, as in storm she labored on.
The old ship Orient!
The brave, imperial Orient!

All that stormy night through, our ship was lying-to
Whenever we could keep her to the wind;

But late in the next day we gained a quiet bay,
For the tempest had left us far behind.
So before the sunny town
Went our anchors splashing down:
Our sails we hung all out to the sun;
While airs from off the steep
Came playing at bo-peep
With our canvas, hour by hour, in their fun.
We leaned on boom or rail with many a lazy tale
Of the work of the storm that had died;
And watched, with idle eyes,
Our floats, like summer flies,
Riding lazily about the ship's side.
Suddenly they cried, from the other deck,
That the Orient was gone to wreck!
That her hull lay high on a broken shore,
And the brave old ship would float no more.
But we heard a sadder tale, ere the night came on,
And a truer tale, of the ship that was gone.
They had seen from the height,
As she came from yester-night,
While the storm had not gone by, and the sea was running high,
A ship driving heavily to land;
A strange great ship (so she seemed to be
While she tumbled and rolled on the far-off sea,
And strange when she toiled, near at hand),
But some ship of mark and fame,
Though crippled, then, and lame,
And that must have been gallantly manned.
So she came, driving fast;
They could tell her men, at last;
There were harbors down the coast on her lee;
When, strangely, she broached to,—
Then, with her gallant crew,
Went headlong down into the sea.

That was the Orient;
The brave old Orient:
Such a ship as never more will be.

1857–60.

Parke Godwin.

BORN in Paterson, N. J., 1816.

THE DRAMATIC ART.

[*From an Address at the Reception of Henry Irving by the New York Goethe Society,* 15 *March,* 1888.]

THE Creator has conferred upon his creatures no more benignant gift than the play-impulse, as Schiller calls it—the love of fun, which is the origin of all sports and pastimes, and a relief essential to our burdens of actual care. By contributing to this impulse, the dramatic art has diffused in all civilized nations an amount of innocent and wholesome pleasure it would be impossible to calculate. At the same time in doing this, it has called into exercise also other and higher functions whereby it takes a firmer hold of human sympathies than any other art, and becomes a more powerful instrument of good and evil to the community. This superiority it owes, partly, to its form, which brings it into immediate contact with the public, and enables it to address and capture not only its intellect and its senses, but the feelings which are our real motive powers. By the use of the human voice, and by living personal action, it catches directly the inspiration of popular life and gives its own inspiration back, heart-throb for heart-throb, we may say. Its singular felicity in this respect is that it appropriates and combines the virtues and charms of all other arts and superadds virtues and charms peculiar to itself. It does all that they can do, and it does more. Thus, while it abounds in "wise saws and modern instances" like ordinary prose; while it tells an absorbing story like the epic; while it pours forth the spontaneous emotions of the individual soul, like the lyric; while it presents to the eye noble and graceful figures like sculpture; while it surrounds these figures with brilliant and harmonious colors like painting; while it constrains the delicious assistance of music, it joins to these a power of characterizing persons, and of placing these persons in situations to excite terror, pity, affection, curiosity, merriment and sorrow, that immensely heightens and broadens and intensifies its capacities. In this portrayal of character in action, moreover, it is qualified to use, more variously and vividly than any other art, the most luscious, genial, and salutary of the powers of genius—the faculty of humor, ever twin-born with pathos, which steeps the muddled brain in baths of sunshine, and lubricates the grating hinges of action with an oil of gladness. For this reason the theatre has been and is preëminently a home and temple of humor and pathos—

laughing pretension, self-righteousness, and folly off the face of the earth, and uniting the hearts of men in those soft and tender emotions which "make the whole world kin."

Again, secondly, the drama owes its superiority of influence to its substance, or, the special attractiveness of its themes. Man is, of all things that man knows, the most interesting to man, and the drama concerns itself with man in the whole round of his being, in all the varieties of his social condition and in all the subtleties of his individual motive. From kings and princes to clowns and clod-hoppers—from stately and lovely women who surpass the ideals of our dreams to homely nurses and butter-fingered dairy-maids—from the heroic defenders of nations and sturdy burghers to those whimsical and eccentric fellows who seem a mere joke of nature,—not an atom of humanity escapes its scrutiny and, we might say, its love. Nor is there a shade of anything that concerns them to which it is indifferent: their relations to outstanding nature, to the state, to the family, and to one another,—as they act upon their surroundings and are acted upon by them,—are recognized, and all their collisions, struggles, loves and hates, their ambitions, and their humiliations, their whims and caprices even, furnish the materials of its magic.

Each one of the vast and motley human throng is painted, to himself and to others, as he is, that others and himself, as impartial spectators, may see the dignity and worth, or the worthlessness, of what he does, or the certain issues of his character and conduct. In the well-worn phrase, "the drama holds a mirror up to nature," that nature may see herself in her deformity as in her beauty, get ashamed thereby of her meanness and littleness, chastise her ugly excesses, and, as Goethe sings—

Im ganzen, guten, schoenen
Resolut zu leben—

or to strive heartily to conduct her affairs in the lines of truth, goodness, and beauty.

By this anniversary of sympathy and of methods, dramatic art builds up a world of its own within the world of experience: all the grand literatures, indeed, do that, so that we possess a Homeric world, a Dantean world, a Cervantean world, and others,—but it is given to no literature to create so vast, multiform, and populous a world, and one which is so open to all mankind, as to the drama. You will say that it is only an ideal world—and that is so—sometimes of "buoyant and aerial texture," floating between heaven and earth, tinged with the hues of the rainbow, and peopled by gay creatures of the element,—sometimes of chivalric emprise or romantic adventure, where the skies are soft sunshine only and the fields grow nothing but flowers,—whose inhabitants are visions of nobleness, sweetness, and grace, moving to an ethereal melody and the pert and humble spirit of mirth; sometimes of historic magnificence and solidity, where the high deeds of statesmen and warriors are transacted, amid crowds of courtiers, a pomp of banners, and the triumph-shouts or the death-wails of struggling nations; sometimes of weird and supernatural awfulness, tragic heroes and demigods contending against inexorable fate with rain and wind and fire and tempests as their ministers,—an ideal world truly, but a real world in this, that in every case it must be a moral world, as deep in its foundations of principle, as positive in its affirmations of law, as any more sensible world may be supposed to shadow forth. Dealing with what is the whole subject-matter of all moral science—human character and conduct—the drama, by its very nature and whatever may be its immediate constituents, lives and moves and has its being in an ethical element. It confronts not merely the every-day questions of right and wrong, but the mysterious problems of good and evil which perplex inquiry and strike every utterance dumb. "We English," says an English writer, "excepting in the works of Milton, who drew from Revelation, can show no exposition of a moral theory equal to that of Æschylus, who drew from nature"; and an American writer asks, "Wherein is Shakespeare the greatest of authors?" answering, "Not in the perfection of his form, nor in his mastery of language, nor in the beauty of his images, nor even in his characterization, great as were his excellences in all these respects; no—his unique and surpassing greatness lies in his comprehension of the moral order of the world." We might add, too, that his exposition of that order is more swift, compact, concentrated, impressive, and at times terrible, than any we get elsewhere. In our actual experiences, "the whirligig of time" is often laggard in its revenges; the retributions of history, which are said to vindicate eternal justice, are ticked off by the slow clocks of the centuries; and a remote and innocent hereafter only hears the solemn toll of the judgment bells. But dramatic genius, annihilating the limitation of time and space, frames the seasons of its own harvest;—hangs its Nemesis on the necks of events and freights the very flash of its auguries with the rattling thunder peals of their execution.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1816. Died there, 1878.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men and Women.* 1873.]

THE life of Washington Irving was so truthful, so simple, so easily to be read by all men, that few words are needed for an analysis of his character. He was primarily a man of genius—that is, nature had given him a faculty of doing what no one else could do precisely, and doing it well. His talent was no doubt improved by skill and exercise; but we see it working in his earliest books, when he could scarcely have dreamt of becoming an author. Indeed, he was thrown upon authorship apparently by accident; a lucky shipwreck of his fortunes, as it proved, for the world. In this faculty, which he possessed better than anybody else in America, the most important ingredient was humor—a kindly perception of life, not unconscious of its weaknesses, tolerant of its frailties, capable of throwing a beam of sunshine into the darkness of its misfortunes. The heart was evidently his logician; a pure life his best instructor. He loved literature, but not at the expense of society. Though his writings were fed by many secret rills, flowing from the elder worthies, the best source of his inspiration was daily life. He was always true to its commonest, most real emotions.

In all his personal intercourse with others, in every relation of life, Mr. Irving, in an eminent degree, exhibited the qualities of the gentleman. They were principles of thought and action, in the old definition of Sir Philip Sidney, "seated in a heart of courtesy." His manners, while they were characterized by the highest refinement, were simple to a degree. His habits of living were plain, though not homely: everything about him displayed good taste, and an expense not below the standard of his fortunes; but there was no ostentation. No man stood more open to new impressions. His sensibility was excited by everything noble or generous, and, we may add, anything which displayed humor of character, from whatever sphere of life the example was drawn. His genius responded to every honest touch of nature in literature or art. He was a man of feeling, with the sympathies of a Mackenzie or a Goldsmith. Nor did these emotions, with him, rest only in the luxuries of sentiment. He was a practical guide, counsellor and friend; and his benevolence was not confined to this charmed circle of home and neighborhood. In public affairs, though unfitted for the duties of the working politician, his course was independent and patriotic. No heart beat warmer in love of country and the Union, and the honor of his nation's flag. This is worth mentioning in his case, for his tastes and studies led him to retirement; but he did not suffer it to be an inglorious ease, to which higher ends should be sacrificed.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Born in Johnstown, N. Y., 1816.

A PLEA FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

[*From Address at Woman Suffrage Convention, Washington*, 1868.—*History of Woman Suffrage.* 1881-82.]

I URGE a Sixteenth Amendment, because "manhood suffrage," or a man's government, is civil, religious, and social disorganization. The male element is a destructive force, stern, selfish, aggrandizing, loving war, violence, conquest, acquisition, breeding in the material and moral world alike discord, disorder, disease, and death. See what a record of blood and cruelty the pages of history reveal! Through what slavery, slaughter, and sacrifice, through what inquisitions and imprisonments, pains and persecutions, black codes and gloomy creeds, the soul of humanity has struggled for the centuries, while mercy has veiled her face and all hearts have been dead alike to love and hope! The male element has held high carnival thus far; it has fairly run riot from the beginning, overpowering the feminine element everywhere, crushing out all the diviner qualities in human nature, until we know but little of true manhood and womanhood, of the latter comparatively nothing, for it has scarce been recognized as a power until within the last century. Society is but the reflection of man himself, untempered by woman's thought; the hard iron rule we feel alike in the church, the state, and the home. No one need wonder at the disorganization, at the fragmentary condition of everything, when we remember that man, who represents but half a complete being, with but half an idea on every subject, has undertaken the absolute control of all sublunary matters.

People object to the demands of those whom they choose to call the strong-minded, because they say, "the right of suffrage will make the women masculine." That is just the difficulty in which we are involved to-day. Though disfranchised, we have few women in the best sense; we have simply so many reflections, varieties, and dilutions of the masculine gender. The strong, natural characteristics of womanhood are repressed and ignored in dependence, for so long as man feeds woman she will try to please the giver and adapt herself to his condition. To keep a foothold in society, woman must be as near like man as possible, reflect his ideas, opinions, virtues, motives, prejudices, and vices. She must respect his statutes, though they strip her of every inalienable right, and conflict with that higher law written by the finger of God on her own soul. . .

She must look at everything from its dollar-and-cent point of view, or she is a mere romancer. She must accept things as they are and make the best of them. To mourn over the miseries of others, the poverty of the poor, their hardships in jails, prisons, asylums, the horrors of war, cruelty, and brutality in every form, all this would be mere sentimentalizing. To protest against the intrigue, bribery, and corruption of public life, to desire that her sons might follow some business that did not involve lying, cheating, and a hard, grinding selfishness, would be arrant nonsense. In this way man has been moulding woman to his ideas by direct and positive influences, while she, if not a negation, has used indirect means to control him, and in most cases developed the very characteristics both in him and herself that needed repression. And now man himself stands appalled at the results of his own excesses, and mourns in bitterness that falsehood, selfishness and violence are the law of life. The need of this hour is not territory, gold-mines, railroads, or specie payments, but a new evangel of womanhood, to exalt purity, virtue, morality, true religion, to lift man up into the higher realms of thought and action.

We ask woman's enfranchisement, as the first step toward the recognition of that essential element in government that can only secure the health, strength, and prosperity of the nation. Whatever is done to lift woman to her true position will help to usher in a new day of peace and perfection for the race. In speaking of the masculine element, I do not wish to be understood to say that all men are hard, selfish, and brutal, for many of the most beautiful spirits the world has known have been clothed with manhood; but I refer to those characteristics, though often marked in woman, that distinguish what is called the stronger sex. For example, the love of acquisition and conquest, the very pioneers of civilization, when expended on the earth, the sea, the elements, the riches and forces of nature, are powers of destruction when used to subjugate one man to another or to sacrifice nations to ambition. Here that great conservator of woman's love, if permitted to assert itself, as it naturally would in freedom against oppression, violence, and war, would hold all these destructive forces in check, for woman knows the cost of life better than man does, and not with her consent would one drop of blood ever be shed, one life sacrificed in vain. With violence and disturbance in the natural world, we see a constant effort to maintain an equilibrium of forces. Nature, like a loving mother, is ever trying to keep land and sea, mountain and valley, each in its place, to hush the angry winds and waves, balance the extremes of heat and cold, of rain and drought, that peace, harmony, and beauty may reign supreme. There is a striking analogy between matter and mind, and the present disorganization of society warns us that in the dethronement of woman we have let loose the elements of violence and ruin that she only has the power to curb. If the civilization of the age calls for an extension of the suffrage, surely a government of the most virtuous educated men and women would better represent the whole and protect the interests of all than could the representation of either sex alone.

John Godfrey Saxe.

Born in Highgate, Vt., 1816. **Died** in Albany, N. Y., 1887.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

[*Poems. Highgate Edition.* 1868.]

A YOUTH would marry a maiden,
  For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
  And so it might not be.
    A lady never could wear—
      Her mother held it firm—
    A gown that came of an India plant,
      Instead of an India worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

A youth would marry a maiden,
  For fair and fond was she;
But he was high and she was low,
  And so it might not be.
    A man who had worn a spur,
      In ancient battle won,
    Had sent it down with great renown,
      To goad his future son!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

A youth would marry a maiden,
  For fair and fond was she;
But their sires disputed about the Mass,
  And so it might not be.

A couple of wicked kings,
Three hundred years agone,
Had played at a royal game of chess,
And the Church had been a pawn.
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

A BALLAD.

AN Attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief:
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!

"I've waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an 'opening' to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

"O, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression,—
The profession 's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell

On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself "It is well!"

To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curbstone the space of a minute,
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.
"A lawyer? Alas!" said another,
"Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for the want of a cause."

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
That the lawyer was drownded, because
He could not keep his head above water!

Henry David Thoreau.

Born in Concord, Mass., 1817. **Died** there, 1862.

SPRING BESIDE WALDEN.

[*Walden*. 1854.]

WHEN the ground was partially bare of snow, and a few warm days had dried its surface somewhat, it was pleasant to compare the first tender signs of the infant year just peeping forth with the stately beauty of the withered vegetation which had withstood the winter,—life-everlasting, golden-rods, pin-weeds, and graceful wild grasses, more obvious and interesting frequently than in summer even, as if their beauty was not ripe till then; even cotton-grass, cat-tails, mulleins, johnswort, hard-hack, meadow-sweet, and other strong-stemmed plants, those unexhausted granaries which entertain the earliest birds,—decent weeds, at least, which widowed Nature wears. I am particularly attracted by the arching and sheaf-like top of the wool-grass; it brings back the summer to our winter memories, and is among the forms which art loves to copy, and which, in the vegetable kingdom, have the same relation to types already in the mind of man that astronomy has. It is an antique style older than Greek or Egyptian. Many of the phenomena of Winter are suggestive of an inexpressible tenderness and fragile delicacy. We are accustomed to hear this king described as a rude and boisterous tyrant; but with the gentleness of a lover he adorns the tresses of Summer.

At the approach of spring the red-squirrels got under my house, two at a time, directly under my feet as I sat reading or writing, and kept up the queerest chuckling and chirruping and vocal pirouetting and gurgling sounds that ever were heard; and when I stamped they only chirruped the louder, as if past all fear and respect in their mad pranks, defying humanity to stop them. No you don't—chickaree—chickaree. They were wholly deaf to my arguments, or failed to perceive their force, and fell into a strain of invective that was irresistible.

The first sparrow of spring! The year beginning with younger hope than ever! The faint silvery warblings heard over the partially bare and moist fields from the blue-bird, the song-sparrow, and the red-wing, as if the last flakes of winter tinkled as they fell! What at such a time are histories, chronologies, traditions, and all written revelations? The brooks sing carols and glees to the spring. The marsh-hawk sailing low over the meadow is already seeking the first slimy life that awakes. The sinking sound of melting snow is heard in all dells, and the ice dissolves apace in the ponds. The grass flames up on the hillsides like a spring fire,—*et primitus oritur herba imbribus primoribus evocata*,—as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning sun; not yellow but green is the color of its flame;—the symbol of perpetual youth, the grass-blade, like a long green ribbon, streams from the sod into the summer, checked indeed by the frost, but anon pushing on again, lifting its spear of last year's hay with the fresh life below. It grows as steadily as the rill oozes out of the ground. It is almost identical with that, for in the growing days of June, when the rills are dry, the grass-blades are their channels, and from year to year the herds drink at this perennial green stream, and the mower draws from it betimes their winter supply. So our human life but dies down to its root, and still puts forth its green blade to eternity.

Walden is melting apace. There is a canal two rods wide along the northerly and westerly sides, and wider still at the east end. A great field of ice has cracked off from the main body. I hear a song-sparrow singing from the bushes on the shore,—*olit, olit, olit—chip, chip, chip, che, char,—che wiss, wiss, wiss.* He too is helping to crack it. How handsome the great sweeping curves in the edge of the ice, answering somewhat to those of the shore, but more regular! It is unusually hard, owing to the recent severe but transient cold, and all watered or waved like a palace floor. But the wind slides eastward over its opaque surface in vain, till it reaches the living surface beyond. It is glorious to behold this ribbon of water sparkling in the sun, the bare face of the pond full of glee and youth, as if it spoke the joy of the fishes within it, and of the sands on its shore,—a silvery sheen as from the scales of a *leuciscus*, as it were all one active fish. Such is the contrast between winter and spring. Walden was dead and is alive again. But this spring it broke up more steadily, as I have said.

The change from storm and winter to serene and mild weather, from dark and sluggish hours to bright and elastic ones, is a memorable crisis which all things proclaim. It is seemingly instantaneous at last. Suddenly an influx of light filled my house, though the evening was at hand, and the clouds of winter still overhung it, and the eaves were dripping with sleety rain. I looked out the window, and lo! where yesterday was cold gray ice there lay the transparent pond already calm and full of hope as in a summer evening, reflecting a summer evening sky in its bosom, though none was visible overhead, as if it had intelligence with some remote horizon. I heard a robin in the distance, the first I had heard for many a thousand years, methought, whose note I shall not forget for many a thousand more,—the same sweet and powerful song as of yore. O the evening robin, at the end of a New England summer day! If I could ever find the twig he sits upon! I mean *he;* I mean *the twig.* This at least is not the *Turdus migratorius.* The pitch-pines and shrub-oaks about my house, which had so long drooped, suddenly resumed their several characters, looked brighter, greener, and more erect and alive, as if effectually cleansed and restored by the rain. I knew that it would not rain any more. You may tell by looking at any twig of the forest, ay, at your very wood-pile, whether its winter is past or not. As it grew darker, I was startled by the *honking* of geese flying low over the woods, like weary travellers getting in late from southern lakes, and indulging at last in unrestrained complaint and mutual consolation. Standing at my door, I could hear the rush of their wings; when, driving toward my house, they suddenly spied my light, and with hushed clamor wheeled and settled in the pond. So I came in, and shut the door, and passed my first spring night in the woods.

In the morning I watched the geese from the door through the mist, sailing in the middle of the pond, fifty rods off, so large and tumultuous that Walden appeared like an artificial pond for their amusement. But when I stood on the shore they at once rose up with a great flapping of wings at the signal of their commander, and when they had got into rank circled about over my head, twenty-nine of them, and then steered straight to Canada, with a regular *honk* from the leader at intervals, trusting to break their fast in muddier pools. A "plump" of ducks rose at the same time and took the route to the north in the wake of their noisier cousins.

For a week I heard the circling groping clangor of some solitary goose in the foggy mornings, seeking its companion, and still peopling the woods with the sound of a larger life than they could sustain. In April the pigeons were seen again flying express in small flocks, and in due time I heard the martins twittering over my clearing, though it had not seemed that the township contained so many that it could afford me any, and I fancied that they were peculiarly of the ancient race that dwelt in hollow trees ere white men came. In almost all climes the tortoise and the frog are among the precursors and heralds of this season, and birds fly with song and glancing plumage, and plants spring and bloom, and winds blow, to correct this slight oscillation of the poles and preserve the equilibrium of Nature. . . . .

Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness,—to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the sea-coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder-cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander. We are cheered when we observe the vulture feeding on the carrion which disgusts and disheartens us and deriving health and strength from the repast. There was a dead horse in the hollow by the path to my house, which compelled me sometimes to go out of my way, especially in the night when the air was heavy, but the assurance it gave me of the strong appetite and inviolable health of Nature was my compensation for this. I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp,—tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood! With the liability to accident, we must see how little account is to be made of it. The impression made on a wise man is that of universal innocence. Poison is not poisonous after all, nor are any wounds fatal. Compassion is a very untenable ground. It must be expeditious. Its pleadings will not bear to be stereotyped.

Early in May, the oaks, hickories, maples, and other trees, just putting out amidst the pine-woods around the pond, imparted a brightness like sunshine to the landscape, especially in cloudy days, as if the sun were breaking through mists and shining faintly on the hill-sides here and there. On the third or fourth of May I saw a loon in the pond, and during the first week of the month I heard the whippoorwill, the brown-thrasher, the veery, the wood-pewee, the chewink, and other birds. I had heard the wood-thrush long before. The phœbe had already come once more and looked in at my door and window, to see if my house was cavern-like enough for her, sustaining herself on humming wings with clinched talons, as if she held by the air, while she surveyed the premises. The sulphur-like pollen of the pitch-pine soon covered the pond and the stones and rotten wood along the shore, so that you could have collected a barrelful. This is the "sulphur showers" we hear of. Even in Calidas' drama of Sacontala, we read of "rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus." And so the seasons went rolling on into summer, as one rambles into higher and higher grass.

THE FISHER'S BOY.

[*Letters to Various Persons.* 1865.]

MY life is like a stroll upon the beach,
  As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
  Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment is, and scrupulous care,
  To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
  Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
  They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
  Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
  Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
  And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

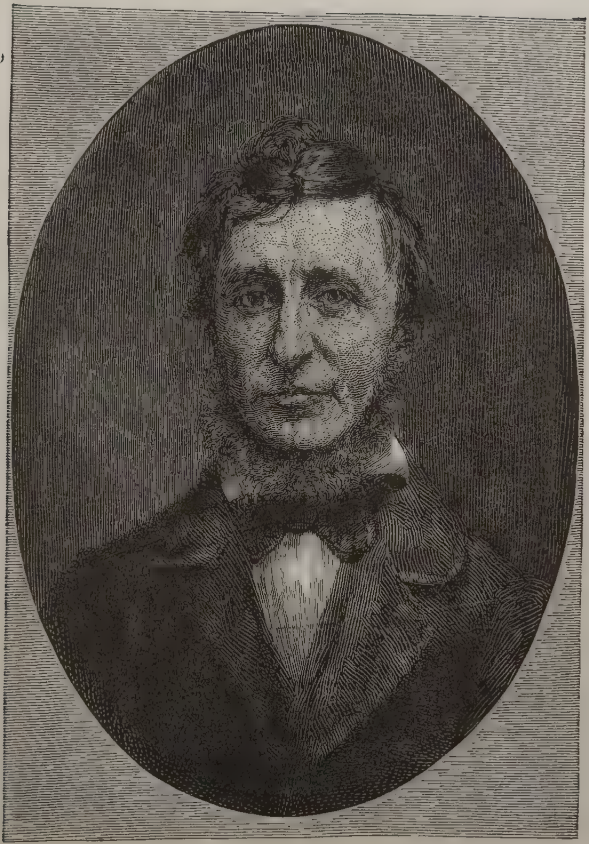
MIST.

Low-anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain-head and source of rivers,
Dew-cloth, dream-drapery,
And napkin spread by fays;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
And in whose fenny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers,—
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

THE WELLFLEET OYSTERMAN.

[*Cape Cod.* 1865.]

HAVING walked about eight miles since we struck the beach, and passed the boundary between Wellfleet and Truro, a stone post in the sand,—for even this sand comes under the jurisdiction of one town or another,—we turned inland over barren hills and valleys, whither the sea, for some reason, did not follow us, and, tracing up a Hollow, discovered two or three sober-looking houses within half a mile, uncommonly near the eastern coast. Their garrets were apparently so full of chambers that their roofs could hardly lie down straight, and we did not doubt that there was room for us there. Houses near the sea are generally low and broad. These were a story and a half high; but if you merely counted the windows in their gable-ends, you would think that there were many stories more, or, at any rate, that the half-story was the only one thought worthy of being illustrated. The great number of windows in the ends of the houses, and their irregularity in size and position, here and elsewhere on the Cape, struck us agreeably,—as if each of the various occupants who had their *cunabula* behind had punched a hole where his necessities required it, and, according to his size and stature, without regard to outside effect. There were windows for the grown folks, and windows for the children,—three or four apiece; as a certain man had a large hole cut in his barn-door for the cat, and another smaller one for the kitten. Sometimes they were so low under the eaves that I thought they must have perforated the plate beam for another apartment, and I noticed some which were triangular, to fit that part more exactly. The ends of the houses had thus as many muzzles as a



Henry D. Thoreau.

revolver, and, if the inhabitants have the same habit of staring out the windows that some of our neighbors have, a traveller must stand a small chance with them.

Generally, the old-fashioned and unpainted houses on the Cape looked more comfortable, as well as picturesque, than the modern and more pretending ones, which were less in harmony with the scenery, and less firmly planted.

These houses were on the shores of a chain of ponds, seven in number, the source of a small stream called Herring River, which empties into the Bay. There are many Herring Rivers on the Cape; they will, perhaps, be more numerous than herrings soon. We knocked at the door of the first house, but its inhabitants were all gone away. In the mean while, we saw the occupants of the next one looking out the window at us, and before we reached it an old woman came out and fastened the door of her bulkhead, and went in again. Nevertheless, we did not hesitate to knock at her door, when a grizzly-looking man appeared, whom we took to be sixty or seventy years old. He asked us, at first, suspiciously, where we were from, and what our business was; to which we returned plain answers.

"How far is Concord from Boston?" he inquired.

"Twenty miles by railroad."

"Twenty miles by railroad," he repeated.

"Didn't you ever hear of Concord of Revolutionary fame?"

"Didn't I ever hear of Concord? Why, I heard the guns fire at the battle of Bunker Hill. [They hear the sound of heavy cannon across the Bay.] I am almost ninety; I ~~am~~ eighty-eight year old. I was fourteen year old at the time of Concord Fight,—and where were you then?"

We were obliged to confess that we were not in the fight.

"Well, walk in, we'll leave it to the women," said he.

So we walked in, surprised, and sat down, an old woman taking our hats and bundles, and the old man continued, drawing up to the large, old-fashioned fire-place—

"I am a poor good-for-nothing crittur, as Isaiah says; I am all broken down this year. I am under petticoat government here."

The family consisted of the old man, his wife, and his daughter, who appeared nearly as old as her mother, a fool, her son (a brutish-looking, middle-aged man, with a prominent lower face, who was standing by the hearth when we entered, but immediately went out), and a little boy of ten.

While my companion talked with the women, I talked with the old man. They said that he was old and foolish, but he was evidently too knowing for them.

"These women," said he to me, "are both of them poor good-for-nothing critturs. This one is my wife. I married her sixty-four years ago. She is eighty-four years old, and as deaf as an adder, and the other is not much better."

He thought well of the Bible, or at least he *spoke* well, and did not *think* ill, of it, for that would not have been prudent for a man of his age. He said that he had read it attentively for many years, and he had much of it at his tongue's end. He seemed deeply impressed with a sense of his own nothingness, and would repeatedly exclaim—

"I am a nothing. What I gather from my Bible is just this: that man is a poor good-for-nothing crittur, and everything is just as God sees fit and disposes."

"May I ask your name?" I said.

"Yes," he answered, "I am not ashamed to tell my name. My name is ——. My great-grandfather came over from England and settled here."

He was an old Wellfleet oysterman, who had acquired a competency in that business, and had sons still engaged in it.

Nearly all the oyster shops and stands in Massachusetts, I am told, are supplied and kept by natives of Wellfleet, and a part of this town is still called Billingsgate, from the oysters having been formerly planted there; but the native oysters are said to have died in 1770. Various causes are assigned for this, such as a ground-frost, the carcasses of black-fish, kept to rot in the harbor, and the like, but the most common account of the matter is,—and I find that a similar superstition with regard to the disappearance of fishes exists almost everywhere,—that when Wellfleet began to quarrel with the neighboring towns about the right to gather them, yellow specks appeared in them, and Providence caused them to disappear. A few years ago sixty thousand bushels were annually brought from the South and planted in the harbor of Wellfleet till they attained "the proper relish of Billingsgate"; but now they are imported commonly full-grown, and laid down near their markets, at Boston and elsewhere, where the water, being a mixture of salt and fresh, suits them better. The business was said to be still good and improving.

The old man said that the oysters were liable to freeze in the winter, if planted too high; but if it were not "so cold as to strain their eyes" they were not injured. The inhabitants of New Brunswick have noticed that "ice will not form over an oyster-bed, unless the cold is very intense indeed, and when the bays are frozen over the oyster-beds are easily discovered by the water above them remaining unfrozen, or, as the French residents say, *degèle*." Our host said that they kept them in cellars all winter.

"Without anything to eat or drink?" I asked.

"Without anything to eat or drink," he answered.

"Can the oysters move?"

"Just as much as my shoe."

But when I caught him saying that they "bedded themselves down in the sand, flat side up, round side down," I told him that my shoe could not do that, without the aid of my foot in it; at which he said that they merely settled down as they grew; if put down in a square they would be found so; but the clam could move quite fast. I have since been told by oystermen of Long Island, where the oyster is still indigenous and abundant, that they are found in large masses attached to the parent in their midst, and are so taken up with their tongs; in which case, they say, the age of the young proves that there could have been no motion for five or six years at least. . . . .

Our host told us that the sea-clam, or hen, was not easily obtained; it was raked up, but never on the Atlantic side, only cast ashore there in small quantities in storms. The fisherman sometimes wades in water several feet deep, and thrusts a pointed stick into the sand before him. When this enters between the valves of a clam, he closes them on it, and is drawn out. It has been known to catch and hold coot and teal which were preying on it. I chanced to be on the bank of the Acushnet at New Bedford one day since this, watching some ducks, when a man informed me that, having let out his young ducks to seek their food amid the samphire (*Salicornia*) and other weeds along the river-side at low tide that morning, at length he noticed that one remained stationary, amid the weeds, something preventing it from following the others, and going to it he found its foot tightly shut in a quahog's shell. He took up both together, carried them to his home, and his wife opening the shell with a knife released the duck and cooked the quahog. The old man said that the great clams were good to eat, but that they always took out a certain part which was poisonous, before they cooked them. "People said it would kill a cat." I did not tell him that I had eaten a large one entire that afternoon, but began to think that I was tougher than a cat. He stated that pedlers came round there, and sometimes tried to sell the women folks a skimmer, but he told them that their women had got a better skimmer than *they* could make, in the shell of their clams; it was shaped just right for this purpose.—They call them "skim-alls" in some places. He also said that the sun-squawl was poisonous to handle, and when the sailors came across it, they did not meddle with it, but heaved it out of their way. I told him that I had handled it that afternoon, and had felt no ill effects as yet. But he said it made the hands itch, especially if they had previously been scratched, or if I put it into my bosom I should find out what it was.

He informed us that no ice ever formed on the back side of the Cape, or not more than once in a century, and but little snow lay there, it being either absorbed or blown or washed away. Sometimes in winter, when the tide was down, the beach was frozen, and afforded a hard road up the back side for some thirty miles, as smooth as a floor. One winter when he was a boy, he and his father "took right out into the back side before daylight, and walked to Provincetown and back to dinner."

When I asked what they did with all that barren-looking land, where I saw so few cultivated fields,—"Nothing," he said.

"Then why fence your fields?"

"To keep the sand from blowing and covering up the whole."

"The yellow sand," said he, "has some life in it, but the white little or none."

When, in answer to his questions, I told him that I was a surveyor, he said that they who surveyed his farm were accustomed, where the ground was uneven, to loop up each chain as high as their elbows; that was the allowance they made, and he wished to know if I could tell him why they did not come out according to his deed, or twice alike. He seemed to have more respect for surveyors of the old school, which I did not wonder at. "King George the Third," said he, "laid out a road four rods wide and straight the whole length of the Cape," but where it was now he could not tell. . . . .

At length the fool, whom my companion called the wizard, came in, muttering between his teeth, "Damn book-pedlers,—all the time talking about books. Better do something. Damn 'em. I'll shoot 'em. Got a doctor down here. Damn him, I'll get a gun and shoot him"; never once holding up his head. Whereat the old man stood up and said in a loud voice, as if he was accustomed to command, and this was not the first time he had been obliged to exert his authority there: "John, go sit down, mind your business,—we've heard you talk before,—precious little you'll do,—your bark is worse than your bite." But, without minding, John muttered the same gibberish over again, and then sat down at the table which the old folks had left. He ate all there was on it, and then turned to the apples, which his aged mother was paring, that she might give her guests some apple-sauce for breakfast, but she drew them away and sent him off.

When I approached this house the next summer, over the desolate hills between it and the shore, which are worthy to have been the birthplace of Ossian, I saw the wizard in the midst of a cornfield on the hill-side, but, as usual, he loomed so strangely, that I mistook him for a scarecrow.

This was the merriest old man that we had ever seen, and one of the best preserved. His style of conversation was coarse and plain enough to have suited Rabelais. He would have made a good Panurge. Or rather he was a sober Silenus, and we were the boys Chromis and Mnasilus, who listened to his story.

> "Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
> Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard
> With deeper silence or with more regard."

There was a strange mingling of past and present in his conversation, for he had lived under King George, and might have remembered when Napoleon and the moderns generally were born. He said that one day, when the troubles between the Colonies and the mother country first broke out, as he, a boy of fifteen, was pitching hay out of a cart, one Doane, an old Tory, who was talking with his father, a good Whig, said to him, "Why, Uncle Bill, you might as well undertake to pitch that pond into the ocean with a pitchfork, as for the Colonies to undertake to gain their independence." He remembered well General Washington, and how he rode his horse along the streets of Boston, and he stood up to show us how he looked.

"He was a r—a—ther large and portly-looking man, a manly and resolute-looking officer, with a pretty good leg as he sat on his horse."—"There, I'll tell you, this was the way with Washington." Then he jumped up again, and bowed gracefully to right and left, making show as if he were waving his hat. Said he, "*That* was Washington."

He told us many anecdotes of the Revolution, and was much pleased when we told him that we had read the same in history, and that his account agreed with the written.

"O," he said, "I know, I know! I was a young fellow of sixteen, with my ears wide open; and a fellow of that age, you know, is pretty wide awake, and likes to know everything that's going on. O, I know!" . . . .

In the course of the evening I began to feel the potency of the clam which I had eaten, and I was obliged to confess to our host that I was no tougher than the cat he told of; but he answered, that he was a plain-spoken man, and he could tell me that it was all imagination. At any rate, it proved an emetic in my case, and I was made quite sick by it for a short time, while he laughed at my expense. I was pleased to read afterward, in Mourt's Relation of the Landing of the Pilgrims in Provincetown Harbor, these words: "We found great muscles (the old editor says that they were undoubtedly sea-clams) and very fat and full of sea-pearl; but we could not eat them, for they made us all sick that did eat, as well sailors as passengers, . . . but they were soon well again." It brought me nearer to the Pilgrims to be thus reminded by a similar experience that I was so like them. Moreover, it was a valuable confirmation of their story, and I am prepared now to believe every word of Mourt's Relation. I was also pleased to find that man and the clam lay still at the same angle to one another. But I did not notice sea pearl. Like Cleopatra, I must have swallowed it. I have since dug these clams on a flat in the Bay and observed them. They could squirt full ten feet before the wind, as appeared by the marks of the drops on the sand. . . . .

At length the little boy, who had a seat quite in the chimney-corner, took off his stockings and shoes, warmed his feet, and having had his sore leg freshly salved, went off to bed; then the fool made bare his knotty-looking feet and legs, and followed him; and finally the old man exposed his calves also to our gaze. We had never had the good fortune to see an old man's legs before, and were surprised to find them fair and plump as an infant's, and we thought that he took a pride in exhibiting them. He then proceeded to make preparations for retiring, discoursing meanwhile with Panurgic plainness of speech on the ills to which old humanity is subject. We were a rare haul for him. He could commonly get none but ministers to talk to, though sometimes ten of them at once, and he was glad to meet some of the laity at leisure. The evening was not long enough for him. As I had been sick, the old lady asked if I would not go to bed,—it was getting late for old people; but the old man, who had not yet done his stories, said, "You ain't particular, are you?"

"O no," said I, "I am in no hurry. I believe I have weathered the Clam cape."

"They are good," said he; "I wish I had some of them now."

"They never hurt me," said the old lady.

"But then you took out the part that killed a cat," said I.

At last we cut him short in the midst of his stories, which he promised to resume in the morning. Yet, after all, one of the old ladies who came into our room in the night to fasten the fire-board, which rattled, as she went out took the precaution to fasten us in. Old women are by nature more suspicious than old men. However, the winds howled around the house, and made the fire-boards as well as the casements rattle well that night. It was probably a windy night for any locality, but we could not distinguish the roar which was proper to the ocean from that which was due to the wind alone.

The sounds which the ocean makes must be very significant and interesting to those who live near it. When I was leaving the shore at this place the next summer, and had got a quarter of a mile distant, ascending a hill, I was startled by a sudden, loud sound from the sea, as if a large steamer were letting off steam by the shore, so that I caught my breath and felt my blood run cold for an instant, and I turned about, expecting to see one of the Atlantic steamers thus far out of her course, but there was nothing unusual to be seen. There was a low bank at the entrance of the Hollow, between me and the ocean, and suspecting that I might have risen into another stratum of air in ascending the hill,—which had wafted to me only the ordinary roar of the sea,—I immediately descended again, to see if I lost hearing of it; but, without regard to my ascending or descending, it died away in a minute or two, and yet there was scarcely any wind all the while. The old man said that this was what they called the "rut," a peculiar roar of the sea before the wind changes, which, however, he could not account for. He thought that he could tell all about the weather from the sounds which the sea made. . . . .

Before sunrise the next morning they let us out again, and I ran over to the beach to see the sun come out of the ocean. The old woman of eighty-four winters was already out in the cold morning wind, bareheaded, tripping about like a young girl, and driving up the cow to milk. She got the breakfast with despatch, and without noise or bustle; and meanwhile the old man resumed his stories, standing before us, who were sitting, with his back to the chimney, and ejecting his tobacco-juice right and left into the fire behind him, without regard to the various dishes which were there preparing. At breakfast we had eels, buttermilk cake, cold bread, green beans, doughnuts, and tea. The old man talked a steady stream; and when his wife told him he had better eat his breakfast, he said: "Don't hurry me; I have lived too long to be hurried." I ate of the apple-sauce and the doughnuts, which I thought had sustained the least detriment from the old man's shots, but my companion refused the apple-sauce, and ate of the hot cake and green beans, which had appeared to him to occupy the safest part of the hearth. But on comparing notes afterward, I told him that the buttermilk cake was particularly exposed, and I saw how it suffered repeatedly, and therefore I avoided it; but he declared that, however that might be, he witnessed that the apple-sauce was seriously injured, and had therefore declined that. After breakfast we looked at his clock, which was out of order, and oiled it with some "hen's grease," for want of sweet oil, for he scarcely could believe that we were not tinkers or pedlers; meanwhile he told a story about visions, which had reference to a crack in the clock-case made by frost one night. He was curious to know to what religious sect we belonged. He said that he had been to hear thirteen kinds of preaching in one month, when he was young, but he did not join any of them,—he stuck to his Bible. There was nothing like any of them in his Bible. While I was shaving in the next room, I heard him ask my companion to what sect he belonged, to which he answered:

"O, I belong to the Universal Brotherhood."

"What's that?" he asked, "Sons o' Temperance?"

Finally, filling our pockets with doughnuts, which he was pleased to find that we called by the same name that he did, and paying for our entertainment, we took our departure; but he followed us out of doors, and made us tell him the names of the vegetables which he had raised from seeds that came out of the Franklin. They were cabbage, broccoli, and parsley. As I had asked him the names of so many things, he tried me in turn with all the plants which grew in his garden, both wild and cultivated. It was about half an acre, which he cultivated wholly himself. Besides the common garden vegetables, there were Yellow-Dock, Lemon Balm, Hyssop, Gill-go-over-the-ground, Mouse-ear, Chick-weed, Roman Wormwood, Elecampane, and other plants. As we stood there, I saw a fish-hawk stoop to pick a fish out of his pond.

"There," said I, "he has got a fish."

"Well," said the old man, who was looking all the while, but could see nothing, "he didn't dive, he just wet his claws."

And, sure enough, he did not this time, though it is said that they often do, but he merely stooped low enough to pick him out with his talons; but as he bore his shining prey over the bushes, it fell to the ground, and we did not see that he recovered it. That is not their practice.

Thus, having had another crack with the old man, he standing bareheaded under the eaves, he directed us "athwart the fields," and we took to the beach again for another day, it being now late in the morning.

It was but a day or two after this that the safe of the Provincetown Bank was broken open and robbed by two men from the interior, and we learned that our hospitable entertainers did at least transiently harbor the suspicion that we were the men.

John Jay.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1817.

HAPPY RESULTS FROM A POLICY OF JUSTICE.

[*Address to the Union League Club of New York*, 23 *June*, 1866.]

WHEN after many weary months, and a sad waste of life and treasure in a vain attempt to escape the issue, our cautious but honest President yielded at last to the absolute necessity of the case and the peremptory demand of the people, and boldly struck at slavery, the

European world recognized the truth which should have been told to them from the start, that as the Rebellion was the work of slavery, the war waged for the Constitution and the Union, to be waged successfully, must become a war for freedom.

The Proclamation of Emancipation, as our ministers abroad promptly assured us, instantly opened the eyes and touched the liberal heart of Europe. Its people saw that we were fighting their battles—the battle of human rights against the usurpations of a class aristocracy, and from that hour no Government of Europe, however hostile to us, nor any number of such Governments combined, would have dared to brave the moral sentiment of their own people and of the Christian world by intervening in furtherance of a war for slavery. We learned too late that in denying the simple fact that slavery was the cause and object of the Rebellion, and in presumptuously announcing that slavery should continue just the same whether we succeeded or failed, we had played into the hands of our enemies at home, and had enabled our foreign foes to heap upon us insult and wrong and to prolong and intensify the struggle.

With the adoption of the policy of justice forced upon the Government by the people, the God of Justice smiled upon our cause, the slaves rallied in defence of their country's flag, and that flag advanced by land and sea, until was accomplished a triumph such as the world had never seen before, and at which it has not yet ceased to wonder.

To that triumph, signally postponed until we had inaugurated emancipation as a matter of military necessity, and at the same time of humanity and of right, may be applied with equal truth the solemn reminder of Madison at the close of the war of our Revolution, embodied in the address of the Continental Congress: "Let it ever be remembered that the rights for which we have contended were the rights of human nature."

John Ross Browne.

Born in Ireland, 1817. Died at Oakland, Cal., 1875.

THE HISTORY OF MY HORSE, SALADIN.

[*Yusef; or the Journey of the Frangi.* 1853.]

IF there was any one thing in which I was resolved to be particular it was in the matter of horses. Our journey was to be a long one, and experience had taught me that much of the pleasure of travelling on horseback depends upon the qualities of the horse. . . . Yusef had already given me some slight idea of the kind of horse I was to have. It was an animal of the purest Arabian blood, descended in a direct line from the famous steed of the desert Ashrik; its great-granddam was the beautiful Boo-boo-la, for whose death the renowned Arab chieftain Ballala, then a boy, grieved constantly until he was eighty-nine years of age, when, no longer able to endure life under so melancholy an affliction, he got married to a woman of bad temper, and was tormented to death in his hundred and twentieth year, and the last words he uttered were, *doghera! doghera! straight ahead!* All of Yusef Badra's horses were his own, bought with his own money, not broken down hacks like what other dragomans hired for their Howadji; though, praised be Allah, he (Yusef) was above professional jealousy. There was only one horse in Syria that could at all compare with this animal, and that was his own, Syed Sulemin; a horse that must be known even in America, for Syed had leaped a wall twenty feet high, and was trained to walk a hundred and fifty miles a day, and kill the most desperate robbers by catching them up in his teeth and tossing them over his head. I had not heard of this horse, but thought it best, by a slight nod, to let Yusef suppose that his story was not altogether unfamiliar to me. Being determined to examine in detail all the points of the animal destined for myself, I directed Yusef to bring them both up saddled and bridled, so that we might ride out and try their respective qualities before starting on our journey. This proposition seemed to confuse him a little, but he brightened up in a moment and went off, promising to have them at the door in half an hour.

Two hours elapsed; during which time I waited with great impatience to see the famous descendant of the beautiful Boo-boo-la. I looked up toward the road, and at length saw a dust, and then saw a perfect rabble of Arabs, and then Yusef, mounted on a tall, slabsided, crooked old horse, and then—could it be?—yes!—a living animal, lean and hollow, very old, saddled with an ancient saddle, bridled with the remnants of an ancient bridle, and led by a dozen ragged Arabs. At a distance it looked a little like a horse; when it came closer it looked more like the ghost of a mule; and closer still, it bore some resemblance to the skeleton of a small camel; and when I descended to the yard, it looked a little like a horse again.

"Tell me," said I, the indignant blood mounting to my cheeks, "tell me, Yusef, *is* that a horse?"

"A horse!" retorted he, smiling, as I took it, at the untutored simplicity of an American; "a horse, O General! it is nothing else but a horse; and such an animal, too, as, I'll venture to say, the richest pasha in Beirut can't match this very moment."

"*Tahib!*" Good—said one of the Arabs, patting him on the neck, and looking sideways at me in a confidential way.

"*Tahib!* "said another, and "*tahib*" another, and "*tahib*" every Arab in the crowd, as if each one of them had ridden the horse five hundred miles, and knew all his merits by personal experience.

That there were points of some kind about him was not to be disputed. His back must have been broken at different periods of his life, in at least three places; for there were three distinct pyramids on it, like miniature pyramids of Gizeh; one just in front of the saddle, where his shoulder-blade ran up to a cone; another just back of the saddle; and the third, a kind of spur of the range, over his hips, where there was a sudden breaking off from the original line of the backbone, and a precipitous descent to his tail. The joints of his hips and the joints of his legs were also prominent, especially those of his forelegs, which he seemed to be always trying to straighten out, but never could, in consequence of the sinews being too short by several inches. His skin hung upon this remarkable piece of framework as if it had been purposely put there to dry in the sun, so as to be ready for leather at any moment after the extinction of the vital functions within. But, to judge from the eye (there was only one), there seemed to be no prospect of a suspension of vitality, for it burned with great brilliancy, showing that a horse, like a singed cat, may be a good deal better than he looks.

"A great horse that," said Yusef, patting him on the neck kindly; "no humbug about him, General. Fifty miles a day he'll travel fast asleep. He's a genuine Syrian."

"And do you tell me," said I sternly, "that this is the great-grandson of the beautiful Boo-boo-la? That I, a General in the Bob-tail Militia, and representative in foreign parts of the glorious City of Magnificent Distances, am to make a public exhibition of myself throughout Syria mounted upon that miserable beast?"

"Nay, as for that," replied the fellow, rather crestfallen, "far be it from me, the faithfullest of dragomans, to palm off a bad horse on a Howadji of rank. The very best in Beirut are at my command. Only say the word, and you shall have black, white, or gray, heavy or light, tall or short; but this much I know, you'll not find such an animal as that anywhere in Syria. Ho, Saladin! (slapping him on the neck,) who's this, old boy? Yusef, eh? Ha, ha! see how he knows me! Who killed the six Bedouins single-handed, when we were out last, eh, Saladin? Ha, ha! You know it was Yusef, you cunning rascal, only you don't like to tell. A remarkable animal, you perceive; but, as I said before, perhaps your excellency had better try another."

"No," said I, "no, Yusef; this horse will do very well. He's a little ugly, to be sure; a little broken-backed, and perhaps a little blind, lame, and spavined, but he *has* some extraordinary points of character. At all events, it will do no harm to try him. Come, away we go!" Saying which, I undertook to vault into the saddle, but the girth being loose, it turned over and let me down on the other side. This little mishap was soon remedied, and we went off in a smart walk up the lane leading from Demetrie's toward the sand-hills. In a short time we were out of the labyrinth of hedges formed by the prickly-pears, and were going along very quietly and pleasantly, when all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, Yusef, who had a heavy stick in his hand, held it up in the air like a lance, and darted off furiously, shouting as he went, "Badra, Badra!" Had an entire nest of hornets simultaneously lit upon my horse Saladin, and stung him to the quick, he could not have shown more decided symptoms of sudden and violent insanity. His tail stood straight up, each particular hair of his mane started into life, his very ears seemed to be torturing themselves out of his head, while he snorted and pawed the earth as if perfectly convulsed with fury. The next instant he made a bound, which brought my weight upon the bridle; and this brought Saladin upon his hind legs, and upon his hind legs he began to dance about in a circle; and then plunged forward again in the most extraordinary manner. The whole proceeding was so very unexpected that I would willingly have been sitting a short distance off, a mere spectator; it would have been so funny to see somebody else mounted upon Saladin. Both my feet came out of the stirrups in spite of every effort to keep them there; and the bit, being contrived in some ingenious manner, tortured the horse's mouth to such a degree every time I pulled the bridle, that he became perfectly frantic, and I had to let go at last and seize hold of his mane with both hands. This seemed to afford him immediate relief, for he bounded off at an amazing rate. My hat flew off at the same time, and the wind fairly whistled through my hair. I was so busy trying to hold on that I had no time to think how very singular the whole thing was; if there was any thought at all it was only as to the probable issue of the adventure. Away we dashed, through chaparrals of prickly-pear, over ditches and dikes, out upon the rolling sand-plain! I looked, and beheld a cloud of dust approaching. The next moment a voice shouted "Badra, Badra!" the battle-cry of our dragoman, and then Yusef himself, whirling his stick over his head, passed like a shot. "Badra, Badra!" sounded again in the distance. Saladin wheeled and darted madly after him; while I, clutching the saddle with one hand, just saved my balance in time. "Badra, Badra!" shrieked Yusef, whirling again, and blinded by the fury of battle. "Come on, come on! A thousand of you at a time! Die, villains, die!" Again he dashed furiously by, covered in a cloud of dust, and again he returned to the charge; and again, driven to the last extremity by the terrific manner in which Saladin wheeled around and followed every charge, I seized hold of the bridle and tried all my might to stop him, but this time he not only danced about on his hind legs, but made broadside charges to the left for a hundred yards on a stretch, and then turned to the right and made broadside charges again for another hundred yards, and then reared up and attempted to turn a back somerset. All this time there was not the slightest doubt in my mind that sooner or later I should be thrown violently on the ground and have my neck and several of my limbs broken. In vain I called to Yusef; in vain I threatened to discharge him on the spot; sometimes he was half a mile off, and sometimes he passed in a cloud of dust like a whirlwind, but I might just as well have shouted to the great King of Day to stand still as to Badra, the Destroyer of Robbers. By this time, finding it impossible to hold Saladin by the bridle, I seized him by the tail with one hand, and by the mane with the other, and away he darted faster than ever. "Badra, Badra!" screamed a voice behind; it was Yusef in full chase! Away we flew, up hill and down hill, over banks of sand, down into fearful hollows, and up again on the other side; and still the battle-cry of Yusef resounded behind, "Badra, Badra forever!"

On we dashed till the pine grove loomed up ahead; on, and still on, till we were close up and the grove stood like a wall of trees before us. "Thank Heaven," said I, "we'll stop now! Hold, Yusef, hold!" "Badra, Badra!" cried the frantic horseman, dashing by and plunging in among the trees: "Badra forever!" Saladin plunged after him, flying around the trees and through the narrow passes in such a manner that, if I feared before that my neck would be broken, I felt an absolute certainty now that my brains would be knocked out and both my eyes run through by some projecting limb. In the horror of the thought, I yelled to Yusef for God's sake to stop, that it was perfect folly to be running about in this way like a pair of madmen; but by this time he had scoured out on the plain again, and was now engaged in going through the exercise of the Djereed with a party of country Arabs, scattering their horses hither and thither, and flourishing his stick at their heads every time he came within reach. They seemed to regard it as an excellent joke, and took it in very good part; but for me there was no joke about the business, and I resolved as soon as a chance occurred to discharge Yusef on the spot. Saladin, becoming now a little tamed by his frolic, slackened his pace, so that I got my feet back into the stirrups, and obtained some control over him. There was a Syrian café and smoke-house not far off, and thither I directed my course. A dozen boys ran out from the grove, and seized him by the bridle, and at the same time Yusef coming up, both horses were resigned to their charge, and we dismounted. "Hallo, sir!" said I, "come this way!" for to tell the truth I was exceedingly enraged and meant to discharge him on the spot.

"Bless me! what's become of your hat?" cried Yusef, greatly surprised; "I thought your excellency had put it in your pocket, to keep it from blowing away!"

"The devil you did! Send after it, if you please; it must be a mile back on that sand-hill."

A boy was immediately despatched in search of the hat. Meantime, while I was preparing words sufficiently strong to express my displeasure, Yusef declared that he had never seen an American ride better than I did, only the horse was not used to being managed in the American fashion.

"Eh! Perhaps you allude to the way I let go the reins, and seized him by the mane?"

"To that most certainly I do refer," replied Yusef; "he doesn't understand it. None of the horses in Syria understand it."

"No," said I, "very few horses do. None but the best riders in America dare to undertake such a thing as that. Did you see how I let my feet come out of the stirrups, and rode without depending at all upon the saddle?"

"Most truly I did; and exceedingly marvellous it was to me that you were not thrown. Any but a very practised rider would have been flung upon the ground in an instant. But wherefore, O General, do you ride in that dangerous way?"

"Because it lifts the horse from the ground and makes him go faster. Besides, when you don't pull the bridle, of course you don't hurt his mouth or stop his headway."

Yusef assented to this, with many exclamations of surprise at the various customs that prevail in different parts of the world; maintaining, however, that the Syrian horses not being used to it, perhaps it would be better for me in view of our journey to learn the Syrian way of guiding and controlling horses; which I agreed to do forthwith. We then sat down and had some coffee and chibouks; and while I smoked Yusef enlightened me on all the points of Syrian horsemanship: how I was to raise my arms when I wanted the horse to go on, and hold them up when I wanted him to run, and let them down when I wanted him to stop; how I was to lean a little to the right or the left, and by the slightest motion of the bridle guide him either way; how I was to lean back or forward in certain cases, and never to trot at all, as that was a most unnatural and barbarous gait, unbecoming both to horse and rider. Upon these and a great many other points he descanted learnedly, till the boy arrived with my hat; when, paying all actual expenses for coffee and chibouks, we distributed a small amount of backshish among the boys who had attended our horses, and mounted once more. This time, under the instruction of Yusef, I soon learned how to manage Saladin, and the ride back to Beirut was both pleasant and entertaining.

John Bigelow.

BORN in Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., 1817.

THE THIRD-TERM QUESTION.

[*From a Letter to the New-York Tribune,* 14 *September,* 1874.]

IT appears: 1. That the limitation of a President's service to not exceeding two terms is sanctioned by the unbroken usage of almost an entire century. 2. That the moral authority of this usage has not been weakened by a single exception. 3. That every President who has been tempted with the prospect of a third term has distinctly recognized the binding force and wisdom of it. 4. That the Presidents thus tempted, who have had opportunities of observing for the longest period the operation of our Government, have been most tenacious of the Washingtonian limitation; and finally, 5. That no President, however popular, however important his services to his country, and whatever his prospects of a reëlection, has ever permitted his name to be used in a canvass for a third term, or failed publicly and officially to denounce any attempt to prolong the term of Presidential service beyond eight years, as an offence against the spirit of our Constitution and fatal to the principle of popular sovereignty.

In face of all the facts above recited, are we to abandon the principles of rotation in the Chief Magistracy?

And if so, for what reason? Has any one man become a necessity to the administration of this Government?

Are we traversing a crisis requiring greater statesmanship, or larger measures of public confidence, than were ever encountered by any previous President—by Washington, by Jefferson, or by Jackson? Are our obligations to the present incumbent greater than to any of his predecessors? Has our statesmanship become so impoverished, and has the race of our public men so degenerated, that he is the only one left equal to the duties of the Presidency? Or are we as a nation becoming weary of the eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty, and, like the elders of Israel in the days of Samuel, are we ready "to add unto all our sins this evil, to ask for us a king"?

These are precisely the questions presented by whatever President may presume to offer himself now or hereafter for a third election to the Presidency of the United States.

The usage is so consecrated by the authority of so many and such great names, and now by such antiquity, that it has come to acquire all the force of a constitutional provision.

No one will pretend that we are in one of those grave exigencies which have sometimes in other countries rendered a change of Executive hazardous. On the contrary, there probably was never an epoch in our history when such a change would beget less anxiety than the present. . . . .

It is one of the merits of republican institutions that they impose no duty and require no service for which the average intelligence and morality of its people is not equal. The Presidency of the United States does not yet, and we trust may never, resemble those craggy mountain peaks which are only accessible to the eagle and the serpent. It is quite a secondary question whether General Grant has been or would continue to be, if reëlected, a good President. If he were a Washington or a Lincoln, the objection to his reëlection would be equally fatal. The people of the United States very deliberately framed their Government with the view of remaining the masters of it, and not of being mastered by it, and they are not yet willing to abdicate in favor of any, even the most audacious conspirator against their sovereignty. It might happen that General Grant would not abuse the prerogatives with which a reëlection would clothe him, but who could insure us against his successor? Let the Rubicon beside which he is now encamped be once passed, let there be no recognized limitation to Presidential reëligibility and the office would at once go upon the market, and be sold for its pecuniary value. The combination of hundreds of millions of capital in a gold or railroad speculation is no longer a rare experience; conceive who can the pool that would be raised to win the indefinite Presidency of this Republic. . . . .

If there was anything calculated to mitigate the distress produced by the financial crisis of 1873, it was the fact that its bolts fell heaviest upon those who were most active in this conspiracy for wresting the Federal Government from the final control of the people, and left them, for the present at least, more of a terror to each other than to the country.

But what they sought to do there are others equally capable of undertaking, if countenanced by the Executive, the moment that barrier is removed which like a divinity now doth hedge the popular sovereignty of the country, and before which, till now, every President of the United States has inclined himself in respectful homage. Every country abounds in men ready to reason like the tyrant of Thebes:

> "Be just, unless a kingdom tempts to usurpation;
> For that, sovereignty alone is adequate temptation."

DEFENCE OF THE CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

[*From a Letter to the New-York Observer*, 10 *July*, 1879.]

I THINK that, with this testimony from the lips of Dr. Smith himself, it is rather late for any of his descendants to pretend to any authority whatever for uttering a word in disparagement of Dr. Franklin, whether as a man, a Christian, or a philosopher.

I have said nothing of the general tenor of Franklin's long life devoted to the promotion of the interests of his fellow-creatures in a degree almost without a parallel in history.

I have said nothing of his incalculably valuable discoveries in science, from which he never received nor sought any pecuniary returns.

I have said nothing of his consecrating more than half of his life to the public service without ever permitting himself to treat office-holding as a profession or to be for one moment a dependent upon government.

I have said nothing of the industry, frugality, and foresight which enabled him to provide every suitable luxury and comfort for himself and family; generously to assist dependent relatives, and to leave to his descendants an estate neither too small nor too large for his fame.

I have said nothing of his marvellous self-control; of his abiding faith in the ultimate supremacy of the right; of his aversion to and successful avoidance of all contention for personal ends; of the respect of the best men of his generation which he uniformly inspired; nor of the continued increase of his fame as the proportions of his genius and character have been more thoroughly studied and widely known.

I have said nothing of the fact that, though from the nature of his employments an obvious target for malevolence and detraction, his word was never impeached nor his good faith and fairness, even towards his own or his country's enemies, successfully questioned.

I have not specially called your attention to these features of Franklin's life, because they are known and read of all men. They are the staple and charm of every one of the innumerable biographies, in every tongue, which have been consecrated to his memory. But they are none the less the tokens by which the Christian is known and a truly religious life made manifest to men.

It is possible that Franklin never dwelt upon any of the higher planes of spiritual life; and yet who shall say that he did not? And if not, where did he get the secret of that supernatural wisdom which always led him to seek the good of each in the advantage of all? What gave him in such extraordinary measure the confidence of men and of nations? Whence the mysterious vigor which crowned with uniform success all the great enterprises of his long life, and made him, on the whole, one of the most useful and illustrious of men?

A considerable familiarity with all the authentic literary remains of Franklin has led me to the following conclusions about his religious opinions:

1. His highest standard of duty was to do unto others as he would have them do to him.

2. He was rather more of a Unitarian than a Trinitarian, in this respect doubtless sympathizing more completely with Dr. Priestley than with the "good bishop" of St. Asaph's.

3. He accepted the Bible as the safest guide to conduct ever written, but, like many others in our own time, forbore to proclaim his unlimited faith in its entire inspiration, rather from an unwillingness to assert what he had not the learning or ability to prove, than from any conviction that it was not inspired, or that a belief in its inspiration could possibly work any harm.

He believed in all the virtues which were sanctified by the life and death of Christ. If he did not practise them all at all times, he simply failed in what no child of Adam has succeeded in doing; to what extent, I leave those to determine who have led less selfish lives; who have done more for their fellow-creatures; who have more conscientiously expiated their errors; who have been less frequently a stumbling-block to weaker brethren; who in their lives have more successfully illustrated the fidelity with which prosperity and happiness wait on good works, and on that faith in the right of which good works are begotten.

ON THE RETURN TO POWER OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

[*From the Preface to "The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden."* 1885.]

NEARLY two generations have been born and clothed with the responsibilities of citizenship since those fundamental principles of constitutional democracy which Jefferson and Madison planted, and which Jackson and Van Buren watered, have ceased to yield their proper increase. The convention held at Baltimore in 1848 for the nomination of a Presidential candidate for the support of the Democratic party presumed to exclude the delegates chosen by the Democracy of New York because the convention which selected them had declared that "they were uncompromisingly opposed to the extension of slavery into any Territory of the United States already free."

> "The babe that was unborn might rue
> The voting of that day."

In this rash effort to make the nationalization of slavery one of the tests of democracy, the Democratic party was thrown from its orbit, and the remainder of its official supremacy was spent, less in illustrating sound Democratic principles and in applying them to the new problems of statesmanship as they were developed with the growth of the country, than in a defensive, exhausting, and ineffectual struggle with the vindictive consequences of its folly.

Four years before, Mr. Van Buren had been dismissed from public life and proscribed for discountenancing a sectional scheme to make five slave States out of the newly acquired Territory of Texas. He was now renominated for the Presidency by the unrepresented and misrepresented Democracy of New York, who with becoming spirit declined to accept as their candidate the man (Lewis Cass) whom they had been allowed no part in selecting, insisting that no convention could name candidates entitled to their support in which their delegates were not received on equal terms with the delegates from other States.

With this intolerant proscription of the New York Democracy began the disastrous schism which was destined to rend in twain both the great parties of the country and practically to annihilate the political organization which had given a wise and beneficent government to the country for half a century. Then, too, and there, were laid the foundations of the political conglomerate which in 1860 acquired, and for twenty-four years retained, uninterrupted control of our Federal Government.

But, though cast down, the Democratic party was not destroyed.

Though overtaken and chilled by the winter of popular discontent, though its summer's leafage and autumn fruitage strewed the ground, and barrenness dwelt in its branches, the seeds of its immortal principles were not dead. They slept where they had fallen, quietly awaiting the revolution of the political seasons and the return of the spring which was to warm them again into life. Though their period of hibernation was protracted, and exhausted the faith of many, it was destined in the fulness of time to come to an end. The ways of the New York Democracy in 1848 were to be justified to men, and its honor to be vindicated, although at a great price.

Just twenty-eight years after the delegate from New York, who had been selected by his colleagues for the purpose, broke to their outraged constituents the story of their State's humiliation, that same delegate received the suffrages of a large majority of his countrymen for the highest honor in their gift; and to-day, through that delegate's influence, another citizen of New York, who was nominated by a Democratic

National Convention which imposed no sectional tests, and who was elected without the vote of a single slaveholder, becomes the chief magistrate and most honored citizen of the Republic.

"The wheel is come full circle,"

and the bones of the Democratic party that were broken upon the cross of slavery in 1848, now, after an interval of thirty-six years, are once more knit together, and the traditions and the doctrines inherited from the golden age of the Republic are about to resume, not merely their official, but their moral supremacy in the nation.

Horace Binney Wallace.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1817. DIED in Paris, France, 1852.

WHY SCULPTURE REACHED PERFECTION WITH THE GREEKS.

[*Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe.* 1855.]

THE cause of the special and unapproached excellence of the Greeks in sculpture will be found intimately connected with the circumstance that *their theology was an anthropomorphous one.* The human form was to them an image of worship. They conceived of the gods as possessing that shape. Indeed, it is evident from the facility with which eminent persons in their earlier civilization were deified, that to their natural sentiments humanity partook of a divineness, and, in its higher phases, passed readily into that sphere. The peculiarity of their case is this, that their mental organization was such that instinctively the personality of man was to them an adoration: the free emanation of their religious conceptions was in a pantheon of men and women possessing merely natural impulses and characteristics. This is a condition which we, who have always sought and possessed a religion purely spiritual and abstract, can scarcely comprehend. It is not as if we, with natures adapted to moral and intellectual apprehensions of our object of worship, were to turn ourselves toward human forms with a resolution to make them themes of homage. The fact that the Greeks spontaneously made or found a religion in them proves that the Greek nature was exquisitely sensitive to the highest impression of the human subject, and felt its finest graces, its most evanescent beauties, with a force, an emotion, a delicacy of interest, which we cannot follow. The whole intellectual being of the Greek passioned towards this type: to him it was a representative, the embodiment—in its imaginative conception—the very identity of divinity. All the susceptibilities of his immortal spirit, all the endless enthusiasms of a nature, in all things, as the Apostle thought, "too superstitious," or, according to a better version, "very religious," were concentrated in reacting upon this image, and glorifying and exalting it. It is not wonderful that Hellenic artists accomplished such an idealization of every variety of the human shape as Christian efforts have wholly failed to approach. . . . .

From the fervent mind of the Attic sculptor, to whom the augmentation of beauty was a service of piety, sprang forth a throng of shapes flashing with all the lustre that the soul's idolatry could lavish upon them.

It has sometimes been suggested that the superiority of the Greeks in delineating the figure arose from the familiarity with it which they acquired from their frequent opportunities of viewing it nude,—on account of their usages, costumes, climate, etc. This is too superficial an account of that vital faculty of skill and knowledge upon this subject which was a part of the inherent capacity of the Greek. His superiority, in this matter, is rather to be referred to that susceptibility to the mental impression of this image which is implied in his making a religion of it,—to the enduring distinctness with which it stamped itself upon a moral nature in this respect peculiar in its organization,—to the revering interest, the pious scrutiny, the adoring earnestness of attention with which he was predisposed always to contemplate and study its form,—to the ethereal sensibility and intensity of apprehension with which his consciousness riveted itself upon it. The outflow and characteristic exercise of Grecian inspiration in sculpture was in the representation of their mythology, which included heroes, or deified men, as well as gods of the first rank. Later, it extended to winners at the public games, athletes, runners, boxers;—but this class of persons partook, in the national feeling, of a heroic or half-divine superiority. A particular type of form, highly ideal, became appropriate to them, as to the heroes, and to each of the gods. It may be added, that a capacity thus derived from religious impressibility extended to a great number of natural forms, which were to the Greeks measurably objects of a divine regard. Many animals, as connected with the gods, or with sacrifices, were sacred beings to them, and became subjects of their surpassing gift in sculpture. In general, nature—the visible, the sensible, the actual—was to the Hellenic soul Religion, as inward and reflective emotions were and are to the modern European.

Cornelius Mathews.

Born in Portchester, N. Y., 1817.

THE FATE OF BEHEMOTH.

[*Behemoth: a Legend of the Mound-Builders.—Various Writings.* 1843.]

THE fifth day from this, the Mound-builders arrived in considerable numbers, in a wood near the amphitheatre, bringing with them in wagons the tools and implements required in the proposed labor. They immediately set about the task, and commenced hewing large blocks of stone and dragging them to the mouth of the gap, but not so near as to obstruct it. The whole body of workmen that had come from the Mound-builders' villages had labored at this task for a week, and they found that in that time sufficient stone had been hewn to build the wall from base to summit. Each block was more than twelve feet square, and through its centre was drilled a hole of some six inches diameter, in which to insert bars of metal, to bind them more firmly together.

As soon as they were prepared to commence the erection of the wall, which was the most critical part of their labors, four or five separate bands of musicians were stationed at the farther end of the enclosure, and near to Behemoth: for they knew, from Bokulla's report, that the Mastodon, mighty and terrible as he was, could be soothed by the influence of music, adroitly managed.

The moment the work of heaving the vast square blocks one upon the other began, the musicians, at a given signal, commenced playing, and during the progress of the labor ran through all the variety of gentle tunes: so that the wall, like that of Amphion, sprang up under the spell of music. So cunningly did the different bands master their instruments that, at three different times, when the Mastodon had turned his step toward the gap at which the Mound-builders labored, they lured him back, and held him spell-bound and motionless.

The blocks were hoisted to their places by cranes, and the utmost silence was observed in every movement; not even a voice was lifted to command, but every direction was given with the pointed finger. No one moved from his station during the hours of toil, but each stood on his post and executed his portion of the task like a part of the machinery. And yet there was no lack of spirit; every one labored as if for his own individual redemption, and one who beheld them plying amid the massive fragments of granite, silent and busy, might have thought that they were some rebellious crew of beings brought into the wilderness by a genius or necromancer, and there compelled, speechless and uncomplaining, to do his bidding.

They labored in this way for more than a month, and at the end of that time Bokulla proclaimed from its summit that the wall was completed. At the announcement, the whole host of artisans and laborers, and innumerable women and children, who had come from the villages, sent up a shout that rent the air. Behemoth heard it, and, listening only for a moment, browsed on among the tall grass as if regardless of its source and its object. In a few days, however, after the music had ceased its gentle influence, and the supply of pasturage began to be less luxuriant, the Mastodon made progress toward the old outlet, with the determination of seeking food elsewhere.

He, of course, sought an outlet in vain, and found himself standing at the base of an immense rampart, which shot sheer up two hundred and fifty feet in air. He surveyed the structure, and soon discovered that it was no trifling barrier, but a mighty pile of rocks, that showed themselves almost as massive and firm as the mountains which they bound together. At first, Behemoth thought, although it would be idle to attempt to shake the whole mass at once, that yet the separate parts might be removed block by block. With this purpose he endeavored to force his white tusks between them, but it was in vain; they were knit too firmly together to be sundered. At length, the great brute was maddened by these fruitless efforts, and retreating several hundred rods, he rushed against the wall with tremendous strength and fury.

The Mound-builders, who overlooked the structure, trembled for its safety, but it stood stiff, and the shock caused Behemoth to recoil discomfited, while the earth shook with the weight and violence of the motion. Over and over again these assaults were repeated, always with the same result. Wearied with the attempt, the Mastodon desisted, and returned to feed upon the diminished pasturage, which he had before deserted. He had soon browsed on it to its very roots, and began to feed on the commoner grass and weeds, scarcely palatable. In a day these had all vanished, and he turned to the trees which were here and there scattered over the meadow. These he devoured, foliage, limb, and trunk. In a few days they were wholly exhausted, and the enclosed plain was reduced to a desert—pastureless, herbless, and treeless.

The impatience and wrath of Behemoth now knew no bounds. He saw no possible mode of escape from this dreary and foodless waste. Around and around the firm colosseum which enclosed him he rushed, maddened, bellowing, and foaming.

At times, in his fury, he pushed up the almost perpendicular sides of the mountains and recoiled, bringing with him shattered fragments of rock and large masses of earth, with fearful force and swiftness. Around and around he again galloped and trampled, shaking the very mountains with his ponderous motions, and filling their whole circuit with his terrible howlings and cries. The Mound-builders who stood upon the wall, and on different parts of the mountains, shrunk back affrighted and awe-stricken before the deadly glare of his eye and the fearful and agonizing sound of his voice.

Day by day he became more furious, and his roar assumed a more touching and dreadful sharpness. All sustenance was gone from the plain; the whole space within his reach furnished nothing but rocks and earth, for he had already drunk the stream dry to its channel.

The mighty brute was perishing of hunger in the centre of his prison. His strength was now too far wasted to admit of the violent and gigantic efforts which he had at first made to escape from the famine-stricken enclosure, and he now stalked up and down its barren plain, uttering awful and heart-rending cries. Some of the Mound-builders who heard them, and who saw the agonies and sufferings of Behemoth, although he had been their most cruel enemy, could not refrain from tears. So universal is humanity in its scope, that it can feel for everything that has life.

Howling and stalking like a shadow, momently diminishing, he walked to and fro in this way for many days. Hunger hourly extended its mastery through his immense frame. At about mid-day in the third week of his imprisonment, he cast his eye upon the cavernous and dusty opening through which the river that watered the plain had been accustomed to find its way. It was broad and open and of considerable height. Into this Behemoth now turned his steps. Its mouth was larger than the inner passage, for time and tempest had worn away the rocks which once guarded it.

As he advanced it diminished, and ere his whole bulk had entered the channel, it became so narrow and confined that he was forced to sink on his knees, in order to make further progress. This labor soon proved vexatious and toilsome, and the Mastodon, willing to force a way where one was not to be found, or to perish in the endeavor, raised himself slowly toward an upright position.

The remnant of his strength proved to be fearful, for, as his broad shoulders pressed upon the rocks above him, the incumbent mountain trembled, and when he had attained his full stature by a last powerful effort, the impending rocks rolled back and forth, and fell with a resounding crash and in great fragments to the earth. The whole cone of the mountain had been loosened from its base, and, leaning for a moment, like a lurid cloud in midair, fell into the plain with terrible ruin, bearing down a whole forest of trees and the earth in which they had taken root.

Fortunately for Behemoth—unfortunately for the object of the Mound-builders—the rocks which immediately overhung Behemoth, though rent in several places, did not give way, but so interlocked and pressed against each other as to form a solid arch over his head and leave him unharmed amid the ruins. Passage through the channel was, however, wholly arrested by the large masses of earth that had fallen into it, and Behemoth, finding it vain to attempt to pass farther onward, withdrew.

The fatal time drew nearer and nearer. Hundreds and thousands of the Mound-builders gathered from every quarter of the empire to look upon the last hour of the mighty creature which lay extended, in his whole vast length, in the plain. A catastrophe and show like that was not to be foregone, for it might never (and so they prayed) come again. Death and the Mastodon held a fearful encounter in the arena below. Nations looked down from the wall and the mountains, on the strange and terrible spectacle.

To and fro the whole famished bulk moved with the convulsions and spasms and devouring agonies of hunger. At times the brute raised his large countenance toward heaven, and howled forth a cry which, it seemed, might bring down the gods to his succor.

On the fortieth day Behemoth died, and left his huge bones extended on the plain, like the wreck of some mighty ship, stranded there by a deluge, to moulder, century after century, to be scattered through a continent by a later convulsion, and, finally, to become the wonder of the present time.

THE POET.

GATHER all kindreds of this boundless realm
  To speak a common tongue in thee! Be thou—
Heart, pulse, and voice, whether pent hate o'erwhelm
  The stormy speech or young love whisper low.
Cheer them, immitigable battle-drum!
  Forth, truth-mailed, to the old unconquered field,
And lure them gently to a laurelled home,
  In notes more soft than lutes or viols yield.
Fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath;
Closing their lids, bestow a dirge-like death!

Roswell Dwight Hitchcock.

Born in Machias, Me., 1817. **Died** at Somerset, Mass., 1887.

HIS VIEW OF COMMUNISM.

[*Socialism*. 1879.]

IT remains to glance at what we have called the Gospel of Communism. The expression may have grated on your ears. The points are mostly of contradiction, not of resemblance. Our Christian Gospel has in it the three elements of incarnation, atonement, and regeneration. The Gospel of Communism has no God in it at all, incarnate or any other. And it preaches neither atonement nor regeneration, for it recognizes no sin, only disease to be cured, or discord to be attuned. There is trouble enough in the world, but it all comes of inequality of social condition. Change that, and all will be changed. Equalize conditions, and there shall be "no more sea." Equalize conditions, and Paradise returns. Return it shall, says Communism, for Communism, like Christianity, is militant, only the weapons of its warfare *are* carnal. Equality of condition may be only preached as yet; by and by, when converts are multiplied, it shall be carried, as Mohammed carried Arabia, by force of arms. Enforced equality of social condition, that is the consummation; equality enforced, and reënforced, from generation to generation.

Behold now the recovered Paradise. Nature is here, with all her laws, but with no transparency of land, or sea, or sky. No light shines through. We have science, such as it is; the science of second causes. Poets and theologians are all dead. There is no God, nothing but unconscious force, which hears no prayers. "Like as a father pitieth his children" is part of an old Hebrew lullaby. We need no pity, only an equal chance. Humanity is sufficient unto itself; is Providence enough, and Grace enough. There are no families any more, not even a family, but only a flock or a herd. Human brotherhood is cant and nonsense, where no child calls any man father on earth, and there is no Father in Heaven. We are not brothers, only companions, oarsmen together in the galley, oxen together in the furrow. We have no favors to ask of anybody. All we need, and all we want, is wages for our work. As for work, organization of labor takes care of that, both to find it for us and to keep us at it. In the Orient, children are seldom seen playing together, and women seldom smile. Here, too, when Communism triumphs, the air will have lost its oxygen. There will be no more play. And there will be no more heroism. Moral character is of no account, so long as the work goes on. Genius is of no account, where the brightest must fare no better than the dullest. By and by, ambition is all gone. Competition is the name of a lost art. The arts are all lost. Coarser products deteriorate. Production declines. Everything declines. The alarm is sounded: We are going to ruin; we must all of us work more, and work better. Who shall make us work more and better? One another. And so our Paradise bristles with bayonets.

We had better be calling things by their right names. This is no Paradise of men, but of animals: of dull oxen first, each under his own end of the yoke by day, and each at night in his own stall, yokes and stalls all alike; presently, it will be of dogs, each growling and gnawing his well-picked bone; by and by it will be of wolves, howling and chasing down the belated teams; but at last it will be of tigers, tearing one another to pieces in the jungle. So the chapter, and so the volume, ends, this tragic volume of human history: at the bottom of the final page, after a fashion of the old printers, *Memento mori*, with skull and cross-bones, though not of man, but of beast. The circle is now completed. The evolution ends. Beast thou art, and unto beast shalt thou return. Whether Law or Gospel, science said it; and so it is.

Emily Chubbuck Judson.

BORN in Eaton, N. Y., 1817. DIED at Hamilton, N. Y., 1854.

WATCHING.

[*An Olio of Domestic Verses.* 1852.]

SLEEP, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pitying the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much ?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now;
Or, with its mute caress,
The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe press
Upon thy weary lid and aching brow;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circlet in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter
Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then boldly ventures out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricky, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
And tears were in the sky:
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;

The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone um
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

MY BIRD.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
Oh, God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;—
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity, are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh, my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

1848.

Frederick Douglass.

BORN in Tuckahoe, Md., about 1817.

THE BITTEREST DREGS.

[*Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, written by Himself.* 1882.]

IF at any one time in my life, more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, that time was during the first six months of my stay with this man Covey. We were worked all weathers. It was never too hot, or too cold; it could never rain, blow, snow, or hail too hard for us to work in the field. Work, work, work, was scarcely more the order of the day than of the night. The longest days were too short for him, and the shortest nights were too long for him. I was somewhat unmanageable at the first, but a few months of this discipline tamed me. Mr. Covey succeeded in *breaking* me—in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died out; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me, and behold a man transformed to a brute!

Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleeping and waking, under some large tree. At times I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint beam of hope that flickered for a moment, and then vanished. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes tempted to take my life and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. My sufferings, as I remember them now, seem like a dream rather than a stern reality.

Our house stood within a few rods of the Chesapeake bay, whose broad bosom was ever white with sails from every quarter of the habitable globe. Those beautiful vessels, robed in white, and so delightful to the eyes of freemen, were to me so many shrouded ghosts, to terrify and torment me with thoughts of my wretched condition. I have often, in the deep stillness of a summer's Sabbath, stood all alone upon the banks of that noble bay, and traced, with saddened heart and tearful eye, the countless number of sails moving off to the mighty ocean. The sight of these always affected me powerfully. My thoughts would compel utterance; and there, with no audience but the Almighty, I would pour out my soul's complaint in my rude way with an apostrophe to the moving multitude of ships.

"You are loosed from your moorings and free. I am fast in my chains and am a slave! You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip. You are freedom's swift-winged angels, that fly around the world; I am confined in bonds of iron. O, that I were free! O, that I were on one of your gallant decks, and under your protecting wing! Alas! betwixt me and you the turbid waters roll. Go on, go on; O, that I could also go! Could I but swim! If I could fly! O, why was I born a man, of whom to make a brute! The glad ship is gone: she hides in the dim distance. I am left in the hell of unending slavery. O, God, save me! God, deliver me! Let me be free!—Is there any God? Why am I a slave? I will run away. I will not stand it. Get caught or get clear, I'll try it. I had as well die with ague as with fever. I have only one life to lose. I had as well be killed running as die standing. Only think of it: one hundred miles north, and I am free! Try it? Yes! God helping me, I will. It cannot be that I shall live and die a slave. I will take to the water. This very bay shall yet bear me into freedom. The steamboats steer in a northeast course from North Point; I will do the same; and when I get to the head of the bay, I will turn my canoe adrift, and walk straight through Delaware into Pennsylvania. When I get there I shall not be required to have a pass: I will travel there without being disturbed. Let but the first opportunity offer, and come what will, I am off. Meanwhile I will try to bear the yoke. I am not the only slave in the world. Why should I fret? I can bear as much as any of them. Besides I am but a boy yet, and all boys are bound out to some one. It may be that my misery in slavery will only increase my happiness when I get free. There is a better day coming."

I shall never be able to narrate half the mental experience through which it was my lot to pass, during my stay at Covey's. I was completely wrecked, changed, and bewildered; goaded almost to madness at one time, and at another reconciling myself to my wretched condition. All the kindness I had received at Baltimore, all my former hopes and aspirations for usefulness in the world, and even the happy moments spent in the exercises of religion, contrasted with my then present lot, served but to increase my anguish.

I suffered bodily as well as mentally. I had neither sufficient time in which to eat or to sleep, except on Sundays. The over-work, and the brutal chastisements of which I was the victim, combined with that ever-gnawing and soul-devouring thought—"*I am a slave—a slave for life—a slave with no rational ground to hope for freedom*"—rendered me a living embodiment of mental and physical wretchedness.

Susan Warner.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1818. Died at Highland Falls, N. Y., 1885.

HOW FLEDA'S LITTLE BIBLE RETURNED TO HER.

[*Queechy*. 1852.]

"DO you remember that?" said he, putting her old little Bible into her hand.

Fleda seized it, but she could hardly bear the throng of images that started up around it. The smooth worn cover brought so back the childish happy days when it had been her constant companion—the shadows of the Queechy of old, and Cynthia and her grandfather; and the very atmosphere of those times when she had led a light-hearted strange wild life all alone with them, reading the encyclopædia and hunting out the wood-springs. She opened the book and slowly turned over the leaves where her father's hand had drawn those lines, of remark and affection, round many a passage,—the very look of them she knew; but she could not see it now, for her eyes were dim and tears were dropping fast into her lap,—she hoped Mr. Carleton did not see them, but she could not help it; she could only keep the book out of the way of being blotted. And there were other and later associations she had with it too,—how dear!—how tender!—how grateful!

Mr. Carleton was quite silent for a good while—till the tears had ceased; then he bent towards her so as to be heard no further off.

"It has been for many years my best friend and companion," he said in a low tone.

Fleda could make no answer, even by look.

"At first," he went on softly, "I had a strong association of you with it; but the time came when I lost that entirely, and itself quite swallowed up the thought of the giver."

A quick glance and smile told how well Fleda understood, how heartily she was pleased with that. But she instantly looked away again.

"And now," said Mr. Carleton after a pause,—"for some time past, I have got the association again; and I do not choose to have it so. I have come to the resolution to put the book back into your hands, and not receive it again, unless the giver go with the gift."

Fleda looked up, a startled look of wonder, into his face, but the dark eye left no doubt of the meaning of his words; and in unbounded confusion she turned her own and her attention, ostensibly, to the book in her hand, though sight and sense were almost equally out of her power. For a few minutes poor Fleda felt as if all sensation had retreated to her finger-ends. She turned the leaves over and over, as if willing to cheat herself or her companion into the belief that she had something to think of there, while associations and images of the past were gone with a vengeance, swallowed up in a tremendous reality of the present; and the book, which a minute ago was her father's Bible, was now—what was it?—something of Mr. Carleton's which she must give back to him. But still she held it and looked at it—conscious of no one distinct idea but that, and a faint one besides that he might like to be repossessed of his property in some reasonable time—time like everything else was in a whirl; the only steady thing in creation seemed to be that perfectly still and moveless figure by her side—till her trembling fingers admonished her they would not be able to hold anything much longer; and gently and slowly, without looking, her hand put the book back towards Mr. Carleton. That both were detained together she knew but hardly felt;—the thing was that she had given it!—

There was no other answer; and there was no further need that Mr. Carleton should make any efforts for diverting her from the scene and the circumstances where they were. Probably he knew that, for he made none. He was perfectly silent for a long time, and Fleda was deaf to any other voice that could be raised, near or far. She could not even think.

Mrs. Renney was happily snoring, and most of the other people had descended into their coat-collars, or figuratively speaking had lowered their blinds, by tilting over their hats in some uncomfortable position that signified sleep; and comparative quiet had blessed the place for some time; as little noticed indeed by Fleda as noise would have been. The sole thing that she clearly recognized in connection with the exterior world was that clasp in which one of her hands lay. She did not know that the car had grown quiet, and that only an occasional grunt of ill-humor, or waking-up colloquy, testified that it was the unwonted domicile of a number of human beings who were harboring there in a disturbed state of mind. But this state of things could not last. The time came that had been threatened, when their last supply of extrinsic warmth was at an end. Despite shut windows, the darkening of the stove was presently followed by a very sensible and fast-increasing change of temperature; and this addition to their causes of discomfort roused every one of the company from his temporary lethargy. The growl of dissatisfied voices awoke again, more gruff than before; the spirit of jesting had long languished and now died outright, and in its stead came some low and deep and bitter-spoken curses. Poor Mrs. Renney shook off her somnolency and shook her shoulders, a little business shake, admonitory to herself to keep cool; and Fleda came to the consciousness that some very disagreeable chills were making their way over her.

"Are you warm enough?" said Mr. Carleton suddenly, turning to her.

"Not quite," said Fleda hesitating,—"I feel the cold a little. Please don't, Mr. Carleton!—" she added earnestly as she saw him preparing to throw off his cloak, the identical black fox which Constance had described with so much vivacity;—"pray do not! I am not very cold—I can bear a little—I am not so tender as you think me; I do not need it, and you would feel the want very much after wearing it.—I won't put it on."

But he smilingly bade her "stand up," stooping down and taking one of her hands to enforce his words, and giving her at the same time the benefit of one of those looks of good-humored wilfulness to which his mother always yielded, and to which Fleda yielded instantly, though with a color considerably heightened at the slight touch of peremptoriness in his tone.

"You are not offended with me, Elfie?" he said in another manner, when she had sat down again and he was arranging the heavy folds of the cloak.

Offended!—A glance answered.

"You shall have everything your own way," he whispered gently, as he stooped down to bring the cloak under her feet,—"*except yourself.*"

What good care should be taken of that exception was said in the dark eye at which Fleda hardly ventured half a glance. She had much ado to command herself.

She was shielded again from all the sights and sounds within reach. She was in a maze. The comfort of the fur cloak was curiously mixed with the feeling of something else, of which that was an emblem,—a surrounding of care and strength which would effectually be exerted for her protection,—somewhat that Fleda had not known for many a long day,—the making up of the old want. Fleda had it in her heart to cry like a baby. Such a dash of sunlight had fallen at her feet that she hardly dared look at it for fear of being dazzled; but she could not look anywhere that she did not see the reflection.

In the mean time the carful of people settled again into sullen quietude. The cold was not found propitious to quarrelling. Those who could subsided anew into lethargy, those who could not gathered in their outposts to make the best defence they might of the citadel. Most happily it was not an extreme night; cold enough to be very disagreeable and even (without a fur cloak) dangerous; but not enough to put even noses and ears in immediate jeopardy. Mr. Carleton had contrived to procure a comfortable wrapper for Mrs. Renney from a Yankee who for the sake of being "a warm man" as to his pockets was willing to be cold otherwise for a time. The rest of the great coats and cloaks which were so alert and erect a little while ago were doubled up on every side in all sorts of despondent attitudes. A dull quiet brooded over the assembly; and Mr. Carleton walked up and down the vacant space. Once he caught an anxious glance from Fleda, and came immediately to her side.

"You need not be troubled about me," he said with a most genial smile;—"I am not suffering—never was further from it in my life."

Fleda could neither answer nor look.

"There are not many hours of the night to wear out," he said. "Can't you follow your neighbor's example?"

She shook her head.

"This watching is too hard for you. You will have another headache to-morrow."

"No—perhaps not," she said with a grateful look up.

"You do not feel the cold now, Elfie?"

"Not at all—not in the least—I am perfectly comfortable—I am doing very well——"

He stood still, and the changing lights and shades on Fleda's cheek grew deeper.

"Do you know where we are, Mr. Carleton?"

"Somewhere between a town the name of which I have forgotten and a place called Quarrenton, I think; and Quarrenton, they tell me, is but a few miles from Greenfield. Our difficulties will vanish, I hope, with the darkness."

He walked again, and Fleda mused, and wondered at herself in the black fox. She did not venture another look, though her eye took in nothing very distinctly but the outlines of that figure passing up and down through the car. He walked perseveringly; and weariness at last prevailed over everything else with Fleda; she lost herself with her head leaning against the bit of wood between the windows.

The rousing of the great coats, and the growing gray light, roused her before her uneasy sleep had lasted an hour. The lamps were out, the car was again spotted with two long rows of window-panes, through which the light as yet came but dimly. The morning had dawned at last, and seemed to have brought with it a fresh accession of cold, for everybody was on the stir. Fleda put up her window to get a breath of fresh air and see how the day looked.

A change of weather had come with the dawn. It was not fine yet. The snowing had ceased, but the clouds hung overhead still, though not with the leaden uniformity of yesterday; they were higher and broken into many a soft gray fold, that promised to roll away from the sky by and by. The snow was deep on the ground; every visible thing lapped in a thick white covering; a still, very grave, very pretty winter landscape, but somewhat dreary in its aspect to a trainful of people fixed in the midst of it out of sight of human habitation. Fleda felt that, but only in the abstract; to her it did not seem dreary; she enjoyed the wild solitary beauty of the scene very much, with many a grateful thought of what might have been. As it was, she left difficulties entirely to others.

As soon as it was light the various inmates of the strange dormitory gathered themselves up and set out on foot for Quarrenton. By one of them Mr. Carleton sent an order for a sleigh, which in as short a time as possible arrived, and transported him and Fleda and Mrs. Renney, and one other ill-bestead woman, safely to the little town of Quarrenton.

Henry Drisler.

BORN on Staten Island, N. Y., 1818.

A FAMOUS CLASSICAL TEACHER.

[*Discourse Commemorative of Prof. Charles Anthon.* 1868.]

IN his earlier years he had been strict in requiring a literal translation of the author's language, but after taking charge of the upper classes he adopted a system to which he adhered throughout his subsequent teaching, of preparing a carefully elaborated version of everything read by his class, in which he sought to develop the signification of mood and tense, and the force of particles and compounds, which he required to be written down by the student from his dictation, and committed to memory for review and for examination, allowing no other translation to be given. He sought in this way to fix permanently in the memory of his pupils a certain portion of their reading, and to protect them from the effect of perturbation at examination by the thoroughness of their knowledge, and to give them a model after which to shape their own subsequent reading. With this translation he combined the analysis of words and sentences, dwelling more upon etymological forms than syntactical rules, but illustrating the whole from his ample stores of philological learning, and rich fund of anecdote. The attention of his pupils was kept alive also by a constant stream of questions directed everywhere about the class, but especially to any one observed to be listless or wandering from the work before him. The unexpectedness of the question, with the strong likelihood of being called up next to recite, or some sarcastic remark on the value of habits of attention, or on the appropriateness of the furniture, or a reproof from the lips of some of the worthies of old, whose portraits looked down from the walls of the room upon the offender, dispelled the listlessness and recalled the wandering attention.

Dr. Anthon was always ready to answer questions on the subject under discussion, and allowed a somewhat wide range to the extent of such subject; in fact, he made it a principle of his system of instruction to give an answer of some kind to every question that was put to him. In his lecture-room good order prevailed. His striking personal appearance, his prompt and decisive manner, his authoritative tone, his ready wit, and sometimes biting sarcasm, and his thorough mastery of his subject, gave him entire and ready control of his classes. In fact, with his pupils Dr. Anthon bore something of the character which Xenophon ascribes to Clearchus among his soldiers—that of one fitted to inspire those around him with the feeling that he was a man to be obeyed.

For many years he was never absent from his class-room; he was never tardy, nor ever known to have met his class flurried and excited by the effort to make up accidental delay; he allowed no personal engagements, no private business to detain him from his college duties; —the class invariably found him at his post, his book open before him, pencil in hand, cool and collected. In regularity of attendance, in devotion to his work, in the faithfulness and thoroughness of his own preparation, and in the zealous earnestness with which he sought to imbue the minds of his pupils with a love of classic literature, Dr. Anthon stood preëminent. So, too, as an officer of the college, he was regular and punctual in his attendance at the meetings of the board, where his experience in the management of youth, and his promptitude and decision, gave him great influence. . . . . .

His walks for exercise were usually taken after dusk, or confined to the limits of the college green; he never attended lectures or places of public amusement; never was seen at evening parties; was a member of no political or religious association; rarely visited the libraries or bookstores; yet he kept himself acquainted with what was passing in the world around him, knew all the new books that were issued from the press, and continually added to the stores of his own collection, making his purchases from catalogues, or using the eyes of others to make the necessary examinations. His taste became very nice in the appearance as well as in the character of his books; he was not a black-letter scholar, and did not spend much for the purchase of simple rarities; but he loved his books even as books, and sought after fine paper editions, which he took delight in clothing in elegant bindings. In the preparation of his manuscript for the press he was very particular. He for years used only the finest satin paper, gilt-edged and tinted; he did this not out of mere fastidiousness, but from the facility it afforded from its solid texture for erasing, as he never obliterated with his pen or finger. If he failed to accomplish his purpose after one or two erasures, he tore the page and rewrote the whole. Like Porson's his manuscript attracted attention for its neatness; he wrote without lines very evenly, and the characters resembled print more than writing. From its marked peculiarity, requests were often made to his publishers for specimens of it.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

BORN in Mendham, N. J., 1818.

THE OLD ABBEYS.

[*Christian Ballads.* 1840.—*Revised Edition.* 1887.]

YE abbeys and ye arches,
  How few and far between,
The remnants of your glory
  In all their pride are seen!
A thousand fanes are fallen,
  And the bat and owl repose
Where once the people knelt them,
  And the high Te Deum rose.

But their dust and stones are precious
  In the eyes of pious men,
And the baron hath his manor,
  And the king his own again!
And again the bells are ringing
  With a free and happy sound,
And again Te Deum riseth
  In all the churches round.

Now pray we for our mother,
  That England long may be
The holy, and the happy,
  And the gloriously free!
Who blesseth her, is blessed!
  So peace be in her walls;
And joy in all her palaces,
  Her cottages and halls!

All ye who pray in English,
  Pray God for England, pray!
And chiefly, thou, my country,
  In thy young glory's day!

Pray God those times return not,
'Tis England's hour of need!
Pray for thy mother—daughter,
Plead God for England—plead.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled,—
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time;
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime:
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king—
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born!
How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
Of banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes!
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old Queen of holy times!

From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line:
And like a son I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
Though far away my birth,
Thee too I love, my forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here—where God is King,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

THE HEART'S SONG.

IN the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not—'Tis thy pulse's beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise and let me in!

Death comes down with ruthless footstep
To the hall or hut:
Think you Death will tarry knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth,
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.

Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
  Hast thou then forgot
Jesus waited long to know thee,
  But—He knows thee not.

1840.

Vincenzo Botta.

Born in Cavaller Maggiore, Piedmont, Italy, 1818.

CAVOUR THE STATESMAN.

[*Discourse delivered before the New York Historical Society.* 1862.]

IN person Cavour was below the medium height; his figure was strongly built; his brow massive and intellectual; his eyes were clear and penetrating; and over his firmly set mouth a smile half ironical and half humorous habitually played. His whole face indicated the strength, the sensibility, and vivacity of his character, and faithfully reflected all his emotions; in which respect alone he was no diplomatist. Indeed, his unconscious outward manifestations of pleasure or dissatisfaction were so marked that the state of his mind could be easily interpreted by those who watched him even as he passed along the streets. . . . .

In manners he was simple and charming; his conversation was brilliant and witty. He was genial and fond of frolic and fun, although his temper was passionate, and he was at times imperious and intolerant of opposition even from his best friends. But this was evanescent; and, either wrong or right, with his equals or subordinates, with friends or foes, he was always the first to seek a reconciliation whenever he had given offence. His personal prejudices and antipathies were not deeply rooted, and easily gave way, while the great power of satire which he possessed he freely used as a weapon, not as a vehicle of ill-nature. He was accessible to the humblest citizen. He was kind, generous, and tender-hearted, and delighted in acts of benevolence, many of which he performed in secret. Firm in the consciousness of right, he was superior to flattery or censure; and although, as the moral dictator of the nation, he generally chose for his subordinates men of mediocrity, laborious and submissive, rather than those who were remarkable for genius or personal independence, he appreciated talent and patriotism even in his adversaries, whom he often intrusted with important offices. . .

The grandeur of Cavour's character as a statesman must be estimated by the magnitude of his object, the boldness and the prudence with which he executed his designs, and the extraordinary power which he possessed of foreseeing results and of converting obstacles into means. He combined the originality and depth of a theorist with the practical genius of a true reformer; he understood the character of the age in which he lived, and made it tributary to his great purposes. He made self-government the object of legislation, political economy the source of liberty, and liberty the basis of nationality. Aware that neither revolution nor conservatism alone could produce the regeneration of his country, he opposed them in their separate action, while he grasped them both with a firm hand, yoked them together, and led them on to conquest. He saw that Italian independence could only be attained through the aid of foreign alliance; he recognized in Napoleon III. the personification of organized revolution, and the natural ally of the Italian people; and the work, which he foreshadowed in the union of the Sardinian troops with the armies of England and France in the Crimea, and for which he laid the foundation in the congress of Paris, was achieved with the victories of Magenta and Solferino, and the recognition of the new Kingdom of Italy.

Thomas Hill.

Born in New Brunswick, N. J., 1818.

THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the north again!
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white!
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel;
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and Summer nearing fast,

While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power,
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes;
Then, amid the sunlight clear
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude; but the strain
Gives no such tone again,
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
For thee a tempest never blows;

But when our northern Summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread.
And when the Winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.

John Weiss.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1818. **Died** there, 1879.

HUMOR.

[*Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.* 1876.]

THE quality of wit exists wherever imagination percolates through the understanding: the sediment is the grain-gold of wit. But the quality of humor, depending upon various moral traits, exists only wherever a broad imagination is combined with a sweet and tolerant moral sense that is devoid of malice and all uncharitableness, and at peace with all mankind. A petulant egotism may exist with wit, but never with humor. Sarcasm and satire are the forms which best agree with imperfect moral dispositions. A too prolonged irony has something melancholy and dyspeptic in it, and passes into the blood of a faulty temper even if there be the tonic of an upright moral sense. This moral sense may exist on every meridian of the earth, but it may not appear at literary epochs in solution with the brightest minds. Rabelais seems to be a French exception to the Gallic trait that was noticed so long ago by the great Roman: *Comœda* and *argute loqui*,—belonging to comedy and to the ingenuities of conversation. Humor appears best in conjunction with the temper of Northern Europe, whose early races began with deep impressions of the gravity of things and broke thence into alleviating moods. If it be the primitive trait of a nation to enjoy comic gayeties and the subtle surprises of discourse, it does not readily rise to the moral earnestness which a serious world imposes, and therefore it cannot invent the relief and grave delight of humor.

Sydney Smith uses this word to cover anything that is ridiculous and laughable. So the epithet *comic* is quite indiscriminately applied. But we ought not to submit to this loose application; for there are plenty of other words to make proper distinctions for us amid our pleasurable moods, and permit us to reserve humor for something which is neither punning, wit, satire, nor comedy. Humor may avail itself of all these mental exercises, but only as a manager casts his stock company to set forth the prevailing spirit of a play. Comedy, for instance, represents sorrows, passions, and annoyances, but shows them without the sombre purpose of tragedy to enforce a supreme will at any cost. All our weaknesses threaten in comedy to result in serious embarrassments, but there is such inexhaustible material for laughter in the whims and follies with which we baffle ourselves and others, that the tragic threat is collared just in time and shaken into pleasure. All kinds of details of our life are represented, which tragedy could never tolerate in its main drift towards the pathos of defeated human wills and broken hearts. Tricks, vices, fatuities, crotchets, vanities, play their game for a stake no higher than the mirth of outwitting each other; and they all pay penalties of a light kind which God exacts smilingly for the sake of keeping our disorders at a minimum. Comedy also funds a great deal of its charm in the unconsciousness of an infirmity. We exhibit ourselves unawares: each one is perfectly understood by everybody but himself; so we plot and vapor through an intrigue with placards on each back, where all but the wearers can indulge their mirth at seeing us parading so innocently with advertisements of our price and quality. . . . Irony is jesting hidden behind gravity. Humor is gravity concealed behind the jest. Our grave and noble tendencies are brought in this world of ours into contact with very ordinary styles of living, which are stubborn; they neither surrender nor give way. Humor steps in to mediate: it seeks to put in the same light and color all the parts of this incongruity, the ideal and the vulgar real; and the constant inference of humor is that all the ideals of right, honor, goodness, manly strength, are serious with a divine purpose.

Even the coarsest and most revolting things can be adopted by this temper and cheerfully assigned to their places in the great plan. Jamie Alexander, the old Scotch grave-digger, had the habit of carrying home fragments of old coffins, long seasoned in the earth which was turned up by his exploring spade. He used to make clocks and fiddles of them, thus coaxing time and tune out of these repulsive tokens of human infirmity. Our mouldiest accessories can furnish material for humor; since "a good wit," says Shakespeare, "will make use of anything; it will turn diseases to commodity."

We cannot say that man derives this power to resolve contrariety into delight from the divine mind, though we have the habit of saying that every intellectual act must spring from an original source of intelligence, just as affection must have its root in the infinite love. But Deity can have no consciousness of incongruities in creation, because the whole must at every instant be comprehended in the Creator of the whole, who originates the real relation of all its parts and their mutual interdependence. Human dissatisfaction springs from want of this ability to comprehend the whole within one reconciling idea. This incompetency is felt by us because we have an instinct that all dissonant things ought to be reconciled, and can be in some way, but only can be by the finite becoming the infinite. Humor strives to bridge this gulf. It is man's device to pacify his painful sense that so many things appear wrong and evil to him, and so many circumstances inconsistent with our feeling that Deity must have framed the world in a temper of perfect goodness.

We get relief by trying to discover the ideas which may effect a temporary reconcilement, to approach as far as we can to the temper of divine impartiality in which all circumstances must have been ordained. That temper passing down through our incompleteness is refracted, broken all up into a tremulousness of human smiles. Nothing that a Creator has the heart to tolerate can disturb him. But where there is no sense of incongruity there can be no sense of humor. That sense is man's expedient to make his mortality endurable. The laughter of man is the contentment of God.

William Ellery Channing.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1818.

FROM "A POET'S HOPE."

[*Poems.* 1843.—*Poems. Second Series.* 1847.]

LADY, there is a hope that all men have,—
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy place
To rest in, and a flower-strown, gentle grave;
Another hope which purifies our race,
That, when that fearful bourne forever past,
They may find rest,—and rest so long to last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest for ever,
My path is onward to the farthest shores,—
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,
That from the soul's clear fountain swiftly pours,
Motionless not, until the end is won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited
'Mid throngs of light-winged angels sweeping far,
And pore upon the realms unvisited
That tessellate the unseen unthought star,—
To be the thing that now I feebly dream
Flashing within my faintest, deepest gleam.

Ah! caverns of my soul! how thick your shade,
Where flows that life by which I faintly see,—
Wave your bright torches, for I need your aid,
Golden-eyed demons of my ancestry!
Your son though blinded hath a light within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did win.

And, lady, in thy hope my life will rise
Like the air-voyager, till I upbear
These heavy curtains of my filmy eyes
Into a lighter, more celestial air:
A mortal's hope shall bear me safely on,
Till I the higher region shall have won.

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,—
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

SONNET.

MEN change,—that heaven above not more,
Which now with white clouds is all beautiful,
Soon is with gray mists a poor creature dull;
Thus, in this human theatre, actions pour
Like slight waves on a melancholy shore;
Nothing is fixed, the human heart is null,
'Tis taught by scholars, 'tis rehearsed in lore;
Methinks this human heart might well be o'er.
O precious pomp of eterne vanity!
O false fool world! whose actions are a race
Of monstrous puppets ; I can't form one plea
Why any man should wear a smiling face.
World! thou art one green sepulchre to me,
Through which, mid clouds of dust, slowly I pace.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW comes; dost say my friend To-morrow?
Far down below those pines the sunset flings
Long arching o'er, its lines of ruddy light,
And the wind murmurs little harmonies,

And underneath their wings the tender birds
Droop their averted heads,—silent their songs.
But not a word whispers the moaning wind,
Nor when in faint array the primal stars
Trail with the banners of the unfurled night,
Nor even when the low-hung moon just glints
And faintly with few touches seres the wood,
Not there, nor then, doth Nature idly say
Nor whisper idly of another day;
That other morn itself its morrow is,
That other day shall see no shade of this.

THOREAU.

[*Thoreau: the Poet-Naturalist.* 1873.]

IN height, he was about the average; in his build, spare, with limbs that were rather longer than usual, or of which he made a longer use. His face, once seen, could not be forgotten. The features were quite marked: the nose aquiline or very Roman, like one of the portraits of Cæsar (more like a beak, as was said); large, overhanging brows above the deepest-set blue eyes that could be seen, in certain lights, and in others gray,—eyes expressive of all shades of feeling, but never weak or near-sighted; the forehead not unusually broad or high, full of concentrated energy and purpose; the mouth with prominent lips, pursed up with meaning and thought when silent, and giving out when open a stream of the most varied and unusual and instructive sayings. His hair was a dark brown, exceedingly abundant, fine and soft; and for several years he wore a comely beard. His whole figure had an active earnestness, as if he had no moment to waste. The clenched hand betokened purpose. In walking, he made a short cut if he could, and when sitting in the shade or by the wall-side seemed merely the clearer to look forward into the next piece of activity. Even in the boat he had a wary, transitory air, his eyes on the outlook,—perhaps there might be ducks, or the Blondin turtle, or an otter, or sparrow.

Thoreau was a plain man in his features and dress, one who could not be mistaken. This kind of plainness is not out of keeping with beauty. He sometimes went as far as homeliness, which again, even if there be a prejudice against it, shines out at times beyond a vulgar sense. Thus, he alludes to those who pass the night on the steamer's deck, and see the mountains in moonlight; and he did this himself once on the Hudson at the prow, when, after a "hem" or two, the passenger who stood next inquired in good faith: "Come, now, can't ye lend me a chaw o' baccy?" He looked like a shipmate. . . . .

With these plain ways, no person was usually easier misapplied by the cultivated class than Thoreau. Some of those afflicted about him have started with the falsetto of humming a void estimate on his life, his manners, sentiments, and all that in him was. His two books, "Walden" and the "Week," are so excellent and generally read, that a commendation of their easy, graceful, yet vigorous style and matter is superfluous. Singular traits run through his writing. His sentences will bear study; meanings not detected at the first glance, subtle hints which the writer himself may not have foreseen, appear. It is a good English style, growing out of choice reading and familiarity with the classic writers, with the originality adding a piquant humor and unstudied felicities of diction. He was not in the least degree an imitator of any writer, old or new, and with little of his times or their opinions in his books. Never eager, with a pensive hesitancy he steps about his native fields, singing the praises of music and spring and morning, forgetful of himself. No matter where he might have lived, or in what circumstance, he would have been a writer: he was made for this by all his tendencies of mind and temperament; a writer because a thinker and even a philosopher, a lover of wisdom. No bribe could have drawn him from his native fields, where his ambition was—a very honorable one—to fairly represent himself in his works, accomplishing as perfectly as lay in his power what he conceived his business. More society would have impaired his designs; and a story from a fisher or hunter was better to him than an evening of triviality in shining parlors where he was misunderstood. His eye and ear and hand fitted in with the special task he undertook,—certainly as manifest a destiny as any man's ever was. . . . Other gifts were subsidiary to his literary gift. He observed nature; but who would have known or heard of that except through his literary effort? He observed nature, yet not for the sake of nature, but of man; and says, "If it is possible to conceive of an event outside to humanity, it is not of the slightest importance, though it were the explosion of the planet."

EDITH.

EDITH, the silent stars are coldly gleaming,
  The night wind moans, the leafless trees are still.
Edith, there is a life beyond this seeming,
  So sleeps the ice-clad lake beneath thy hill.

So silent beats the pulse of thy pure heart,
  So shines the thought of thy unquestioned eyes.
O life! why wert thou helpless in thy art?
  O loveliness! why seem'st thou but surprise?

Edith, the streamlets laugh to leap again;
  There is a spring to which life's pulses fly;
And hopes that are not all the sport of pain,
  Like lustres in the veil of that gray eye.

They say the thankless stars have answering vision,
  That courage sings from out the frost-bound ways;
Edith, I grant that olden time's decision—
  Thy beauty paints with gold the icy rays.

As in the summer's heat her promise lies,
  As in the autumn's seed his vintage hides,
Thus might I shape my moral from those eyes,
  Glass of thy soul, where innocence abides.

Edith, thy nature breathes of answered praying;
  If thou dost live, then not my grief is vain;
Beyond the nerves of woe, beyond delaying,
  Thy sweetness stills to rest the winter's pain.

Henry Peterson.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1818.

LYON.

[*Poems.* 1863.]

SING, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
  Thy saddest song of sorrow;
Drop tears, Oh clouds, in gentlest rain
  Ye from the winds can borrow;
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
  Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who knew well how to die,
  But never to surrender.

Uprose serene the August sun
  Upon that day of glory;
Upcurled from musket and from gun
  The war-cloud gray and hoary.

It gathered like a funeral pall,
  Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
  And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
  As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
  The strength of their despairing.
They feared not death—men bless the field
  That patriot soldiers die on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
  And at their head was Lyon!

The leader's troubled soul looked forth
  From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul! the burden of the North
  Had pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
  His ranks all rent and gory,
And felt the shadows close like night
  Round his career of glory.

"General, come lead us!" loud the cry
  From a brave band was ringing—
"Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
  That battery's awful singing."
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
  Twice wounded—no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
  And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
  And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
  And dyed his bosom redly;—
Serene he lay while past him prest
  The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
  Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
  His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
  A more devoted lover.
Living, his country was his bride,
  His life he gave her dying;
Life, fortune, love—he naught denied
  To her and to her sighing.

Rest, Patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
  Beside her form who bore thee!

Long may the land thou diedst to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, heroic rage,
And grave thy name immortal!

James Jackson Jarves.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1818. Died at Tarasp, Switzerland, 1888.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ART IN AMERICA.

[*The Art Idea.* 1864.]

FIRST, it has freedom of development, and a growing national knowledge, refinement, and taste, to stimulate it, and strengthen the common instinct of beauty, which never wholly deserts human nature even in the most untoward conditions. It has also a few earnest hearts to cherish its feeling, and promote its spread, with the enthusiasm of sincerity, and conviction of its importance to moral welfare and complete education.

Secondly, it is not overborne by the weight of a glorious past, disheartening the weak of the present, and rendering many, even of the strong, servile and mind-ridden. True, it has not the compensating virtue of lofty example and noble standard; but the creative faculty is freer, and more ready to shape itself to the spirit of its age. Especially is our country free from those weighty intellectual authorities and conventional conditions which powerfully tend to hedge in the student to prescribed paths, undermine his originality, and warp his native individualism.

Thirdly, art is in no sense a monopoly of government, religion, or social caste. It is not even under permanent bondage to fashion. It rather leads or misleads it than is led by it. For its sustenance it appeals directly to the people. Borne along on the vast ocean of democracy, art being a vital principle of life, it will eventually spread everywhere, and promote the happiness of all.

Fourthly, it possesses a fresh, vigorous, broad continent for its field: in the natural world, grand, wild, and inspiriting; in man, enterprising, energetic, and ambitious, hesitating at no difficulties, outspoken, hardy of limb, and quick of action; thought that acknowledges no limits; mind that dares to solve all questions affecting humanity to their remotest consequences, daring, doubting, believing, and hoping, giving birth to new ideas, which are ever passing on to new forms.

But the favorable conditions named are more negative than positive in character. Indeed, in this respect the art of America is on the same footing as the remaining branches of her civilization. Their specific advantages of growth over the Old World are simply greater latitude of choice, and few obstacles to overcome in the way of time-worn ideas and effete institutions. In one word, art is free here; as free to surpass all previous art as it is free to remain, if it so inclines, low and common. But if America elects to develop her art wholly out of herself, without reference to the accumulated experience of older civilizations, she will make a mistake, and protract her improvement. There is a set of men among us who talk loftily of the independent, indigenous growth of American art; of its freedom of obligation to the rest of the world; of its inborn capacity to originate, invent, create, and make anew; of the spoiling of those minds whose instincts prompt them to study art where it is best understood and most worthily followed. Perhaps so! Nevertheless it would be a great waste of time to adopt such a system, and possibly it might fail. This sort of art-know-nothingism is as impracticable, and as contrary to our national life, as its foolish political brother, which perished still-born. We have not time to invent and study everything anew. The fast-flying nineteenth century would laugh us to scorn should we attempt it. No one dreams of it in science, ethics, or physics. Why then propose it in art? We are a composite people. Our knowledge is eclectic. The progress we make is due rather to our free choice and action than to any innate superiority of mind over other nations. We buy, borrow, adopt, and adapt. With a seven-league boot on each leg, our pace is too rapid for profound study and creative thought. For some time to come, Europe must do for us all that we are in too much of a hurry to do for ourselves. It remains, then, for us to be as eclectic in our art as in the rest of our civilization. To get artistic riches by virtue of assimilated examples, knowledge, and ideas, drawn from all sources, and made national and homogeneous by a solidarity of our own, is our right pathway to consummate art.

No invidious nationalism should enter into art competition or criticism. The true and beautiful cannot be permanently monopolized by race, class, or sect. God has left them as free and universal as the air we breathe. We should therefore copy his liberality, and invite art to our shores, generously providing for it, without other motive than its merits. From whatever source it may come, Greek, Italian, French, English, or German, nay, Chinese, Hindoo, and African, welcome it, and make it our own. Let every public work, as are our institutions, be free to the genius of all men. Let us even compete with other nations, in inviting to our shores the best art of the world. As soon as it reaches our territory, it becomes part of our flesh and blood. Whither the greatest attraction tends, thither will genius go and make its home. Titian was not a Venetian by birth, but his name now stands for the highest excellence of that school, as Raphael does for that of Rome, and Leonardo for the Milanese. In adopting genius, a country profits not the artist so much as itself. Both are thereby honored. Foreign governments set a wise example in throwing open the designs for their public edifices to the artistic competition of the world. Least of all should America be behind in this sound policy, for no country stands in sorer need of artistic aid.

Frederick Swartwout Cozzens.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1818. Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1869.

MR. SPARROWGRASS'S COUNTRY PLEASURES.

[*The Sparrowgrass Papers.* 1856.]

I HAVE bought me a bugle. A bugle is a good thing to have in the country. The man of whom I bought it said it had an easy draught, so that a child could fill it. He asked me if I would try it. I told him I would prefer not, as my wind was not in order; but that when I got out in my boat, the instrument should be critically tested. When I reached home, I could scarcely finish my tea on account of my bugle. The bugle was a secret. I meant to surprise Mrs. Sparrowgrass. Play, I could not, but I would row off in the river, and blow a prolonged note softly; increasing it until it thrilled across the night like the dolorous trumpet of Roland, at the rout of Roncevalles. I slipped away, took the hidden instrument from the bushes, handled the sculls, and soon put five hundred feet of brine between me and the cottage. Then I unwrapped the brown paper, and lifted the copper clarion to my lips. I blew until I thought my head would burst, and could not raise a toot. I drew a long breath, expanded my lungs to the utmost, and blew my eyes almost out of their sockets, but nothing came of it, saving a harsh, brassy note, within the metallic labyrinth. Then I attempted the persuasive, and finally cajoled a faint rhythmic sound from it that would have been inaudible at pistol-shot distance. But this was encouraging—*I had gotten the hang of it.* Little by little I succeeded, and at last articulated a melancholy B flat, whereupon I looked over at the cottage. It was not there—the boat had drifted down stream, two miles at least; so I had to tug up against the tide until I nearly reached home, when I took the precaution of dropping an anchor to windward, and once more exalted my horn. Obstinacy is a Sparrowgrassic virtue. My upper-lip, under the tuition of the mouth-piece, had puffed out into the worst kind of a blister, yet still I persevered. I mastered three notes of the gamut, and then pulled for the front of the cottage. Now, said I, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, look out for an unexpected serenade.

"Gnar-ty, Gnar-rra-raa-poo-poo-poop-en-arr-ty! poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta-rra-noop-en-taa-ty! Poopen te noopan ta ta! 'np! 'np! Graa-too-pen-tar-poopen-en-arrty!"

"Who is making that infernal noise?" said a voice on the shore.

"Rrra-ty! 'traa-tar-poopen-tarty!"

"Get out with you!" and a big stone fell splash in the water. This was too much to bear on my own premises, so I rowed up to the beach to punish the offender, whom I found to be my neighbor.

"Oh, ho," said he, "was that you, Sparrowgrass?"

I said it was me, and added, "You don't seem to be fond of music?"

He said, not as a general thing, but he thought a tune on the fiddle, now and then, wasn't bad to take.

I answered, that the relative merit of stringed and wind instruments had never been exactly settled, but if he preferred the former, he might stay at home and enjoy it, which would be better than intruding on my beach, and interrupting me when I was practising. With this I locked up my boat, tucked the bugle under my arm, and marched off. Our neighbor merely laughed, and said nothing.

> "The man who hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted."

When I reached my domicile, Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me who that was "blowing a fish-horn?" I have in consequence given up music as a source of enjoyment since that evening.

Our fruit did not turn out well this season on account of the drought. Our apple trees blossomed fairly, but the apples were stung by the curculio, and finished their growth by the time they got to look like dried prunes. I had the satisfaction, however, of producing a curious hybrid in my melon patch, by planting squashes in the next bed. I do not know which to admire most—the influence of the melon on the squash, or the influence of the squash on the melon. Planted side by side, you can scarcely tell one from the other, except from appearance; but if you ever do eat a musk melon boiled, or a squash raw, you will have some idea of this singular and beautiful phenomenon.

On the Fourth of July we had company from town. "Dear," said Mrs. S., "have you seen our cherry?" I answered, that I had set out many trees of that kind, and did not know which one she alluded to (at the same time a hopeful vision of "cherry pie on the Fourth of July" flitted across my pericranics). As we all walked out to see the glorious spectacle, I told our guests aside, the young trees were so luxuriant in foliage that I had not observed what masses of fruit might be concealed underneath the leaves, but that Mrs. S. had a penetrating eye, and no doubt would surprise me as well as them. When we came to the tree, my wife turned around, after a slight examination, and coolly observed, she thought it was there, but some boy must have picked it off.

"Picked *it* off," said I, as the truth flashed in my mind. "Yes," she replied, with a mournful accent, "picked off the only cherry we ever had."

This was a surprise, indeed, but not what I had expected. Mrs. Sparrowgrass, how could you expose me in such a way? How could you, after all my bragging to these city people about our fine garden, make a revelation that carried away the foundations of my pride in one fell swoop? How could you, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

I LENT my love a book one day;
She brought it back, I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
She was so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And Time stood still and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? What hardship bear?
But with her—ah! she never knew
My heart and what was hidden there!

And she, with me so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense!
But in the crowd all life and joy,
And full of blushing impudence.

She married!—well, a woman needs
  A mate, her life and love to share—
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
  And played around her elbow-chair.

And years rolled by, but I, content,
  Trimmed my own lamp, and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
  With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then, it chanced, I took the book
  Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read such passion shook
  My soul!—I needs must curse or cry.

For here and there her love was writ
  In old, half-faded pencil-signs,
As if she yielded—bit by bit—
  Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah! silvered fool!—too late you look!
  I know it: let me here record
This maxim: *Lend no girl a book*
  Unless you read it afterward.

Henry Wheeler Shaw.

Born in Lanesborough, Mass., 1818. Died at Monterey, Cal., 1885

JOSH BILLINGS'S ADVERTISEMENT.

[*Josh Billings, His Works.* 1876.]

I KAN sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks ov the Hudson, kontaining 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art, into pastor and tillage, into plain and deklivity, into stern abruptness, and the dallianse ov moss-tufted medder; streams ov sparkling gladness (thick with trout) danse through this wilderness ov buty, tew the low musik ov the kricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs az the evening zephir flits through its shadowy buzzum, and the aspen trembles like the luv-smitten harte ov a damsell. Fruits ov the tropicks, in golden buty, melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. The manshun iz ov Parian marble, the porch iz a single diamond, set with rubiz and the mother ov pearl; the floors are ov rosewood, and the ceilings are more butiful than the starry vault of heavin. Hot and cold water bubbles and squirts in evry apartment, and nothing is wanting that a poet could pra for, or art could portray. The stables are worthy of the steeds ov Nimrod or the studs ov Akilles, and its henery waz bilt expressly for the birds of paradice; while somber in the distance, like the cave ov a hermit, glimpses are caught ov the dorg-house. Here poets hav cum and warbled their laze—here skulptors hav cut, here painters hav robbed the scene ov dreamy landskapes, and here the philosopher diskovered the stun, which made him the alkimist ov natur. Nex northward ov this thing ov buty, sleeps the residence and domain ov the Duke John Smith; while southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropicks, may be seen the barronial villy ov Earl Brown, and the Duchess, Widder Betsy Stevens. Walls ov primitiff rock, laid in Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward, the eye catches far away the magesta and slow grander ov the Hudson. As the young moon hangs like a cutting ov silver from the blu brest ov the ski, an angel may be seen each night dansing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B. This angel goes with the place.)

William Maxwell Evarts.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1818.

THE PRESIDING CHIEF-JUSTICE AT THE TRIAL OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

[*Eulogy on Mr. Chase. Before the Alumni of Dartmouth College, 24 June,* 1874.]

THE first political impeachment in our Constitutional history, involving, as it did, the accusation of the President of the United States, required the Chief-Justice to preside at the trial before the Senate, creating thus the tribunal to which the Constitution had assigned this high jurisdiction. Beyond the injunction that the Senate, when sitting for the trial of impeachments, should be "on oath," the Constitution gave no instruction to fix or ascertain the character of the procedure, the nature of the duty assigned to the specially-organized court, or the distribution of authority between the Chief-Justice and the Senate. The situation lacked no feature of gravity—no circumstance of solicitude—and the attention of the whole country, and of foreign nations, watched the transaction at every stage of its progress. No circumstances could present a greater disparity of political or popular forces between accuser and accused, and none could be imagined of more thorough commitment of the body of the court—the Senate—both in the interests of its members, in their political feeling, and their prejudgments; all tending to make the condemnation of the President, upon all superficial calculations, inevitable. . . . .

Over this scene, through all its long agitations, the Chief-Justice presided, with firmness and prudence, with circumspect comprehension, and sagacious forecast of the vast consequences which hung, not upon the result of the trial as affecting any personal fortunes of the President, but upon the maintenance of its character as a trial—upon the prevalence of law and the supremacy of justice in its methods of procedure, in the grounds and reasons of its conclusion. That his authority was greatly influential in fixing the true Constitutional relations of the Chief-Justice to the Senate, and establishing a precedent of procedure not easily to be subverted; that it was felt, throughout the trial, with persuasive force, in the maintenance of the judicial nature of the transaction; and that it never went a step beyond the office which belonged to him—of presiding over the Senate trying an impeachment—is not to be doubted.

The President was acquitted. The disappointment of the political calculations which had been made upon what was felt by the partisans of impeachment to be an assured result was unbounded, and resentments, rash and unreasoning, were visited upon the Chief-Justice, who had influenced the Senate to be judicial, and had not himself been political. No doubt, this impeachment trial permanently affected the disposition of the leading managers of the Republican party toward the Chief-Justice, and his attitude thereafter toward that party, in his character of a citizen. But the people of the country never assumed any share of the resentment of party-feeling. The charge against him, if it had any shape or substance, came only to this: that the Chief-Justice brought into the Senate, under his judicial robes, no concealed weapons of party warfare, and that he had not plucked from the Bible, on which he took and administered the judicial oath, the commandment for its observance.

Thomas William Parsons.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1819.

THE LAST GENTIAN.

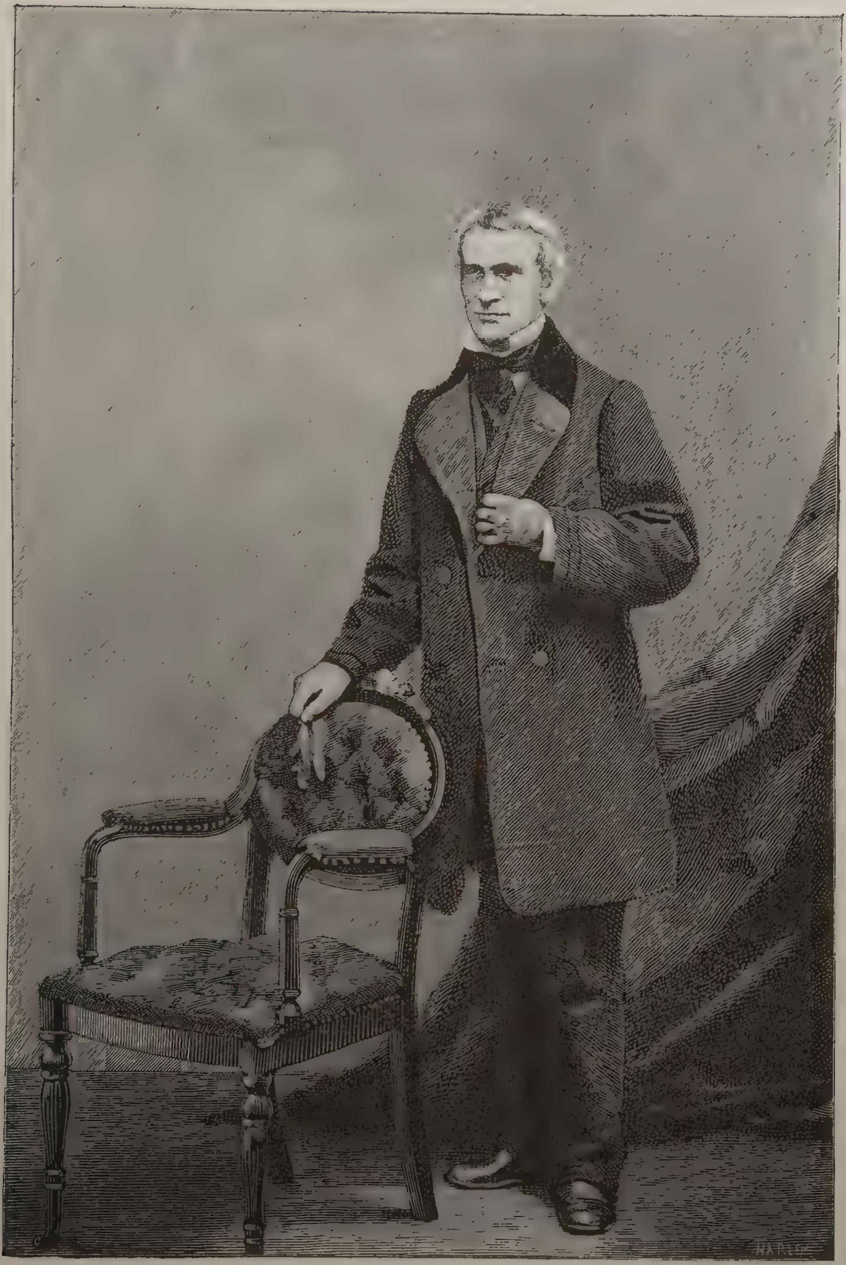
[*The Shadow of the Obelisk, and Other Poems.* 1872.]

SEE! I survive because I bowed my head,
Hearing the Snow's first footfall in the air;
I felt his cold kiss on my cheek with dread,
And to my sister said, Beware!
And stooped beneath my bank and let him pass.
Next morn the brook was glass:
My simple sister, in her pride,
Disdained to bow her head, so drooped and died.

Last gentian of the withering year!
Left for Augusta's hand,
Thou shalt not linger shivering here
By the bleak north wind fanned,
Until thy blue eye turn to gray,
And from thy lids the lashes fall away.
I will not leave thee, loving thee so well,
To face the ruin of November's air;
But thou shalt go where Summer still doth dwell,
Soft light and bird-song,—all things bright or fair,—
And happy thoughts and wise thoughts fed with books,
And gentle speech, and loving looks
From eyes that still make sunshine everywhere.
For know, thou trembling stem, that not alone
My lady bears the summer in her name;
Her heart is of that season; and her tone
When she shall greet thee,—guessing whence it came,—
And the sweet welcome of her smile
Thy simple soul shall so beguile,
That hadst thou lips as lids, those lips would say
The day I found thee was thy sunniest day.

GUIDO'S AURORA.

FORTH from the arms of her beloved now,
Whitening the Orient steep, the Concubine
Of old Tithonus comes, her lucent brow
Glistening with gems, her fair hands filled with flowers,
That drop their violet odors on the brine,



T. W. Parsons

While from her girdle pours a wealth of pearls
Round ocean's rocks and every vessel's prow
That cuts the laughing billow's crested curls.
Behind her step the busy, sober Hours,
With much to do;—and they must move apace:
Wake up, Apollo! should the women stir,
And thou be lagging? Brighten up thy face!
(Those eyes of Phaëthon more brilliant were)
Hurry, dull God! Hyperion, to thy race!
Thy steeds are galloping, but thou seem'st slow:
Hesper, glad wretch, hath newly fed his torch,
And flies before thee, and the world cries, Go!
Light the dark woods, the dew-drenched mountain scorch!
Phœbus, Aurora calls, why linger so?

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

[*The earliest version of this poem was contributed, over the signature "P. P. P.," to the Boston "Advertiser and Patriot,"* 7 *October*, 1841. *In* 1843 *the author revised it,—inserting the present fourth stanza,—and published it anew with his translation of "The First Ten Cantos of the Inferno." The following text is from the poet's manuscript of* 1888 *and in accordance with his final revision.*]

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was,—but a fight!
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the convent's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

Peace dwells not here,—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
Dread scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou!
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now:
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

DIRGE.

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

ROOM for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the bee was he, and his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften:
He never *could* look cold till we saw him in his coffin.
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Plant the lordly pine upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel,"—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!
Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

IN SAINT JOSEPH'S.

WHILE the priest said "*perpetua luceat,*"
Sprinkling the palms that graced a maiden's bier,
I felt a light stream in upon my soul;
And one that near me in the chancel sate,
Who was to the departed soul most dear,
Saw the same light as my hand softly stole
To hers, and suddenly a glory played
Around those palms that seemed to check my breath:
Even as he prayed for light the darkness fled
To both of us: I looked into her eyes
And saw through tears a raptured look that said
A strength new-born doth in my spirit rise,
And though before me lies my sister dead
I also feel the life that lives in death.

PARADISI GLORIA.

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,
  And unapproachable by sea or shore;
And unassailable by any band
  Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time
  By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
  But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
  Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
  To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,—
  Musical motion,—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
  Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

Edwin Percy Whipple.

Born in Gloucester, Mass., 1819. **Died** in Boston, Mass., 1886.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN WORLD.

[*The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.* 1869.]

IN his deep, wide, and searching observation of mankind, Shakespeare detects bodies of men who agree in the general tendencies of their characters, who strive after a common ideal of good or evil, and who all fail to reach it. Through these indications and hints he seizes, by his philosophical genius, the law of the class; by his dramatic genius, he gathers up in one conception the whole multitude of individuals comprehended in the law, and embodies it in a character; and by his poetical genius he lifts this character into an ideal region of life, where all hindrances to the free and full development of its nature are removed. The character seems all the more natural because it is perfect of its kind, whereas the actual persons included in the conception are imperfect of their kind. Thus there are many men of the type of Falstaff, but Shakespeare's Falstaff is not an actual Falstaff. Falstaff is the ideal head of the family, the possibility which they dimly strive to realize, the person they would be if they could. Again, there are many Iagoish men, but only one Iago, the ideal type of them all; and by studying him we learn what they would all become if circumstances were propitious, and their loose malignant tendencies were firmly knit together in positive will and diabolically alert intelligence. And it is the same with the rest of Shakespeare's great creations. The immense domain of human nature they cover is due to the fact, not merely that they are not repetitions of individuals, but that they are not repetitions of the same types or classes of individuals. The moment we analyze them, the moment we break them up into their constituent elements, we are amazed at the wealth of wisdom and knowledge which formed the materials of each individual embodiment, and the inexhaustible interest and fulness of meaning and application revealed in the analytic scrutiny of each. Compare, for example, Shakespeare's Timon of Athens—by no means one of Shakespeare's mightiest efforts of characterization—with Lord Byron, both as man and poet, and we shall find that Timon is the highest logical result of the Byronic tendency, and that in him, rather than in Byron, the essential misanthrope is impersonated. The number of poems which Byron wrote does not affect the matter at all, because the poems are all expansions and variations of one view of life, from which Byron could not escape. Shakespeare, had he pleased, might have filled volumes with Timon's poetic misanthropy; but, being a condenser, he was contented with concentrating the idea of the whole class in one grand character, and of putting into his mouth the truest, most splendid, most terrible things which have ever been uttered from the misanthropic point of view; and then, victoriously freeing himself from the dreadful mood of mind he had imaginatively realized, he passed on to occupy other and different natures. Shakespeare is superior to Byron on Byron's own ground, because Shakespeare grasped misanthropy from its first faint beginnings in the soul to its final result on character,—clutched its inmost essence,—discerned it as one out of a hundred subjective conditions of mind,—tried it thoroughly, and found it was too weak and narrow to hold him. Byron was in it, could not escape from it, and never, therefore, thoroughly mastered the philosophy of it. Here, then, in one corner of Shakespeare's mind, we find more than ample space for so great a poet as Byron to house himself.

But Shakespeare not only in one conception thus individualizes a whole class of men, but he communicates to each character, be it little or colossal, good or evil, that peculiar Shakespearian quality which distinguishes it as his creation. This he does by being and living for the time the person he conceives. What Macaulay says of Bacon is more applicable to Shakespeare, namely, that his mind resembles the tent which the fairy gave to Prince Ahmed. "Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade." Shakespeare could run his sentiment, passion, reason, imagination, into any mould of personality he was capable of shaping, and think and speak from that. The result is that every character is a denizen of the Shakespearian World; every character, from Master Slender to Ariel, is in some sense a poet, that is, is gifted with imagination to express his whole nature, and make himself inwardly known; yet we feel throughout that the "thousand-souled" Shakespeare is still but one soul, capable of shifting into a thousand forms, but leaving its peculiar birth-mark on every individual it informs.

THE JUDICIOUS HOOKER.

[*From the Same.*]

HOOKER'S nature was essentially an intellectual one; and the wonder of his mental biography is the celerity and certainty with which he transmuted knowledge and experience into intelligence. It may be a fancy, but we think it can be detected in an occasional uncharacteristic tartness of expression, that he had carried up even Mrs. Hooker into the region of his intellect, and dissolved her termagant tongue into a fine spiritual essence of gentle sarcasm. Not only did his vast learning pass, as successively acquired, from memory into faculty, but the daily beauty of his life left its finest and last result in his brain. His patience, humility, disinterestedness, self-denial, his pious and humane sentiments, every resistance to temptation, every benevolent act, every holy prayer, were by some subtile chemistry turned into thought, and gave his intellect an upward lift,—increasing the range of its vision, and bringing it into closer proximity with great ideas. We cannot read a page of his writings without feeling the presence of this spiritual power in conception, statement, and argument. And this moral excellence, which has thus become moral intelligence, this holiness which is in perfect union with reason, this spirit of love which cannot only feel but see, gives a softness, richness, sweetness, and warmth to his thinking, quite as peculiar to it as its dignity, amplitude, and elevation.

As a result of this deep, silent, and rapid growth of nature, this holding in his intelligence all the results of his emotional and moral life, he attaches our sympathies as we follow the stream of his arguments; for we feel that he has communed with all the principles he communicates, and knows by direct perception the spiritual realities he announces.

His intellect, accordingly, does not act by intuitive flashes; but "his soul has sight" of eternal verities, and directs at them a clear, steady, divining gaze. He has no lucky thoughts; everything is earned; he knows what he knows, in all its multitudinous relations, and cannot be surprised by sudden objections, convicting him of oversight of even the minutest application of any principle he holds in his calm, strong grasp. And as a controversialist he has the immense advantage of descending into the field of controversy from a height above it, and commanding it, while his opponents are wrangling with their minds on a level with it. The great difficulty in the man of thought is, to connect his thought with life; and half the literature of theology and morals is therefore mere satire, simply exhibiting the immense, unbridged, ironic gulf that yawns, wide as that between Lazarus and Dives, between truth and duty on the one hand and the actual affairs and conduct of the world on the other. But Hooker, one of the loftiest of thinkers, was also one of the most practical. His shining idea, away up in the heaven of contemplation, sends its rays of light and warmth in a thousand directions upon the earth; illuminating palace and cottage; piercing into the crevices and corners of concrete existence; relating the high with the low, austere obligation with feeble performance; and showing the obscure tendencies of imperfect institutions to realize divine laws.

This capacious soul was lodged in one of the feeblest of bodies. Physiologists are never weary of telling us that masculine health is necessary to vigor of mind; but the vast mental strength of Hooker was independent of his physical constitution. His appearance in the pulpit conveyed no idea of a great man. Small in stature, with a low voice, using no gesture, never moving his person or lifting his eyes from his sermon, he seemed the very embodiment of clerical incapacity and dulness; but soon the thoughtful listener found his mind fascinated by the automaton speaker; a still, devout ecstasy breathed from the pallid lips; the profoundest thought and the most extensive learning found calm expression in the low accents; and, more surprising still, the somewhat rude mother-tongue of Englishmen was heard for the first time from the lips of a master of prose composition, demonstrating its capacity for all the purposes of the most refined and most enlarged philosophic thought. Indeed, the serene might of Hooker's soul is perhaps most obviously perceived in his style,—in the easy power with which he wields and bends to his purpose a language not yet trained into a ready vehicle of philosophic expression. It is doubtful if any English writer since his time has shown equal power in the construction of long sentences,—those sentences in which the thought, and the atmosphere of the thought, and the modifications of the thought, are all included in one sweeping period, which gathers clause after clause as it rolls melodiously on to its foreseen conclusion, having the general gravity and grandeur of its modulated movement pervaded by an inexpressibly sweet undertone of individual sentiment. And his strength is free from every fretful and morbid quality such as commonly taint the performances of a strong mind lodged in a sickly body. It is as serene, wholesome, and comprehensive as it is powerful.

THEODORE PARKER.

[*American Literature, and Other Papers.* 1887.]

EMERSON, though in some respects connected with the Unitarian movement as having been a minister of the denomination, soon cut himself free from it, and was as independent of that form of Christian faith as he was of other forms. He drew from all quarters, and whatever fed his religious sense of mystery, of might, of beauty, and of Deity, was ever welcome to his soul. As he was outside of all religious organizations, and never condescended to enter into any argument with his opponents, he was soon allowed silently to drop out of theological controversy. But a fiercer and more combative spirit now appeared to trouble the Unitarian clergyman,—a man who considered himself a Unitarian minister, who had for Calvinism a stronger repulsion than Channing or Norton ever felt, and who attempted to drag on his denomination to conclusions at which most of his members stood aghast.

This man was Theodore Parker, a born controversialist, who had the challenging chip always on his shoulder, which he invited both his Unitarian and his Orthodox brethren to knock off. There never was a man who more gloried in a fight. If any theologians desired to get into a controversy with him as to the validity of their opposing beliefs, he was eager to give them as much of it as they desired. The persecution he most keenly felt was the persecution of inattention and silence. He was the Luther of radical Unitarianism. When the Unitarian societies refused fellowship with his society, he organized a church of his own, and made it one of the most powerful in New England. There was nothing but disease which could check, and nothing but death which could close his controversial activity. He became the champion of radical as against conservative Unitarianism, and the persistent adversary even of the most moderate Calvinism. Besides his work in these fields of intellectual effort, he threw himself literally head-foremost—and his head was large and well stored—into every unpopular reform which he could aid by his will, his reason, his learning, and his moral power. He was among the leaders in the attempt to apply the rigid maxims of

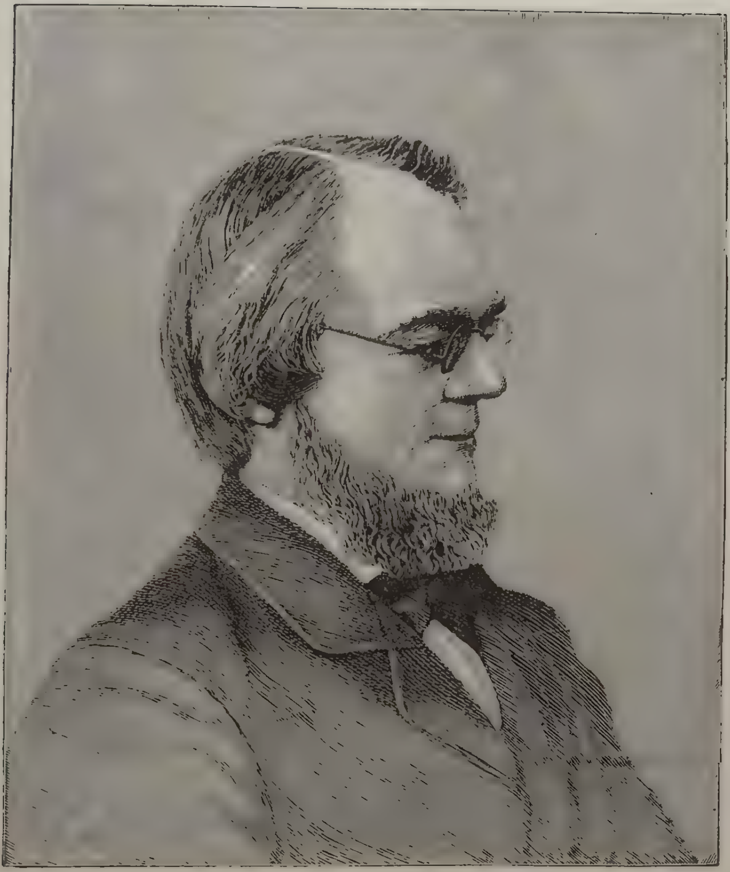
Christianity to practical life; and many Orthodox clergymen, who combined with him in his assaults on intemperance, slavery, and other hideous evils of our civilization, almost condoned his theological heresies in their admiration of his fearlessness in practical reforms. He was an enormous reader and diligent student, as well as a resolute man of affairs. He also had great depth and fervency of piety. His favorite hymn was "Nearer, my God, to Thee." While assailing what the great body of New England people believed to be the foundations of religion, he startled vigorous orthodox reasoners by his confident teaching that every individual soul had a consciousness of its immortality independent of revelation, and superior to the results of all the modern physical researches which seemed to place it in doubt. Indeed, his own incessant activity was an argument for the soul's immortality. In spite of all the outside calls on his energies, he found time to attend strictly to his ministerial duties, to make himself one of the most accomplished theological and general scholars in New England, and to write and translate books which required deep study and patient thought. The physical frame, stout as it was, at last broke down—his mind still busy in meditating new works which were never to be written. Probably no other clergyman of his time, not even Mr. Beecher, drew his society so closely to himself, and became the object of so much warm personal attachment and passionate devotion. Grim as he appeared when, arrayed in his theological armor, he went forth to battle, he was in private intercourse the gentlest, most genial, and most affectionate of men. And it is to be added that few Orthodox clergymen had a more intense religious faith in the saving power of their doctrines than Theodore Parker had in the regenerating efficacy of his rationalistic convictions. When Luther was dying, Dr. Jonas said to him, "Reverend father, do you die in implicit reliance on the faith you have taught?" And from those lips, just closing in death, came the steady answer "Yes." Theodore Parker's answer to such a question, put to him on his death-bed, would have been the same.

WEBSTER AS A MASTER OF ENGLISH STYLE.

[*From the Same.*]

THE mature style of Webster is perfect of its kind, being in words the express image of his mind and character,—plain, terse, clear, forcible; and rising from the level of lucid statement and argument into passages of superlative eloquence only when his whole nature is stirred by some grand sentiment of freedom, patriotism, justice, humanity, or religion, which absolutely lifts him, by its own inherent force and inspiration, to a region above that in which his mind habitually lives and moves. At the same time it will be observed that these thrilling passages, which the boys of two generations have ever been delighted to declaim in their shrillest tones, are strictly illustrative of the main purpose of the speech in which they appear. They are not mere purple patches of rhetoric, loosely stitched on the homespun gray of the reasoning, but they seem to be inwoven with it and to be a vital part of it. Indeed, we can hardly decide, in reading these magnificent bursts of eloquence in connection with what precedes and follows them, whether the effect is due to the logic of the orator becoming suddenly morally impassioned, or to his moral passion becoming suddenly logical. What gave Webster his immense influence over the opinions of the people of New England was, first, his power of so "putting things" that everybody could understand his statements; secondly, his power of so framing his arguments that all the steps, from one point to another, in a logical series, could be clearly apprehended by every intelligent farmer or mechanic who had a thoughtful interest in the affairs of the country; and thirdly, his power of inflaming the sentiment of patriotism in all honest and well-intentioned men by overwhelming appeals to that sentiment, so that after convincing their understandings, he clinched the matter by sweeping away their wills.

Perhaps to these sources of influence may be added another which many eminent statesmen have lacked. With all his great superiority to average men in force and breadth of mind, he had a genuine respect for the intellect, as well as for the manhood, of average men. He disdained the ignoble office of misleading the voters he aimed to instruct; and the farmers and mechanics who read his speeches felt ennobled when they found that the greatest statesman of the country frankly addressed them, as man to man, without pluming himself on his exceptional talents and accomplishments. Up to the crisis of 1850, he succeeded in domesticating himself at most of the pious, moral, and intelligent firesides of New England. Through his speeches he seemed to be almost bodily present wherever the family, gathered in the evening around the blazing hearth, discussed the questions of the day. It was not the great Mr. Webster, "the godlike Daniel," who had a seat by the fire. It was a person who talked *to* them, and argued *with* them, as though he was "one of the folks,"—a neighbor dropping in to make an evening call; there was not the slightest trace of assumption in his manner; but suddenly, after the discussion had become a little tiresome, certain fiery words would leap from his lips and make the whole household spring to their feet, ready to sacrifice life and property for "the Constitution and the Union." That Webster was thus a kind of invisible presence in



E. P. Whipple

thousands of homes where his face was never seen, shows that his rhetoric had caught an element of power from his early recollections of the independent, hard-headed farmers whom he met when a boy in his father's house. The bodies of these men had become tough and strong in their constant struggle to force scanty harvests from an unfruitful soil, which only persistent toil could compel to yield anything; and their brains, though forcible and clear, were still not stored with the important facts and principles which it was his delight to state and expound. In truth, he ran a race with the demagogues of his time in an attempt to capture such men as these, thinking them the very back-bone of the country. Whether he succeeded or failed, it would be vain to hunt through his works to find a single epithet in which he mentioned them with contempt. He was as incapable of insulting one member of this landed democracy,—sterile as most of their acres were,—as of insulting the memory of his father, who belonged to this class. . . . .

Webster's liking for the Saxon element of our composite language was, however, subordinate to his main purpose of self-expression. Every word was good, whether of Saxon or Latin derivation, which aided him to embody the mood of mind dominant at the time he was speaking or writing. No man had less of what has been called "the ceremonial cleanliness of academical Pharisees"; and the purity of expression he aimed at was to put into a form, at once intelligible and tasteful, his exact thoughts and emotions. He tormented reporters, proof-readers, and the printers who had the misfortune to be engaged in putting one of his performances into type, not because this or that word was or was not Saxon or Latin, but because it was inadequate to convey perfectly his meaning. Mr. Kemble, a great Anglo-Saxon scholar, once, in a company of educated gentlemen, defied anybody present to mention a single Latin phrase in our language for which he could not furnish a more forcible Saxon equivalent. "The impenetrability of matter" was suggested; and Kemble, after half a minute's reflection, answered, "The un-thorough-fareableness of stuff." Still, no English writer would think of discarding such an abstract, but convenient and accurate, term as "impenetrability" for the coarsely concrete and terribly ponderous word which declares that there is no possible thoroughfare, no road, by which we can penetrate that substance which we call "matter," and which our Saxon forefathers called "stuff." Wherever the Latin element in our language comes in to express ideas and sentiments which were absent from the Anglo-Saxon mind, Webster uses it without stint; and some of the most resounding passages of his eloquence owe to it their strange power to suggest a certain vastness in his intellect and sensibility, which the quaint, idiomatic, homely prose of his friend

Mason would have been utterly incompetent to convey. Still, he preferred a plain, plump, simple verb or noun to any learned phrase, whenever he could employ it without limiting his opulent nature to a meagre vocabulary, incompetent fully to express it.

Yet he never departed from simplicity; that is, he rigidly confined himself to the use of such words as he had earned the right to use. Whenever the report of one of his extemporaneous speeches came before him for revision, he had an instinctive sagacity in detecting every word that had slipped unguardedly from his tongue, which he felt, on reflection, did not belong to *him.* Among the reporters of his speeches he had a particular esteem for Henry J. Raymond, afterwards so well known as the editor of the "New York Times." Mr. Raymond told me that after he had made a report of one of Webster's speeches, and had presented it to him for revision, his conversation with him was always a lesson in rhetoric. "Did I use that phrase? I hope not. At any rate, substitute for it this more accurate definition." And then again: "That word does not express my meaning. Wait a moment, and I will give you a better one. That sentence is slovenly,—that image is imperfect and confused. I believe, my young friend, that you have a remarkable power of reporting what I say; but if I said that, and that, and that, it must have been owing to the fact that I caught, in the hurry of the moment, such expressions as I could command at the moment; and you see they do not accurately represent the idea that was in my mind." And thus, Mr. Raymond said, the orator's criticism upon his own speech would go on, correction following correction, until the reporter feared he would not have it ready for the morning edition of his journal.

William Ross Wallace.

BORN in Lexington, Ky., 1819. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1881.

OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING.

[*Meditations in America, and Other Poems.* 1851.]

I MET the wild-eyed Genius of our land
  In Huron's forest vast and dim;
I saw her sweep a harp with stately hand;
  I heard her solemn hymn.

She sang of nations that had passed away
  From her own broad imperial clime;

Of nations new to whom she gave the sway:
She sang of God and Time.

I saw the Past with all its rhythmic lore;
I saw the Present clearly glow;
Shapes with veiled faces paced a far dim shore
And whispered "Joy" and "Woe!"

Her large verse pictured mountain, vale, and bay;
Our wide, calm rivers rolled along,
And many a mighty lake and prairie lay
In the shadow of her song.

As in Missouri's mountain-range, the vast
Wild wind majestically flies
From crag to crag till on the top at last
The wild wind proudly dies,

So died the hymn.—"O Genius! how can I
Crown me with song as thou art crowned?"
She, smiling, pointed to the spotless sky
And the forest-tops around,—

Then sang—"Not to the far-off lands of Eld
Must thou for inspiration go:
There Milton's large imperial organ swelled,
There Avon's waters flow.

"No alien-bard, where Tasso's troubled lyre
Made sorrow fair, unchallenged dwells—
Where deep-eyed Dante with the wreath of fire
Came chanting from his hells.

"Yet sometimes sing the old majestic themes
Of Europe in her song enshrined:
These, going wind-like o'er thy Sea of Dreams,
May liberalize the mind.

"Or learn from mournful Asia, as she lies
Musing at noon beneath her stately palms,
Her angel-lore, her wide-browed prophecies,
Her solemn-sounding psalms:

"Or sit with Afric when her eyes of flame
Smoulder in dreams, beneath their swarthy lids,
Of youthful Sphinx, and kings at loud acclaim
On new-built Pyramids,

"But know thy Highest dwells at Home: there art
And choral inspiration spring;
If thou wouldst touch the universal heart,
OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING."

William Wilberforce Lord.

BORN in Madison Co., N. Y., 1819.

ON THE DEFEAT OF A GREAT MAN.

[*Poems.* 1845.]

FALLEN! How fallen? States and empires fall;
O'er towers and rock-built walls,
And perished nations, floods to tempests call
With hollow sound along the sea of time:
The great man never falls,—
He lives, he towers aloft, he stands sublime;
They fall who give him not
The honor here that suits his future name,—
They die and are forgot.

O Giant loud and blind! the great man's fame
Is his own shadow, and not cast by thee:
A shadow that shall grow
As down the heaven of time the sun descends,
And on the world shall throw
His godlike image, till it sinks where blends
Time's dim horizon with Eternity.

Isaac Mayer Wise.

BORN in Steingrub, Bohemia, 1819.

AN HEBRAIC VIEW OF GENIUS.

[*The Cosmic God.* 1876.]

THE existence of genius and its appearance at the right place and time is as mysterious as the centre of the universe. Genius is the superior spontaneity of the mind in productive and executive powers. It conceives, not by an act of volition or tiresome reflection, but freely, generously, and unsolicited; it conceives finished and complete thoughts, schemes, designs or images of universal truth, irresistible impulses to execute or realize, utter and promulgate. All this comes like a flash of lightning, unawares and not expected, in words, symbols, visions, or finished thoughts. The ancient Hebrews called it *Ruach hak-kodesh*, "a holy spirit," and modern language names it Genius. . . .

Talent trims its productions for the public mart, and modifies them to suit its customers; it depends on outward circumstances. Genius is inconsiderate, self-relying, and, like unconscious beauty, without any intention to please. Talent wills, and genius must: it is an internal necessity. Talent is local, genius universal. Talents are acquired, and genius is inborn. The ancient Hebrews looked upon the men of genius as special messengers from on high; therefore the Psalmist sings: "Ye shall not touch my Messiahs, not maltreat my prophets," which is recast in the New Testament thus: "A sin against the Holy Ghost will not be forgiven." (With special reference to Deut., xviii. 18, 19.)

Wherever genius is placed it manifests itself by breaking through the crystallized forms, and pouring forth new creations of the mind, and is therefore the cause of all progressions in history. It is the same genius under all circumstances, although its peculiar manifestations always depend on outer circumstances. It is the same genius, whether among peasants or mechanics, students or poets, painters, sculptors, or architects, in the army, in the legislature or executive council of a nation, in a schoolmaster's chair or a composer's study. Its peculiar manifestations only depend on outward circumstances to throw it upon this or that department of human activity; but it will show everywhere its inventive force and the universality of its character. It is the highest differentiation of the vital force. The same genius which became a prophet in Israel, because the nation's general turn of mind was religious ethical, might have become an apostle of the fine arts, or formal philosophy, in Greece, or become a great statesman or soldier in Rome, a prominent legislator in England, or a successful inventor in this country, simply by the change of external elements giving direction to genius, which remains the same genius under all influences.

Genius is not inherited. All the great geniuses whose names history gratefully recorded stood alone, without a duplicate in their respective genealogies. . . . .

Most every genius works against his own will and interests; ninety-nine out of each hundred are unhappy and dissatisfied—many miserable, wretched. They feel keener, love profounder, know better, hope and scheme loftier, expect more, are disappointed and mortified more frequently, find less pleasure in carnal enjoyments, than the generality of people. In consequence of their creative powers they are always at war with existing and stereotyped forms and institutions, consequently in perpetual conflict with the conservative element and selfish motives. But there is in genius that irresistible force; it must—it must pour out the truth conceived, the beauty felt, the goodness admired, careless of all consequences. Therefore the ten thousand martyrs in all departments of mental and moral creations whose places in history, marked red with blood and tears, are awfully sublime. . . . .

Genius is wanting nowhere, when needed. Every great time begets its great men, every great cause its inspired apostles. They rise, as it were, from the atmosphere of the generation which requires their energies. When the oppression of the Hebrews in Egypt had reached an intolerable degree, Moses was a man already, prepared to redeem them. In a wonderful manner, none can account for it, the eighteenth century brought forth a mighty phalanx of brilliant geniuses, warriors, statesmen, poets, authors, composers, philosophers, scientists, and an unconscious passion for freedom and progression seized upon multitudes, to open widely the flood-gates of intelligence, to pour in its currents upon the nineteenth century, the age of radical revolution, where the lowest rapidly becomes the highest, and the highest sinks down lowest, to rejuvenate the human family.

And now reason comes in and asks, by whom is this marvellous and harmonious arrangement made? In the case of genius, we have evidently before us the same universal law which governs the organic world. Plenty of geniuses are perpetually born, and all are at work somehow and somewhere, so that, all destructive agencies otherwise necessary taken into consideration, there must appear the right man in the right place, where the Logos of History wants him, to shine forth in his pristine glory, and do the preordained work. The other men of genius, like the superfluous fish-egg, also perform a task; it takes many hands to build a city. Here we have before us an extra-human agency.

The law of history is progressive, and man not only remains in quality always the same, but the vast majority is conservative and opposed to every progressive step.—Yet history preserves all that is good, true, and useful, continually increases its stock, spreads, utilizes, and promulgates it, contrary to the will of the masses, and in spite of all egotism and prevailing stupidity. Again, in spite of all, whatever is false, erroneous, wicked, nugatory, or useless, is overcome in history, by the very errors and blunders of great men and great nations; by the indomitable and irresistible Nemesis with all her mysterious furies, making war upon all corruption and degradation, and hurling continually the nugatory element and its creatures into oblivion. In spite, I repeat, in spite of all conservatism and egotism, genius rises always and everywhere, to be on hand at the proper time and place, to beget the grand wealth of new truths, to press onward and forward the inert bulk of humanity, tears or smiles, love or hatred, lakes of blood or streams of milk and honey, triumph or defeat, praise or scorn, crowns or gallows, it matters not to genius, it sacrifices itself against its own will, that then, from its very blood, armed and buckled champions of the new ideas rise, to grasp the banner trodden in the dust, and unfurl it again for victory and progression; but onward, always onward, is the watchword.

Thomas Dunn English.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1819.

THE BALLAD OF THE COLORS.

[*Contributed to Harper's Bazar*, 5 *November*, 1887.]

A GENTLEMAN of courtly air,
  Of old Virginia he;
A damsel from New Jersey State,
  Of matchless beauty she;
They met as fierce antagonists—
  The reason why, they say,
Her eyes were of the Federal blue,
  And his, Confederate gray.

They entered on a fierce campaign,
  And, when the fight began,
It seemed as though the strategy
  Had no determinate plan.
Each watched the other's movements well
  While standing there at bay—
One struggling for the Federal blue,
  One for Confederate gray.

We all looked on with anxious eyes
  To see their forces move,
And none could tell which combatant
  At last would victor prove.
They marched and countermarched with skill,
  Avoiding well the fray;
Here, lines were seen of Federal blue,
  And there, Confederate gray.

At last he moved his force in mass,
  And sent her summons there
That she should straight capitulate
  Upon conditions fair.
"As you march forth the flags may fly,
  The drums and bugles play;
But yield those eyes of Federal blue
  To the Confederate gray."

"You are the foe," she answer sent,
  "To maidens such as I;
I'll face you with a dauntless heart,
  And conquer you, or die.
A token of the sure result
  The vaulted skies display;
For there above is Federal blue,
  Below, Confederate gray."

Sharp-shooting on each flank began,
  And 'mid manœuvres free
The rattle of the small-talk with
  Big guns of repartee,
Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes
  Amid the proud array,
There met in arms the Federal blue
  And the Confederate gray.

Exhausted by the fight at length
  They called a truce to rest;
When lo! another force appeared
  Upon a mountain's crest.
And as it came the mountain down
  Amid the trumpet's bray,
Uncertain stood the Federal blue
  And the Confederate gray.

A corps of stout free lances these
  Who poured upon the field,
Field-Marshal Cupid in command,
  Who swore they both must yield;
That both should conquer; both divide
  The honors of the day;
And proudly with the Federal blue
  March the Confederate gray.

His troops were fresh, and theirs were worn;
  What could they but agree
That both should be the conquerors,
  And both should captives be?
So they presented arms, because
  Dan Cupid held the sway,
And joined in peace the Federal blue
  With the Confederate gray.

Twelve years have fled. I passed to-day
  The fort they built, and saw
A sight to strike a bachelor
  With spirit-thrilling awe.
Deployed a corps of infantry,
  But less for drill than play;
And some had eyes of Federal blue,
  And some Confederate gray.

Philip Schaff.

Born in Coire, Switzerland, 1819.

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

[*Church and State in the United States.* 1888.]

WHAT is the distinctive character of American Christianity in its organized social aspect and its relation to the national life, as compared with the Christianity of Europe?

It is a free church in a free state, or a self-supporting and self-governing Christianity in independent but friendly relation to the civil government.

This relationship of church and state marks an epoch. It is a new chapter in the history of Christianity, and the most important one which America has so far contributed. It lies at the base of our religious institutions and operations, and they cannot be understood without it. . . . .

The relationship of church and state in the United States secures full liberty of religious thought, speech, and action, within the limits of the public peace and order. It makes persecution impossible.

Religion and liberty are inseparable. Religion is voluntary, and cannot and ought not to be forced.

This is a fundamental article of the American creed, without distinction of sect or party. Liberty, both civil and religious, is an American instinct. All natives suck it in with the mother's milk; all immigrants accept it as a happy boon, especially those who flee from oppression and persecution abroad. Even those who reject the modern theory of liberty enjoy the practice, and would defend it in their own interest against any attempt to overthrow it.

Such liberty is impossible on the basis of a union of church and state, where the one of necessity restricts or controls the other. It requires a friendly separation, where each power is entirely independent in its own sphere. The church, as such, has nothing to do with the state except to obey its laws and to strengthen its moral foundations; the state has nothing to do with the church except to protect her in her property and liberty; and the state must be equally just to all forms of belief and unbelief which do not endanger the public safety.

The family, the church, and the state are divine institutions demanding alike our obedience, in their proper sphere of jurisdiction. The family is the oldest institution, and the source of church and state. The patriarchs were priests and kings of their households. Church and state are equally necessary, and as inseparable as soul and body, and yet as distinct as soul and body. The church is instituted for the religious interests and eternal welfare of man; the state for his secular interests and temporal welfare. The one looks to heaven as the final home of immortal spirits, the other upon our mother earth. The church is the reign of love; the state is the reign of justice. The former is governed by the gospel, the latter by the law. The church exhorts, and uses moral suasion; the state commands, and enforces obedience. The church punishes by rebuke, suspension, and excommunication; the state by fines, imprisonment, and death. Both meet on questions of public morals, and both together constitute civilized human society and ensure its prosperity.

The root of this theory we find in the New Testament.

In the ancient world religion and politics were blended. Among the Jews religion ruled the state, which was a theocracy. Among the heathen the state ruled religion; the Roman emperor was the supreme pontiff (*pontifex maximus*), the gods were national, and the priests were servants of the state.

Christianity had at first no official connection with the state. . .

For three hundred years the Christian church kept aloof from politics, and, while obeying the civil laws and paying tribute, maintained at the same time the higher law of conscience in refusing to comply with idolatrous customs and in professing the faith in the face of death. The early Apologists—Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius—boldly claimed the freedom of religion as a natural right. . . . .

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM COMPARED WITH OTHER SYSTEMS.

The American relationship of church and state differs from all previous relationships in Europe and in the colonial period of our history; and yet it rests upon them and reaps the benefit of them all. For history is an organic unit, and American history has its roots in Europe.

1. The American system differs from the ante-Nicene or pre-Constantinian separation of church and state, when the church was indeed, as with us, self-supporting and self-governing, and so far free within, but under persecution from without, being treated as a forbidden religion by the then heathen state. In America the government protects the church in her property and rights without interfering with her internal affairs. By the power of truth and the moral heroism of martyrdom the church converted the Roman Empire and became the mother of Christian states.

2. The American system differs from the hierarchical control of the church over the state, or from priest government, which prevailed in the Middle Ages down to the Reformation, and reached its culmination

in the Papacy. It confines the church to her proper spiritual vocation, and leaves the state independent in all the temporal affairs of the nation. The hierarchical theory was suited to the times after the fall of the Roman Empire and the ancient civilization, when the state was a rude military despotism, when the church was the refuge of the people, when the Christian priesthood was in sole possession of learning and had to civilize as well as to evangelize the barbarians of northern and western Europe. By her influence over legislation the church abolished bad laws and customs, introduced benevolent institutions, and created a Christian state controlled by the spirit of justice and humanity, and fit for self-government.

3. The American system differs from the Erastian or Cæsaro-Papal control of the state over the church, which obtained in the old Byzantine Empire, and prevails in modern Russia, and in the Protestant states of Europe, where the civil government protects and supports the church, but at the expense of her dignity and independence, and deprives her of the power of self-government. The Erastian system was based on the assumption that all citizens are also Christians of one creed, but is abnormal in the mixed character of government and people in the modern state. In America, the state has no right whatever to interfere with the affairs of the church, her doctrine, discipline, and worship, and the appointment of ministers. It would be a great calamity if religion were to become subject to our ever-changing politics.

4. The American system differs from the system of toleration, which began in Germany with the Westphalia Treaty, 1648; in England with the Act of Toleration, 1689, and which now prevails over nearly all Europe; of late years, nominally at least, even in Roman Catholic countries, to the very gates of the Vatican, in spite of the protest of the Pope. Toleration exists where the government supports one or more churches, and permits other religious communities under the name of sects (as on the continent), or dissenters and nonconformists (as in England), under certain conditions. In America there are no such distinctions, but only churches or denominations on a footing of perfect equality before the law. To talk about any particular denomination as *the* church, or *the American* church, has no meaning, and betrays ignorance or conceit. Such exclusiveness is natural and logical in Romanism, but unnatural, illogical, and contemptible in any other church. The American laws know no such institution as "the church," but only separate and independent organizations.

Toleration is an important step from state-churchism to free-churchism. But it is only a step. There is a very great difference between toleration and liberty. Toleration is a concession, which may be withdrawn; it implies a preference for the ruling form of faith and worship, and a practical disapproval of all other forms. It may be coupled with many restrictions and disabilities. We tolerate what we dislike but cannot alter; we tolerate even a nuisance, if we must. Acts of toleration are wrung from a government by the force of circumstances and the power of a minority too influential to be disregarded. . . .

In our country we ask no toleration for religion and its free exercise, but we claim it as an inalienable right. "It is not toleration," says Judge Cooley, "which is established in our system, but religious equality." Freedom of religion is one of the greatest gifts of God to man, without distinction of race and color. He is the author and lord of conscience, and no power on earth has a right to stand between God and the conscience. A violation of this divine law written in the heart is an assault upon the majesty of God and the image of God in man. Granting the freedom of conscience, we must, by logical necessity, also grant the freedom of its manifestation and exercise in public worship. To concede the first and to deny the second, after the manner of despotic governments, is to imprison the conscience. To be just, the state must either support all or none of the religions of its citizens. Our government supports none, but protects all.

5. Finally—and this we would emphasize as especially important in our time,—the American system differs radically and fundamentally from the infidel and red-republican theory of religious freedom. The word freedom is one of the most abused words in the vocabulary. True liberty is a positive force, regulated by law; false liberty is a negative force, a release from restraint. True liberty is the moral power of self-government; the liberty of infidels and anarchists is carnal licentiousness. The American separation of church and state rests on respect for the church; the infidel separation, on indifference and hatred of the church, and of religion itself.

The infidel theory was tried and failed in the first Revolution of France. It began with toleration, and ended with the abolition of Christianity, and with the reign of terror, which in turn prepared the way for military despotism as the only means of saving society from anarchy and ruin. Our infidels and anarchists would reënact this tragedy if they should ever get the power. They openly profess their hatred and contempt of our Sunday-laws, our Sabbaths, our churches, and all our religious institutions and societies. Let us beware of them! The American system grants freedom also to irreligion and infidelity, but only within the limits of the order and safety of society. The destruction of religion would be the destruction of morality and the ruin of the state. Civil liberty requires for its support religious liberty, and cannot prosper without it. Religious liberty is not an empty sound, but an orderly exercise of religious duties and enjoyment of all its privileges.

It is freedom *in* religion, not freedom *from* religion; as true civil liberty is freedom *in* law, and not freedom *from* law. Says Goethe:

> "In der Beschränkung erst zeigt sich der Meister,
> Und das Gesetz nur kann dir Freiheit geben."

Republican institutions in the hands of a virtuous and God-fearing nation are the very best in the world, but in the hands of a corrupt and irreligious people they are the very worst, and the most effective weapons of destruction. An indignant people may rise in rebellion against a cruel tyrant; but who will rise against the tyranny of the people in possession of the ballot-box and the whole machinery of government? Here lies our great danger, and it is increasing every year.

Destroy our churches, close our Sunday-schools, abolish the Lord's Day, and our republic would become an empty shell, and our people would tend to heathenism and barbarism. Christianity is the most powerful factor in our society and the pillar of our institutions. It regulates the family; it enjoins private and public virtue; it builds up moral character; it teaches us to love God supremely, and our neighbor as ourselves; it makes good men and useful citizens; it denounces every vice; it encourages every virtue; it promotes and serves the public welfare; it upholds peace and order. Christianity is the only possible religion for the American people, and with Christianity are bound up all our hopes for the future.

This was strongly felt by Washington, the father of his country, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"; and no passage in his immortal Farewell Address is more truthful, wise, and worthy of constant remembrance by every American statesman and citizen than that in which he affirms the inseparable connection of religion with morality and national prosperity.

James Russell Lowell.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., 1819.

HEBE.

[*Poetical Works. Collective Edition.* 1885.]

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover
I sprang the proffered life to clasp;—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The Earth has drunk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can Summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the Gods;
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

THE BIRCH-TREE.

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sunshine,
Among thy leaves that palpitate forever;
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,

The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb forever!

While all the forest, witched with slumberous moonshine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,
I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
Dripping about thy slim white stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my belovèd maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaflets
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,
I fling me down; thy ripple, like a river,
Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and by it
My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
  Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
  I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
  The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
  I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
  The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
  I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
  Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
  I only know she came and went.

O, when the room grows slowly dim,
  And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
  Only to think she came and went.

FROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

FOR a cap and bells our lives we pay,
  Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

1848.

FROM "THE BIGLOW PAPERS."

[*The Biglow Papers. First Series.* 1848.]

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
  He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
  An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
        But John P.
        Robinson he
  Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?
  We can't never choose him o' course,—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
  An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
        Fer John P.
        Robinson he
  Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
  He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
  He's been true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself;—
        So John P.
        Robinson he
  Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle morn'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country.
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry;*
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum:*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
  Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
  In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
  To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
  Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
  A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
  Purvidin' I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
  My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
  Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
  O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
  I git jes wut I axes;
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
  Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
  Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
  To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
  An' orthydox conditions;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
  Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
  The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
  O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
  An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
  On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
  To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
  Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
  To make hard money out on;

Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
  An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
  Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
  In the great Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
  An' in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
  At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose that pokes
  Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
  Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
  Frum him my bread an' cheese air;
I du believe thet all o' me
  Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
  An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
  To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in everythin' thet pays,
  But most of all in CANTIN';
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
  This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
  But O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
  Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendiest is
  To ketch the people nappin';
It aint by princerples nor men
  My preudunt course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
  Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
  Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
  To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
Fer any office, small or gret,
  I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
  Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
  'll keep the people in blindness,—

Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
  Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
  Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
  Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
  In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
  To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
  In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
  To feed ez they hev fed me.

THE COURTIN'.

[*The Biglow Papers. Second Series.* 1866.]

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
  All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
  An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
  With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
  To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
  Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple,—
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
  Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
  A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
  Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
  But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
  Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
  Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
  "Wal . . . . no . . . . I come dasignin'"—

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
  Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
  Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
  Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
  He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
  Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
  An' . . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
  An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
  An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

WHERE'S Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
  When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
An' creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
  Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
  Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
  O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
  Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,
They filled my heart with livin' springs,
  But now they seem to freeze 'em over;
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
  Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
  To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try;
  Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
  Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
  Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
  Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

. . . .

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
  I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
  Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
  Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
  No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
  Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
  Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
  Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
  An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
  On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
  For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
  Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
  Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
  All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
  To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
  Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in,

An' *thet* world seems so fur from this
  Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
  Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners;
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
  For all they sot among the scorners:
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
  At Jedgment where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
  Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
  For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
  With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted!
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
  An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
  Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
  Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
  Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
  They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
  A nation saved, a race delivered!

DRYDEN.

[*Among My Books.* 1870.]

DRYDEN has now been in his grave nearly a hundred and seventy years; in the second class of English poets perhaps no one stands, on the whole, so high as he; during his lifetime, in spite of jealousy, detraction, unpopular politics, and a suspicious change of faith, his preeminence was conceded; he was the earliest complete type of the purely literary man, in the modern sense; there is a singular unanimity in allowing him a certain claim to *greatness* which would be denied to men as famous and more read,—to Pope or Swift, for example; he is supposed, in some way or other, to have reformed English poetry. It is now about half a century since the only uniform edition of his works was edited by Scott. No library is complete without him, no name is more familiar than his, and yet it may be suspected that few writers are more thoroughly buried in that great cemetery of the "British Poets." If contemporary reputation be often deceitful, posthumous fame may be generally trusted, for it is a verdict made up of the suffrages of the select men in succeeding generations. This verdict has been as good as unanimous in favor of Dryden. It is, perhaps, worth while to take a fresh observation of him, to consider him neither as warning nor example, but to endeavor to make out what it is that has given so lofty and firm a position to one of the most unequal, inconsistent, and faulty writers that ever lived. He is a curious example of what we often remark of the living, but rarely of the dead,—that they get credit for what they might be quite as much as for what they are,—and posterity has applied to him one of his own rules of criticism, judging him by the best rather than the average of his achievement, a thing posterity is seldom wont to do. On the losing side in politics, it is true of his polemical writings as of Burke's,—whom in many respects he resembles, and especially in that supreme quality of a reasoner, that his mind gathers not only heat, but clearness and expansion, by its own motion,—that they have won his battle for him in the judgment of after times.

To us, looking back at him, he gradually becomes a singularly interesting and even picturesque figure. He is, in more senses than one, in language, in turn of thought, in style of mind, in the direction of his activity, the first of the moderns. He is the first literary man who was also a man of the world, as we understand the term. He succeeded Ben Jonson as the acknowledged dictator of wit and criticism, as Dr. Johnson, after nearly the same interval, succeeded him. All ages are, in some sense, ages of transition; but there are times when the transition is more marked, more rapid; and it is, perhaps, an ill fortune for a man of letters to arrive at maturity during such a period, still more to represent in himself the change that is going on, and to be an efficient cause in bringing it about. Unless, like Goethe, he is of a singularly uncontemporaneous nature, capable of being *tutta in se romita*, and of running parallel with his time rather than being sucked into its current, he will be thwarted in that harmonious development of native force which has so much to do with its steady and successful application. Dryden suffered, no doubt, in this way. Though in creed he seems to have drifted backward in an eddy of the general current; yet of the intellectual movement of the time, so far certainly as literature shared in it, he could say, with Æneas, not only that he saw, but that himself was a great part of it. That movement was, on the whole, a downward one, from faith to scepticism, from enthusiasm to cynicism, from the imagination to the understanding. It was in a direction altogether away from those springs of imagination and faith at which they of the last age had slaked the thirst or renewed the vigor of their souls.

Dryden himself recognized that indefinable and gregarious influence which we call nowadays the Spirit of the Age, when he said that "every Age has a kind of universal Genius." He had also a just notion of that in which he lived; for he remarks, incidentally, that "all knowing ages are naturally sceptic and not at all bigoted, which, if I am not much deceived, is the proper character of our own." It may be conceived that he was even painfully half-aware of having fallen upon a time incapable, not merely of a great poet, but perhaps of any poet at all; for nothing is so sensitive to the chill of a sceptical atmosphere as that enthusiasm which, if it be not genius, is at least the beautiful illusion that saves it from the baffling quibbles of self-consciousness. Thrice unhappy he who, born to see things as they might be, is schooled by circumstances to see them as people say they are,—to read God in a prose translation. Such was Dryden's lot, and such, for a good part of his days, it was by his own choice. He who was of a stature to snatch the torch of life that flashes from lifted hand to hand along the generations, over the heads of inferior men, chose rather to be a link-boy to the stews.

As a writer for the stage, he deliberately adopted and repeatedly reaffirmed the maxim that

> "He who lives to please must please to live."

Without earnest convictions, no great or sound literature is conceivable. But if Dryden mostly wanted that inspiration which comes of belief in and devotion to something nobler and more abiding than the present moment and its petulant need, he had, at least, the next best thing to that,—a thorough faith in himself. He was, moreover, a man of singularly open soul, and of a temper self-confident enough to be candid even with himself. His mind was growing to the last, his judgment widening and deepening, his artistic sense refining itself more and more. He confessed his errors, and was not ashamed to retrace his steps in search of that better knowledge which the omniscience of superficial study had disparaged. Surely an intellect that is still pliable at seventy is a phenomenon as interesting as it is rare. But at whatever period of his life we look at Dryden, and whatever, for the moment, may have been his poetic creed, there was something in the nature of the man that would not be wholly subdued to what it worked in. There are continual glimpses of something in him greater than he, hints of possibilities finer than anything he has done. You feel that the whole of him was better than any random specimens, though of his best, seem to prove. *Incessu patet*, he has by times the large stride of the elder race, though it sinks too often into the slouch of a man who has seen better days. His grand air may, in part, spring from a habit of easy superiority to his competitors; but must also, in part, be ascribed to an innate dignity of character. That this preëminence should have been so generally admitted, during his life, can only be explained by a bottom of good sense, kindliness, and sound judgment, whose solid worth could afford that many a flurry of vanity, petulance, and even error should flit across the surface and be forgotten. Whatever else Dryden may have been, the last and abiding impression of him is, that he was thoroughly manly; and while it may be disputed whether he was a great poet, it may be said of him, as Wordsworth said of Burke, that "he was by far the greatest man of his age, not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries."

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS STYLE.

HOW perfect his style is may be judged from the fact that it never curdles into mannerism, and thus absolutely eludes imitation. Though here, if anywhere, the style is the man, yet it is noticeable only, like the images of Brutus, by its absence, so thoroughly is he absorbed in his work, while he fuses thought and word indissolubly together, till all the particles cohere by the best virtue of each. With perfect truth he has said of himself that he writes

> "All one, ever the same,
> Putting invention in a noted weed,
> That every word doth almost tell his name."

And yet who has so succeeded in imitating him as to remind us of him by even so much as the gait of a single verse? Those magnificent crystallizations of feeling and phrase, basaltic masses, molten and interfused by the primal fires of passion, are not to be reproduced by the slow experiments of the laboratory striving to parody creation with artifice. Mr. Matthew Arnold seems to think that Shakespeare has damaged English poetry. I wish he had! It is true he lifted Dryden above himself in "All for Love"; but it was Dryden who said of him, by instinctive conviction rather than judgment, that within his magic circle none dared tread but he. Is he to blame for the extravagances of modern diction, which are but the reaction of the brazen age against the degeneracy of art into artifice, that has characterized the silver period in every literature? We see in them only the futile effort of misguided persons to torture out of language the secret of that inspiration which should be in themselves. We do not find the extravagances in Shakespeare himself. We never saw a line in any modern poet that reminded us of him, and will venture to assert that it is only poets of the second class that find successful imitators. And the reason seems to us a very plain one. The genius of the great poet seeks repose in the expression of itself, and finds it at last in style, which is the establishment of a perfect mutual understanding between the worker and his material. The secondary intellect, on the other hand, seeks for excitement in expression, and stimulates itself into mannerism, which is the wilful obtrusion of self, as style is its unconscious abnegation. No poet of the first class has ever left a school, because his imagination is incommunicable; while, just as surely as the thermometer tells of the neighborhood of an iceberg, you may detect the presence of a genius of the second class in any generation by the influence of his mannerism, for that, being an artificial thing, is capable of reproduction. Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, left no heirs either to the form or mode of their expression; while Milton, Sterne, and Wordsworth left behind them whole regiments uniformed with all their external characteristics. We do not mean that great poetic geniuses may not have influenced thought (though we think it would be difficult to show how Shakespeare had done so, directly and wilfully), but that they have not infected contemporaries or followers with mannerism. The quality in him which makes him at once so thoroughly English and so thoroughly cosmopolitan is that aëration of the understanding by the imagination which he has in common with all the greater poets, and which is the privilege of genius. The modern school, which mistakes violence for intensity, seems to catch its breath when it finds itself on the verge of natural expression, and to say to itself, "Good heavens! I had almost forgotten I was inspired!" But of Shakespeare we do not even suspect that he ever remembered it. He does not always speak in that intense way that flames up in Lear and Macbeth through the rifts of a soil volcanic with passion. He allows us here and there the repose of a commonplace character, the consoling distraction of a humorous one. He knows how to be equable and grand without effort, so that we forget the altitude of thought to which he has led us, because the slowly receding slope of a mountain stretching downward by ample gradations gives a less startling impression of height than to look over the edge of a ravine that makes but a wrinkle in its flank.

Shakespeare has been sometimes taxed with the barbarism of profuseness and exaggeration. But this is to measure him by a Sophoclean scale. The simplicity of the antique tragedy is by no means that of expression, but is of form merely. In the utterance of great passions, something must be indulged to the extravagance of Nature; the subdued tones to which pathos and sentiment are limited cannot express a tempest of the soul. The range between the piteous "no more but so," in which Ophelia compresses the heart-break whose compression was to make her mad, and that sublime appeal of Lear to the elements of Nature, only to be matched, if matched at all, in the "Prometheus," is a wide one, and Shakespeare is as truly simple in the one as in the other. The simplicity of poetry is not that of prose, nor its clearness that of ready apprehension merely. To a subtile sense, a sense heightened by sympathy, those sudden fervors of phrase, gone ere one can say it lightens, that show us Macbeth groping among the complexities of thought in his conscience-clouded mind, and reveal the intricacy rather than enlighten it, while they leave the eye darkened to the literal meaning of the words, yet make their logical sequence the grandeur of the conception, and its truth to Nature clearer than sober daylight could. There is an obscurity of mist rising from the undrained shallows of the mind, and there is the darkness of thunder-cloud gathering its electric masses with passionate intensity from the clear element of the imagination, not at random or wilfully, but by the natural processes of the creative faculty, to brood those flashes of expression that transcend rhetoric, and are only to be apprehended by the poetic instinct.

In that secondary office of imagination, where it serves the artist, not as the reason that shapes, but as the interpreter of his conceptions into words, there is a distinction to be noticed between the higher and lower mode in which it performs its function. It may be either creative or pictorial, may body forth the thought or merely image it forth. With Shakespeare, for example, imagination seems immanent in his very consciousness; with Milton, in his memory. In the one it sends, as if without knowing it, a fiery life into the verse,

"Sei die Braut das Wort,
Bräutigam der Geist";

in the other it elaborates a certain pomp and elevation. Accordingly, the bias of the former is toward over-intensity, of the latter toward over-diffuseness. Shakespeare's temptation is to push a willing metaphor beyond its strength, to make a passion over-inform its tenement of words; Milton cannot resist running a simile on into a fugue. One always fancies Shakespeare *in* his best verses, and Milton at the keyboard of his organ. Shakespeare's language is no longer the mere vehicle of thought; it has become part of it, its very flesh and blood. The pleasure it gives us is unmixed, direct, like that from the smell of a flower or the flavor of a fruit. Milton sets everywhere his little pitfalls of bookish association for the memory. I know that Milton's manner is very grand. It is slow, it is stately, moving as in triumphal procession, with music, with historic banners, with spoils from every time and every region, and captive epithets, like huge Sicambrians, thrust their broad shoulders between us and the thought whose pomp they decorate.

But it is manner, nevertheless, as is proved by the ease with which it is parodied, by the danger it is in of degenerating into mannerism whenever it forgets itself. Fancy a parody of Shakespeare,—I do not mean of his words, but of his *tone*, for that is what distinguishes the master. You might as well try it with the Venus of Melos. In Shakespeare it is always the higher thing, the thought, the fancy, that is preëminent; it is Cæsar that draws all eyes, and not the chariot in which he rides, or the throng which is but the reverberation of his supremacy. If not, how explain the charm with which he dominates in all tongues, even under the disenchantment of translation? Among the most alien races he is as solidly at home as a mountain seen from different sides by many lands, itself superbly solitary, yet the companion of all thoughts and domesticated in all imaginations.

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

[*My Study Windows.* 1871.]

CERTAINLY it is no shame to a man that he should be as nice about his country as about his sweetheart, and who ever heard even the friendliest appreciation of that unexpressive she that did not seem to fall infinitely short? Yet it would hardly be wise to hold every one an enemy who could not see her with our own enchanted eyes. It seems to be the common opinion of foreigners that Americans are *too* tender upon this point. Perhaps we are; and if so, there must be a reason for it. Have we had fair play? Could the eyes of what is called Good Society (though it is so seldom true either to the adjective or noun) look upon a nation of democrats with any chance of receiving an undistorted image? Were not those, moreover, who found in the old order of things an earthly paradise, paying them quarterly dividends for the wisdom of their ancestors, with the punctuality of the seasons, unconsciously bribed to misunderstand if not to misrepresent us? Whether at war or at peace, there we were, a standing menace to all earthly paradises of that kind, fatal underminers of the very credit on which the dividends were based, all the more hateful and terrible that our destructive agency was so insidious, working invisible in the elements, as it seemed, active while they slept, and coming upon them in the darkness like an armed man. *Could* Laius have the proper feelings of a father towards Œdipus, announced as his destined destroyer by infallible oracles, and felt to be such by every conscious fibre of his soul? For more than a century the Dutch were the laughing-stock of polite Europe. They were butterfirkins, swillers of beer and schnapps, and their *vrouws* from whom Holbein painted the all-but loveliest of Madonnas, Rembrandt the graceful girl who sits immortal on his knee in Dresden, and Rubens his abounding goddesses, were the synonymes of clumsy vulgarity. Even so late as Irving the ships of the greatest navigators in the world were represented as sailing equally well stern-foremost. That the aristocratic Venetians should have

> "Riveted with gigantic piles
> Thorough the centre their new-catchèd miles"

was heroic. But the far more marvellous achievement of the Dutch in the same kind was ludicrous even to republican Marvell. Meanwhile, during that very century of scorn, they were the best artists, sailors, merchants, bankers, printers, scholars, jurisconsults, and statesmen in Europe, and the genius of Motley has revealed them to us, earning a right to themselves by the most heroic struggle in human annals. But, alas! they were not merely simple burghers who had fairly made themselves High Mightinesses, and could treat on equal terms with anointed kings, but their commonwealth carried in its bosom the germs of democracy. They even unmuzzled, at least after dark, that dreadful mastiff, the Press, whose scent is, or ought to be, so keen for wolves in sheep's clothing and for certain other animals in lions' skins. They made fun of Sacred Majesty, and, what was worse, managed uncommonly well without it. In an age when periwigs made so large a part of the natural dignity of man, people with such a turn of mind were dangerous. How could they seem other than vulgar and hateful?

In the natural course of things we succeeded to this unenviable position of general butt. The Dutch had thriven under it pretty well, and there was hope that we could at least contrive to worry along. And we certainly did in a very redoubtable fashion. Perhaps we deserved some of the sarcasm more than our Dutch predecessors in office. We had nothing to boast of in arts or letters, and were given to bragging overmuch of our merely material prosperity, due quite as much to the virtue of our continent as to our own. There was some truth in Carlyle's sneer, after all. Till we had succeeded in some higher way than this, we had only the success of physical growth. Our greatness, like that of enormous Russia, was greatness on the map,—barbarian mass only; but had we gone down, like that other Atlantis, in some vast cataclysm, we should have covered but a pin's point on the chart of memory, compared with those ideal spaces occupied by tiny Attica and cramped England. At the same time, our critics somewhat too easily forgot that material must make ready the foundation for ideal triumphs, that the arts have no chance in poor countries. But it must be allowed that democracy stood for a great deal in our shortcoming. The Edinburgh Review never would have thought of asking, "Who reads a Russian book?" and England was satisfied with iron from Sweden without being impertinently inquisitive after her painters and statuaries. Was it that they expected too much from the mere miracle of Freedom? Is it not the highest art of a Republic to make men of flesh and blood, and not the marble ideals of such? It may be fairly doubted whether we have produced this higher type of man yet. Perhaps it is the collective, not the individual humanity that is to have a chance of nobler development among us. We shall see. We have a vast amount of imported ignorance, and, still worse, of native ready-made knowledge, to digest before even the preliminaries of such a consummation can be arranged. We have got to learn that statesmanship is the most complicated of all arts, and to come back to the apprenticeship system too hastily abandoned. . . . .

So long as we continue to be the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world, I suppose we must consent to endure this condescending manner of foreigners toward us. The more friendly they mean to be the more ludicrously prominent it becomes. They can never appreciate the immense amount of silent work that has been done here, making this continent slowly fit for the abode of man, and which will demonstrate itself, let us hope, in the character of the people. Outsiders can only be expected to judge a nation by the amount it has contributed to the civilization of the world; the amount, that is, that can be seen and handled. A great place in history can only be achieved by competitive examinations, nay, by a long course of them. How much new thought have we contributed to the common stock? Till that question can be triumphantly answered, or needs no answer, we must continue to be simply interesting as an experiment, to be studied as a problem, and not respected as an attained result or an accomplished solution. Perhaps, as I have hinted, their patronizing manner toward us is the fair result of their failing to see here anything more than a poor imitation, a plaster-cast of Europe. And are they not partly right? If the tone of the uncultivated American has too often the arrogance of the barbarian, is not that of the cultivated as often vulgarly apologetic? In the America they meet with is there the simplicity, the manliness, the absence of sham, the sincere human nature, the sensitiveness to duty and implied obligation, that in any way distinguishes us from what our orators call "the effete civilization of the Old World"? Is there a politician among us daring enough (except a Dana here and there) to risk his future on the chance of our keeping our word with the exactness of superstitious communities like England? Is it certain that we shall be ashamed of a bankruptcy of honor, if we can only keep the letter of our bond? I hope we shall be able to answer all these questions with a frank *yes*. At any rate, we would advise our visitors that we are not merely curious creatures, but belong to the family of man, and that, as individuals, we are not to be always subjected to the competitive examination above mentioned, even if we acknowledged their competence as an examining board. Above all, we beg them to remember that America is not to us, as to them, a mere object of external interest to be discussed and analyzed, but *in* us, part of our very marrow. Let them not suppose that we conceive of ourselves as exiles from the graces and amenities of an older date than we, though very much at home in a state of things not yet all it might be or should be, but which we mean to make so, and which we find both wholesome and pleasant for men (though perhaps not for *dilettanti*) to live in. "The full tide of human existence" may be felt here as keenly as Johnson felt it at Charing Cross, and in a larger sense. I know one person who is singular enough to think Cambridge the very best spot on the habitable globe. "Doubtless God *could* have made a better, but doubtless he never did."

It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even passably to conceal them. She cannot help confounding the people with the country, and regarding us as lusty juveniles. She has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism. She is especially condescending just now, and lavishes sugar-plums on us as if we had not outgrown them. I am no believer in sudden conversions, especially in sudden conversions to a favorable opinion of people who have just proved you to be mistaken in judgment and therefore unwise in policy. I never blamed her for not wishing well to democracy,—how should she?—but Alabamas are not wishes. Let her not be too hasty in believing Mr. Reverdy Johnson's pleasant words. Though there is no thoughtful man in America who would not consider a war with England the greatest of calamities, yet the feeling toward her here is very far from cordial, whatever our Minister may say in the effusion that comes after ample dining. Mr. Adams, with his famous "My Lord, this means war," perfectly represented his country. Justly or not, we have a feeling that we have been wronged, not merely insulted. The only sure way of bringing about a healthy relation between the two countries is for Englishmen to clear their minds of the notion that we are always to be treated as a kind of inferior and deported Englishman whose nature they perfectly understand, and whose back they accordingly stroke the wrong way of the fur with amazing perseverance. Let them learn to treat us naturally on our merits as human beings, as they would a German or a Frenchman, and not as if we were a kind of counterfeit Briton whose crime appeared in every shade of difference, and before long there would come that right feeling which we naturally call a good understanding. The common blood, and still more the common language, are fatal instruments of misapprehension. Let them give up *trying* to understand us, still more thinking that they do, and acting in various absurd ways as the necessary consequence, for they will never arrive at that devoutly-to-be-wished consummation, till they learn to look at us as we are and not as they suppose us to be. Dear old long-estranged mother-in-law, it is a great many years since we parted. Since 1660, when you married again, you have been a step-mother to us. Put on your spectacles, dear madam. Yes, we *have* grown, and changed likewise. You would not let us darken your doors, if you could help it. We know that perfectly well. But pray, when we look to be treated as men, don't shake that rattle in our faces, nor talk baby to us any longer.

> ‘ Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
> Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
> Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig!”

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
  And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
  With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
  Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
  And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
  When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
  Folded close under deepening snow.

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

THOUGH old the thought and oft exprest,
'Tis his at last who says it best,—
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic!" so we try
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah, with what lofty hope we came!
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor;
  When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
  In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
  The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
  With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
  What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
  Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
  When the helpless feet stretch out
And find in the deeps of darkness
  No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
  One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
  Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
  To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
  With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
  Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
  Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the grave-yard
  Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
  Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
  Your morals most drearily true;

But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

MEN say the sullen instrument,
That, from the Master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every fibre sent,
Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
Old summers in its memory glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings;
It hears the April-loosened springs;
And mixes with its mood
All it dreamed when it stood
In the murmurous pine-wood
Long ago!

The magical moonlight then
Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance blown;
The wind through its glooms sang low,
And it swayed to and fro
With delight as it stood
In the wonderful wood,
Long ago!

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, Live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes and reasons,
But made us all feeling and voice?
When we went with the winds in their blowing,
When Nature and we were peers,
And we seemed to share in the flowing
Of the inexhaustible years?
Have we not from the earth drawn juices
Too fine for earth's sordid uses?
Have I heard, have I seen
All I feel and I know?
Doth my heart overween?
Or could it have been
Long ago?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music heard once by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again,
Could I but speak and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should not lack a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad,
Long ago!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM THE ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION, 21 JULY, 1865.

LIFE may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

WORDSWORTH.

[*Among My Books. Second Series.* 1876.]

TAKE from Wordsworth all which an honest criticism cannot but allow, and what is left will show how truly great he was. He had no humor, no dramatic power, and his temperament was of that dry and juiceless quality, that in all his published correspondence you shall not find a letter, but only essays. If we consider carefully where he was most successful, we shall find that it was not so much in description of natural scenery, or delineation of character, as in vivid expression of the effect produced by external objects and events upon his own mind, and of the shape and hue (perhaps momentary) which they in turn took from his mood or temperament. His finest passages are always monologues. He had a fondness for particulars, and there are parts of his poems which remind us of local histories in the undue relative importance given to trivial matters. He was the historian of Wordsworthshire. This power of particularization (for it is as truly a power as generalization) is what gives such vigor and greatness to single lines and sentiments of Wordsworth, and to poems developing a single thought or sentiment. It was this that made him so fond of the sonnet. That sequestered nook forced upon him the limits which his fecundity (if I may not say his garrulity) was never self-denying enough to impose on itself. It suits his solitary and meditative temper, and it was there that Lamb (an admirable judge of what was permanent in literature) liked him best. Its narrow bounds, but fourteen paces from end to end, turn into a virtue his too common fault of giving undue prominence to every passing emotion. He excels in monologue, and the law of the sonnet tempers monologue with mercy. In "The Excursion" we are driven to the subterfuge of a French verdict of extenuating circumstances. His mind had not that reach and elemental movement of Milton's, which, like the trade-wind, gathered to itself thoughts and images like stately fleets from every quarter; some deep with silks and spicery, some brooding over the silent thunders of their battailous armaments, but all swept forward in their destined track, over the long billows of his verse, every inch of canvas strained by the unifying breath of their common epic impulse. It was an organ that Milton mastered, mighty in compass, capable equally of the trumpet's ardors or the slim delicacy of the flute, and sometimes it bursts forth in great crashes through his prose, as if he touched it for solace in the intervals of his toil. If Wordsworth sometimes puts the trumpet to his lips, yet he lays it aside soon and willingly for his appropriate instrument, the pastoral reed. And it is not one that grew by any vulgar stream, but that which Apollo breathed through, tending the flocks of Admetus,—that which Pan endowed with every melody of the visible universe,—the same in which the soul of the despairing nymph took refuge and gifted with her dual nature,—so that ever and anon, amid the notes of human joy or sorrow, there comes suddenly a deeper and almost awful tone, thrilling us into dim consciousness of a forgotten divinity.

Wordsworth's absolute want of humor, while it no doubt confirmed his self-confidence by making him insensible both to the comical incongruity into which he was often led by his earlier theory concerning the language of poetry and to the not unnatural ridicule called forth by it, seems to have been indicative of a certain dulness of perception in other directions. We cannot help feeling that the material of his nature was essentially prose, which, in his inspired moments, he had the power of transmuting, but which, whenever the inspiration failed or was factitious, remained obstinately leaden. The normal condition of many poets would seem to approach that temperature to which Wordsworth's mind could be raised only by the white heat of profoundly inward passion. And in proportion to the intensity needful to make his nature thoroughly aglow is the very high quality of his best verses. They seem rather the productions of nature than of man, and have the lastingness of such, delighting our age with the same startle of newness and beauty that pleased our youth. Is it his thought? It has the shifting inward lustre of diamond. Is it his feeling? It is as delicate as the impressions of fossil ferns. He seems to have caught and fixed forever in immutable grace the most evanescent and intangible of our intuitions, the very ripple-marks on the remotest shores of being. But this intensity of mood which insures high quality is by its very nature incapable of prolongation, and Wordsworth, in endeavoring it, falls more below himself, and is, more even than many poets his inferiors in imaginative quality, a poet of passages. Indeed, one cannot help having the feeling sometimes that the poem is there for the sake of these passages, rather than that these are the natural jets and elations of a mind energized by the rapidity of its own motion. In other words, the happy couplet or gracious image seems not to spring from the inspiration of the poem conceived as a whole, but rather to have dropped of itself into the mind of the poet in one of his rambles, who then, in a less rapt mood, has patiently built up around it a setting of verse too often ungraceful in form and of a material whose cheapness may cast a doubt on the priceless quality of the gem it encumbers.

MILTON.

IT results from the almost scornful withdrawal of Milton into the fortress of his absolute personality that no great poet is so uniformly self-conscious as he. We should say of Shakespeare that he had the power of transforming himself into everything; of Milton, that he had that of transforming everything into himself. Dante is individual rather than self-conscious, and he, the cast-iron man, grows pliable as a field of grain at the breath of Beatrice, and flows away in waves of sunshine. But Milton never let himself go for a moment. As other poets are possessed by their theme, so is he *self*-possessed, his great theme being John Milton, and his great duty that of interpreter between him and the world. I say it with all respect, for he was well worthy translation, and it is out of Hebrew that the version is made. Pope says he makes God the Father reason "like a school-divine." The criticism is witty, but inaccurate. He makes Deity a mouthpiece for his present theology, and had the poem been written a few years later, the Almighty would have become more heterodox. Since Dante, no one had stood on these visiting terms with heaven.

Now it is precisely this audacity of self-reliance, I suspect, which goes far toward making the sublime, and which, falling by a hair's-breadth short thereof, makes the ridiculous. Puritanism showed both the strength and weakness of its prophetic nurture; enough of the latter to be scoffed out of England by the very men it had conquered in the field, enough of the former to intrench itself in three or four immortal memories. It has left an abiding mark in politics and religion, but its great monuments are the prose of Bunyan and the verse of Milton. It is a high inspiration to be the neighbor of great events; to have been a partaker in them and to have seen noble purposes by their own self-confidence become the very means of ignoble ends, if it do not wholly depress, may kindle a passion of regret deepening the song which dares not tell the reason of its sorrow. The grand loneliness of Milton in his latter years, while it makes him the most impressive figure in our literary history, is reflected also in his maturer poems by a sublime independence of human sympathy like that with which mountains fascinate and rebuff us. But it is idle to talk of the loneliness of one the habitual companions of whose mind were the Past and Future. I always seem to see him leaning in his blindness a hand on the shoulder of each, sure that the one will guard the song which the other had inspired.

IN DEFENCE OF THE STUDY OF GREEK.

[*Address on the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Harvard University,* 8 *November,* 1886.—*Democracy, and Other Addresses.* 1887.]

ONE is sometimes tempted to think that all learning is as repulsive to ingenuous youth as the multiplication table to Scott's little friend Marjorie Fleming, though this is due in great part to mechanical methods of teaching. "I am now going to tell you," she writes, "the horrible and wretched plaege that my multiplication table gives me; you can't conceive it; the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7; it is what nature itself can't endure." I know that I am approaching treacherous ashes which cover burning coals, but I must on. Is not Greek, nay, even Latin, yet more unendurable than poor Marjorie's task? How many boys have not sympathized with Heine in hating the Romans because they invented Latin Grammar? And they were quite right, for we begin the study of languages at the wrong end, at the end which nature does not offer us, and are thoroughly tired of them before we arrive at them, if you will pardon the bull. But is that any reason for not studying them in the right way? I am familiar with the arguments for making the study of Greek especially a matter of choice or chance. I admit their plausibility and the honesty of those who urge them. I should be willing also to admit that the study of the ancient languages without the hope or the prospect of going on to what they contain would be useful only as a form of intellectual gymnastics. Even so they would be as serviceable as the higher mathematics to most of us. But I think that a wise teacher should adapt his tasks to the highest, and not the lowest, capacities of the taught. For those lower also they would not be wholly without profit. When there is a tedious sermon, says George Herbert,

> "God takes a text and teacheth patience,"

not the least pregnant of lessons. One of the arguments against the compulsory study of Greek, namely, that it is wiser to give our time to modern languages and modern history than to dead languages and ancient history, involves, I think, a verbal fallacy. Only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been written. If the classic languages are dead, they yet speak to us, and with a clearer voice than that of any living tongue.

> *Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo*
> *Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.*

If their language is dead, yet the literature it enshrines is rammed with life as perhaps no other writing, except Shakespeare's, ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured, for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. Men are ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's gray fathers. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand. Plato and Aristotle are not names but things. On a chart that should represent the firm earth and wavering oceans of the human mind, they would be marked as mountain-ranges, forever modifying the temperature, the currents, and the atmosphere of thought, astronomical stations whence the movements of the lamps of heaven might best be observed and predicted. Even for the mastering of our own tongue, there is no expedient so fruitful as translation out of another; how much more when that other is a language at once so precise and so flexible as the Greek! Greek literature is also the most fruitful comment on our own. Coleridge has told us with what profit he was made to study Shakespeare and Milton in conjunction with the

Greek dramatists. It is no sentimental argument for this study that the most justly balanced, the most serene, and the most fecundating minds since the revival of learning have been steeped in and saturated with Greek literature. We know not whither other studies will lead us, especially if dissociated from this; we do know to what summits, far above our lower region of turmoil, this has led, and what the many-sided outlook thence. Will such studies make anachronisms of us, unfit us for the duties and the business of to-day? I can recall no writer more truly modern than Montaigne, who was almost more at home in Athens and Rome than in Paris. Yet he was a thrifty manager of his estate and a most competent mayor of Bordeaux. I remember passing once in London where demolition for a new thoroughfare was going on. Many houses left standing in the rear of those cleared away bore signs with the inscription "Ancient Lights." This was the protest of their owners against being built out by the new improvements from such glimpse of heaven as their fathers had, without adequate equivalent. I laid the moral to heart.

THE ARGUMENT FOR A REFORM PARTY.

[*Address on The Place of the Independent in Politics. New York,* 13 *April,* 1888.—*Political Essays.* 1888.]

IF the dangers and temptations of parties be such as I have indicated, and I do not think that I have overstated them, it is for the interest of the best men in both parties that there should be a neutral body, not large enough to form a party by itself, nay, which would lose its power for good if it attempted to form such a party, and yet large enough to moderate between both, and to make both more cautious in their choice of candidates and in their connivance with evil practices. If the politicians must look after the parties, there should be somebody to look after the politicians; somebody to ask disagreeable questions and to utter uncomfortable truths; somebody to make sure, if possible, before election, not only what, but whom the candidate, if elected, is going to represent. What to me is the saddest feature of our present methods is the pitfalls which they dig in the path of ambitious and able men who feel that they are fitted for a political career, that by character and training they could be of service to their country, yet who find every avenue closed to them unless at the sacrifice of the very independence which gives them a claim to what they seek. As in semi-barbarous times the sincerity of a converted Jew was tested by forcing him to swallow pork, so these are required to gulp without a wry face what is as nauseous to them.

I would do all in my power to render such loathsome compliances unnecessary. The pity of it is that with our political methods the hand is of necessity subdued to what it works in. It has been proved, I think, that the old parties are not to be reformed from within. It is from without that the attempt must be made, and it is the Independents who must make it. . . . .

It is through its politics, through its capacity for government, the noblest of sciences, that a nation proves its right to a place among the other beneficent forces of nature. For politics permeate more widely than any other force, and reach every one of us, soon or late, to teach or to debauch. We are confronted with new problems and new conditions. We and the population which is to solve them are very unlike that of fifty years ago. As I was walking not long ago in the Boston Public Garden, I saw two Irishmen looking at Ball's equestrian statue of Washington, and wondering who was the personage thus commemorated. I had been brought up among the still living traditions of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, and the siege of Boston. To these men Ireland was still their country, and America a place to get their daily bread. This put me upon thinking. What, then, is patriotism, and what its true value to a man? Was it merely an unreasoning and almost cat-like attachment to certain square miles of the earth's surface, made up in almost equal parts of life-long association, hereditary tradition, and parochial prejudice? This is the narrowest and most provincial form, as it is also, perhaps, the strongest, of that passion or virtue, whichever we choose to call it. But did it not fulfil the essential condition of giving men an ideal outside themselves, which would awaken in them capacities for devotion and heroism that are deaf even to the penetrating cry of self? All the moral good of which patriotism is the fruitful mother, my two Irishmen had in abundant measure, and it had wrought in them marvels of fidelity and self-sacrifice which made me blush for the easier terms on which my own duties of the like kind were habitually fulfilled. Were they not daily pinching themselves that they might pay their tribute to the old hearthstone or the old cause three thousand miles away? If tears tingle our eyes when we read of the like loyalty in the clansmen of the attainted and exiled Lochiel, shall this leave us unmoved?

I laid the lesson to heart. I would, in my own way, be as faithful as they to what I believed to be the best interests of my country. Our politicians are so busy studying the local eddies of prejudice or interest that they allow the main channel of our national energies to be obstructed by dams for the grinding of private grist. Our leaders no longer lead, but are as skilful as Indians in following the faintest trail of public opinion. I find it generally admitted that our moral standard in politics has been lowered, and is every day going lower. Some attribute this to our want of a leisure class. It is to a book of the Apocrypha that we are indebted for the invention of the Man of Leisure. But a leisure class without a definite object in life, and without generous aims, is a bane rather than a blessing. It would end in the weariness and cynical pessimism in which its great exemplar Ecclesiastes ended, without leaving us the gift which his genius left. What we want is an active class who will insist in season and out of season that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured, not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, of hogs packed, of bushels of wheat raised, not only by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul; a country which shall be as great morally as it is materially; a country whose very name shall not only, as now it does, stir us as with the sound of a trumpet, but shall call out all that is best within us by offering us the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than of something that shall fulfil our own thwarted aspiration, when we are but a handful of forgotten dust in the soil trodden by a race whom we shall have helped to make more worthy of their inheritance than we ourselves had the power, I might almost say the means, to be.

IN A COPY OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

[*Heartsease and Rue.* 1888.]

THESE pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
The diver Omar plucked them from their bed,
Fitzgerald strung them on an English thread.

Fit rosary for a queen, in shape and hue,
When Contemplation tells her pensive beads
Of mortal thoughts, forever old and new.
Fit for a queen? Why, surely then for you!

The moral? Where Doubt's eddies toss and twirl
Faith's slender shallop till her footing reel,
Plunge: if you find not peace beneath the whirl,
Groping, you may like Omar grasp a pearl.

EPIGRAMS.

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES LOST IN A WAGER.

WE wagered, she for sunshine, I for rain,
And I should hint sharp practice if I dared;
For was not she beforehand sure to gain
Who made the sunshine we together shared?

SIXTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

AS life runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new, and near the end
The milestones into headstones change,
'Neath every one a friend.

Charles Anderson Dana.

Born in Hinsdale, N. H., 1819.

GREELEY AS A JOURNALIST.

[*From an Article in the New York Sun*, 5 *December*, 1872.]

THOSE who have examined the history of this remarkable man and who know how to estimate the friendlessness, the disabilities, and the disadvantages which surrounded his childhood and youth; the scanty opportunities, or rather the absence of all opportunity, of education; the destitution and loneliness amid which he struggled for the possession of knowledge; and the unflinching zeal and pertinacity with which he provided for himself the materials for intellectual growth, will heartily echo the popular judgment that he was indeed a man of genius, marked out from his cradle to inspire, animate, and instruct others. From the first, when a child in his father's log cabin, lying upon the hearth that he might read by the flickering fire light, his attention was given almost exclusively to public and political affairs. This determined his vocation as a journalist; and he seems never to have felt any attraction toward any other of the intellectual professions. He never had a thought of being a physician, a clergyman, an engineer, or a lawyer. Private questions, individual controversies, had little concern for him except as they were connected with public interests. Politics and newspapers were his delight, and he learned to be a printer in order that he might become a newspaper maker. And after he was the editor of a newspaper, what chiefly engaged him was the discussion of political and social questions. His whole greatness as a journalist was in this sphere. For the collection and digestion of news, with the exception of election statistics, he had no great fondness and no special ability. He valued talent in that department only because he knew it was essential to the success of the newspaper he loved. His own thoughts were always elsewhere.

Accordingly there have been journalists who as such, strictly speaking, have surpassed him. Minds not devoted to particular doctrines, not absorbed in the advocacy of cherished ideas—in a word, minds that believe little and aim only at the passing success of a day—may easily excel one like him in the preparation of a mere newspaper. Mr. Greeley was the antipodes of all such persons. He was always absolutely in earnest. His convictions were intense; he had that peculiar courage, most precious in a great man, which enables him to adhere to his own line of action despite the excited appeals of friends and the menaces of variable public opinion; and his constant purpose was to assert his principles, to fight for them, and present them to the public in the way most likely to give them the same hold upon other minds which they had upon his own. In fact, he was not so much a journalist, in the proper meaning of that term, as a pamphleteer or writer of leading articles. In this sphere of effort he had scarcely an equal. His command of language was extraordinary, though he had little imagination and his vocabulary was limited; but he possessed the faculty of expressing himself in a racy, virile manner, within the apprehension of every reader. As he treated every topic in a practical rather than a philosophical spirit, and with strong feeling rather than infallible logic, so he never wrote above the heads of the public. What he said was plain, clear, striking. His illustrations were quaint and homely, sometimes even vulgar, but they never failed to tell. He was gifted also with an excellent humor which greatly enlivened his writing. In retort, especially when provoked, he was dangerous to his antagonist; and though his reasoning might be faulty, he would frequently gain his cause by a flash of wit that took the public, and, as it were, hustled his adversary out of court. But he was not always a victorious polemic. His vehemence in controversy was sometimes too precipitate for his prudence; he would rush into a fight with his armor unfastened, and with only a part of the necessary weapons; and as the late Washington Hunt once expressed it, he could be more damaging to his friends than to his opponents.

. . . .

The occasional uncertainty of his judgment was probably due, in a measure, to the deficiency of his education. Self-educated men are not always endowed with the strong logical faculty and sure good sense which are developed and strengthened by thorough intellectual culture. Besides, a man of powerful intellect who is not regularly disciplined, is apt to fall into an exaggerated mental self-esteem from which more accurate training and information would have preserved him. But the very imperfection of Greeley's early studies had a compensation in the fact that they left him, in all the tendencies and habits of his mind, an American. No foreign mixture of thought or tradition went to the composition of his strong intelligence. Of all the great men who have become renowned on this side of the Atlantic he was most purely and entirely the product of the country and its institutions. Accordingly, a sturdy reliance on his own conclusions and a readiness to defy the world in their behalf were among his most strongly marked characteristics.

But a kind of moral unsteadiness diminished his power. The miseries of his childhood had left their trace in a querulous, lamentable, helpless tone of feeling, into which he fell upon any little misfortune or disappointment; and as he grew older he came to lack hope. When the Kansas-Nebraska bill was proposed in Congress he was at first scarcely willing to make any unusual fight against it because, he said, resistance would be ineffectual; and the whole of the great campaign against that measure, in which "The Tribune," enlisting the pens of many of the most brilliant writers of the time, displayed such admirable vitality and gained such a hold upon the country, was fought with his consent indeed, but with very little active aid and little encouragement from him. Similar irresolution was displayed on the approach of the rebellion. He seemed to be dazed by the magnitude of the danger, and shrank from the terrible evils of war—the bloodshed, the demoralization, the pecuniary loss, the arrest of the industry and progress of the country which it involved. His nature was too sensitive to contemplate such things without horror, and he hoped to the last that they might be avoided. But, to his honor be it said, he scorned to compromise his principles or to form any new alliance with slavery, even to avoid what seemed to him so dreadful. Prominent and most influential members of his party were disposed to make such a compromise; but Greeley resisted them with determination, and the project came to naught.

It should also be understood that the willingness to let the South go, which he then manifested, was in part a product of the same distrust of the event which he had exhibited at the time of the Nebraska conflict. It was his abiding fear that if the Union remained together slavery would be sure to triumph at last, and that the whole country would thus be brought permanently under the heel of that institution. This fear was aggravated by a profound dislike of President Lincoln and by dissatisfaction with the composition of his Administration. Finally, when the tardy movements of the national forces in the spring of 1861 gave rise to general discontent, he shared this feeling, and expressed it in "The Tribune" in one or two pregnant articles. Then, as the cry of "On to Richmond" was raised in echo to his own suggestions by Gen. Fitz Henry Warren of Iowa, a Washington correspondent of the paper, Mr. Greeley allowed it to be repeated and enforced through his columns; but he looked with anxiety and doubt for the result. After the defeat of Bull Run he consented to the publication of a critical article written by another hand, in which the conduct of the war was sternly condemned, and a change in the Administration demanded. The next day, however, his purpose swerved; his fears got the mastery; and in the celebrated manifesto entitled "Just Once" he renounced all thought of controlling the policy of the Government, and declared that he should henceforth publish the news of military movements, but abstain from dictating to the President on any subject. He also wrote to the same purport a private letter to President Lincoln, which that astute politician, who dealt with him always as with a foe, kept as a singular kind of treasure.

From the effects of his voluntary yet disorderly retreat in this unequalled crisis, Mr. Greeley never fully recovered.

VIA SACRA.

SLOWLY along the crowded street I go,
Marking with reverent look each passer's face;
Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace
That primal soul whereof he is the show.
For here still move, by many eyes unseen,
The blessed gods that erst Olympus kept:
Through every guise these lofty forms serene
Declare the all-holding life hath never slept,
But known each thrill that in man's heart hath been
And every tear that his sad eyes have wept.
Alas for us! the heavenly visitants,—
We greet them still as most unwelcome guests,
Answering their smile with hateful looks askance,
Their sacred speech with foolish bitter jests;
But oh! what is it to imperial Jove
That this poor world refuses all his love!

ROSCOE CONKLING.

[*The New York Sun*, 18 *April*, 1888.]

THE most picturesque, striking, and original figure of American politics disappears in the death of Roscoe Conkling. Alike powerful and graceful in person, he towered above the masses of men in the elasticity of his talents and the peculiarities and resources of his mental constitution as much as he did in form and bearing. Yet his career cannot be called a great success, and he was not a great man.

But he was an object of love and admiration to an extraordinary circle of friends, including not alone those who shared his opinions, but many who were utterly opposed to them. He was by nature a zealous partisan, and it was his inclination to doubt the good sense and the disinterestedness of those who were on the other side; but nevertheless, the strongest instinct of his nature was friendship, and his attachments stood the test of every trial except such as trenched upon his own personality. This he guarded with the swift jealousy of most intense selfhood, and no one could in any way impinge upon it and remain his friend. Then, his resentments were more lasting and more unchangeable than his friendships. This, in our judgment, was the great weakness of the man. Who can say that in his inmost heart Conkling did not deplore it? At any rate, the candid observer who sums up his history, must deplore it for him. "And the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

For a long period Mr. Conkling was a great political power in New York and in the country. This was during the culmination of General Grant. Originally Conkling was not friendly to Grant, and when the latter appointed his first Cabinet, the Senator's condemnation was unreserved and stinging. This attitude was maintained during nearly the whole of Grant's first year in the Presidency. At that time Senator Fenton stood near the President and dispensed the political bounty of the Administration. This Conkling could not endure, and when Congress met in December, 1869, he was full of war. But it soon got abroad that Fenton was a candidate for the Presidency. This settled the difficulty and brought the rival Senator into intimate relations with the President. This position he ever afterward maintained, and it formed the most successful, and to himself the most satisfactory portion of his life. When Grant was finally defeated at Chicago in 1880, and all hopes of his restoration to the White House were obliterated, the Senator soon abandoned the field of his renown, and went back to the disappointments and struggles of private life.

As we have said, friendship was the greatest positive force in Mr.

Conkling's character, and there never was any hesitation or any meanness in his bestowal of it. In this respect he was the most democratic of men. He was just as warmly devoted to persons holding low places in the social scale as to the great and powerful, and he was just as scrupulous in his observation of all the duties of a friend toward the one kind of people as toward the other. There was nothing snobbish about him. He would go as far and exert himself as greatly to serve a poor man who was his friend as to serve one who was rich and mighty. This disposition he carried into politics. He had very little esteem for office-giving as a political method; but if a friend of his wanted a place, he would get it for him if he could. But no important politician in New York ever had fewer men appointed on the ground that they were his friends or supporters. His intense and lofty pride could not thus debase itself.

It is esteemed a high thing that with all the power he wielded, and the opportunities opened to him under a President the least scrupulous ever known in our history as regards jobbery and corruption, Mr. Conkling never pocketed a copper of indecent and dishonorable gain in the course of his public life. It is a high thing, indeed, and his bitterest enemies cannot diminish the lustre of the fact. The practice of public robbery was universal. Thievery was rampant everywhere in the precincts of the Administration. The Secretary of the Navy plundered millions. The Secretary of War sold public places and put the swag in his pocket. The Secretary of the Interior was forced by universal indignation to resign his ill-used office. The private secretaries of the President dealt in whiskey that defrauded the revenue. The vast gambling scheme of Black Friday had its fulcrum within the portals of the White House, and counted the President's own family among its conspirators. It was a period of shameless, ineffable, unblushing villany pervading the highest circles of public power. And while all Republican statesmen, leaders, and journalists knew it, condoned it, defended it even, the best they could, Mr. Conkling was the special spokesman, advocate, and orator of the Administration which was the creator of a situation so unprecedented and revolting. But while he thus lived and moved in the midst of corruption, he was not touched by it himself. The protector of brigands and scoundrels before the tribunal of public opinion, he had no personal part in their crimes and no share in their spoils. As the poet went through hell without a smutch upon his garments, so the proud Senator, bent chiefly upon the endurance of the Republican party, came out of that epoch of public dishonesty as honest and as stainless as he entered it.

In the records of the higher statesmanship it cannot be said that there is very much to the credit of Mr. Conkling's account. As a parliamentary champion he had perhaps no superior; but others appear to have originated and perfected the measures to which in either House of Congress he gave the support of his potent logic, fertile illustration, aggressive repartee, and scathing sarcasm. We do not now recall a single one of the great and momentous acts of Congress which were passed in his time, of which he can certainly be pronounced the author. Yet his activity was prodigious, and it was a strange freak of his complicated character to bring before the House or Senate, through others, propositions which he thought essential. His hand could often be recognized in motions and resolutions offered on all sides of the chamber, and often by members with whom he was not known to be familiar.

The courage of Mr. Conkling, moral as well as personal, was of a heroic strain. After his mind was made up, he feared no odds, and he asked no favor. He dared to stand out against his own party, and he, a Republican, had the nerve to confront and defy the utmost power of a Republican Administration. There was something magnanimous, too, in the way he bore misfortune. After the death of a distinguished man, with whom he had been very intimate, it was ascertained that his estate, instead of being wealthy, was bankrupt. Mr. Conkling was an endorser of his notes for a large sum of money, and saying calmly, "He would have done as much for me," he set himself to the laborious task of earning the means to pay off the debt. He paid it in no long time, and we don't believe that any man ever heard him murmur at the necessity.

In social life Mr. Conkling endeared himself to his intimates, not only by the qualities which we have endeavored to describe and indicate, but by the richness of his conversation, and the wit and humor—sometimes rather ponderous—with which it was seasoned, and by the stores of knowledge which he revealed. His reading had been extensive, especially in English literature, and his memory was surprisingly tenacious. Many of the most impressive passages of oratory and of literature he could repeat by heart. He was fond of social discussion on all sorts of questions, and liked no one the less who courteously disagreed with him.

As a lawyer, we suppose that his great ability was in cross-examination and with juries. The exigencies and the discursive usage of political life prevented that arduous, persevering application to pure law which is necessary to make a great jurist; but his intellectual powers were so vigorous and so accurate that he made up the deficiencies of training and habit, and no one can doubt that, if he had given himself to the law alone, he would have gained a position of the very highest distinction. As it was, the most eminent counsel always knew that he had a formidable antagonist when Mr. Conkling was against him; and every court listened to his arguments, not merely with respect, but with instruction.

We shall be told, of course, that the supreme fault of this extraordinary mind was imperfection of judgment; and when we consider how largely his actions were controlled by pride and passion, and especially by resentment, we must admit that the criticism is not wholly without foundation. There was also in his manner too much that might justify the belief that often he was posing for effect, like an actor on the stage; and we shall not dispute that so at times it may have been. But there are so few men who are entirely free from imperfection, and so many who inherit from their ancestors characteristics which ought to be disapproved, that we may well overlook them when they are combined with noble and admirable gifts. And after all has been said, even those whom he opposed most strenuously, and scorned or resisted most unrelentingly, may remember that we all are human, while they let fall a tear and breathe a prayer to heaven as the bier of Roscoe Conkling passes on its way to the grave.

William Wetmore Story.

Born in Salem, Mass., 1819.

CLEOPATRA.

[*Graffiti d' Italia.* 1868.]

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets:
  They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
  They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
  A gauze o'er my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
  That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
  And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
  The music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished—
  As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
  Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
  They cool me after my sleep,

And with sandal odors fan me
  Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
  A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished
  And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
  Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
  The wary crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
  And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
  Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
  Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
  As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
  Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
  For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
  Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
  Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
  My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
  That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
  To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
  And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
  Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
  Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
  That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
  And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him,—my nerves he vexes—
  The thing without blood or brain,—
Or, by the body of Isis,
  I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
  Mistily stretching away,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
  O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
  Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
  Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
  With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
  Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
  Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
  Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
  Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
  I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
  The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
  I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started,
  When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
  In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
  Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
  Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
  As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches
  And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
  And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
  And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
  Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
  How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
  As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
  Twitched curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
  With a wild triumphant cry,

And we met, as two clouds in heaven
  When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
  For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
  At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
  For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
  While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
  And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
  To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
  Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
  Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
  And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
  Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
  Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
  Its poor and petty strife!

Come to my arms, my hero,
  The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
  In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
  Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress!
  I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
  Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
  And love as you loved me then!

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

[*Roba di Roma.* 1862. *Revised Edition.* 1887.]

HERE, on the spot whence Virgil tells us that Juno surveyed the ranks of the contending armies, "*Laurentum Troumque,*" and gazed upon the city of the Latins, you may stand and overlook the Roman world from Civita Vecchia to Naples—and not disdain a stout coat to protect you in the evenings of summer. Where the Alban Hill again drops into the plain on the western side is a wide gap of distance, through which you look far away down towards Naples, and see the faint misty height of Ischia just visible on the horizon—and then rising abruptly with sheer limestone cliffs and *crevasses*, where transparent purple shadows sleep all day long, towers the grand range of the Sabine mountains, whose lofty peaks surround the Campagna to the east and north like a curved amphitheatre. Down through the gap, and skirting the Pontine marshes on the east are the Volscian mountains, closing up the Campagna at Terracina, where they overhang the road and affront the sea with their great barrier. Following along the Sabine hills, you will see at intervals the towns of Palestrina and Tivoli, where the Anio tumbles in foam, and other little mountain towns nestled here and there among the soft airy hollows, or perched on the cliffs. At their feet, on three little hills that stand like advanced posts before the lofty mountains, are the half-ruined villages of Colonna, Zagarola, and Gallicano, which give their names to princely Roman families of to-day. Further along, towers the dark and lofty peak of Monte Gennaro, that wears its ermine of snow almost into the summer, and the longer line of the Leonessa, where rose-colored snow lies softly glowing against the sky as late as April. Beyond these, alone and isolated, in the north, rises out of the turbulent waves of the Campagna the striking and picturesque height of Soracte, swelling from the plain in form "like a long swept wave about to break, that on the crest hangs pausing." Sweeping now round by Rieti, Civita Castellana, and the mountains of Viterbo, we come back to the sea at Civita Vecchia.

Within this magnificent amphitheatre lies the Campagna of Rome, and nothing can be more rich and varied, with every kind of beauty—sometimes, as around Ostia, flat as an American prairie, with miles of *canne* and reeds rustling in the wind, fields of exquisite feathery grasses waving to and fro, and forests of tall golden-trunked stone-pines poising their spreading umbrellas of rich green high in the air, and weaving a murmurous roof against the sun; sometimes drear, mysterious, and melancholy, as in the desolate stretches between Civita Vecchia and Rome, with lonely hollows and hills without a habitation, where sheep and oxen feed, and the wind roams over treeless and deserted slopes, and silence makes its home; sometimes rolling like an inland sea whose waves have suddenly been checked and stiffened, green with grass, golden with grain, and gracious with myriads of wild flowers, where scarlet poppies blaze over acres and acres, and pink-frilled daisies cover the vast meadows, and pendent vines shroud the picturesque ruins of antique villas, aqueducts and tombs, or droop from mediæval towers and fortresses.

Such is the aspect of the Agro Romano, or southern portion of the Campagna extending between Rome and Albano. It is picture wherever you go. The land, which is of deep rich loam that repays a hundredfold the least toil of the farmer, does not wait for the help of man, but bursts into spontaneous vegetation and everywhere laughs into flowers. Here is pasturage for millions of cattle, and grain fields for a continent, that now in wild untutored beauty bask in the Italian sun, crying shame on their neglectful owners. Over these long unfenced slopes one may gallop on horseback for miles, through meadows of green smoothness on fire with scarlet poppies—over hills crowned with ruins that insist on being painted, so exquisite are they in form and color, with their background of purple mountains—down valleys of pastoral quiet, where great tufa caves open into subterranean galleries leading beyond human ken; or one may linger in lovely secluded groves of ilexes and pines, or track the course of swift streams overhung by dipping willows, and swerving here and there through broken arches of antique bridges smothered in green; or wander through hedges heaped and toppling over with rich, luxuriant foliage, twined together by wild vetches, honeysuckles, morning-glories, and every species of flowering vine; or sit beneath the sun-looped shadows of ivy-covered aqueducts, listening to the song of hundreds of larks far up in the air, and gazing through the lofty arches into wondrous deeps of violet-hued distances, or lazily watching flocks of white sheep as they crop the smooth slopes guarded by the faithful watch-dog. Everywhere are deep-brown banks of *pozzolano* earth which makes the strong Roman cement, and quarries of tufa and travertine with unexplored galleries and catacombs honeycombing for miles the whole Campagna. Dead generations lie under your feet wherever you tread. The place is haunted by ghosts that outnumber by myriads the living, and the air is filled with a tender sentiment of sadness which makes the beauty of the world about you more touching. You pick up among the ruins on every slope fragments of rich marbles that once encased the walls of luxurious villas. The *contadino* or shepherd offers you an old worn coin, on which you read the name of Cæsar; or a *scarabœus* which once adorned the finger of an Etruscan king, in whose dust he now grows his beans; or the broken head of an ancient jar in marble or terra-cotta, or a lacrymatory of a martyred Christian, or a vase with the Etrurian red that now is lost, or an *intaglio* that perhaps has sealed a love-letter a thousand years ago. Such little touches urge the imagination:

> "Here are acres sown, indeed,
> With the richest royal'st seed

That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cried;
Though gods they were, as men they died.
Here are sands—ignoble things—
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

"What is that with which you are striking fire on your steel to light your pipe?" said a gentleman to a *contadino*, whom he had stopped to ask a question. "*Una pietra*—a stone I found here some months ago," he replied. "Would your Excellency like to see it?" and he extended to him a stone, the edge of which he had worn away on his steel. It was a magnificent *intaglio* in *pietra dura*, one of the rarest and largest of the antique stones that exist, and undoubtedly was the shoulder brooch of an imperial mantle worn by one of the Cæsars. For a few *pauls* the ignorant *contadino* sold an antique gem which was worth a fortune, and which had for its possessor no other value or use than that of a common flint.

Subterranean Rome is vaster than the Rome above ground. Almost every rising hillock has its *pozzolano* cave which stimulates your curiosity to explore. You enter and creep a short distance into the damp shadow of the earth, and then a shudder comes over you and you return; or else, finding your way blocked up by fallen earth and fragments of ruin, you are glad to turn back, and, after stumbling over stones, to issue again into the warm sunshine. Some of these are entrances into the *arenariæ* or sand quarries of the ancients, which are burrowed far into the bowels of the earth. In these, hunted Christians in fear of martyrdom, robbers and assassins in ancient and mediæval days, emperors fleeing for their life from the insurrections of the Golden House were wont to hide themselves. Into one of them, near the Esquiline gate, Asinius was decoyed and murdered, as we learn from Cicero. In another, Nero was recommended to take refuge when, with naked feet, disguised, and trembling with apprehension, he passed out the Nomentan gate with death at his heels, and shuddering, refused to bury himself alive in the sand-pit. And all along the Appian Way they afforded hiding-places for thieves, who rushed out from them upon unwary travellers.

But besides the *arenariæ* and *latomiæ*, there are the dark labyrinthine galleries of the catacombs, intersecting everywhere the Campagna underground with their burrowing network. Here, in the black tunnelled streets of this subterranean city, is a mighty population of the dead. Tier above tier, story above story, in their narrow walled-up houses, for miles and miles along these sad and silent avenues, lie the skeletons of martyred and persecuted Christians, each with his lacrymatory, now dry, and his little lamp, which went out in the darkness more than fifteen centuries ago.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A THOUSAND silent years ago,
The twilight faint and pale
Was drawing o'er the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and, turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done.

"Thus much is saved from chance and change,
That waits for me and thee;
Thus much—how little!—from the range
Of Death and Destiny.

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,—
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For Art can grant what love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When this quick brain and hand that made
And thou and I are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told,

"This senseless stone, so coldly fair,
That love nor life can warm,
The same enchanting look shall wear,
The same enchanting form.

"Its peace no sorrow shall destroy;
Its beauty age shall spare
The bitterness of vanished joy,
The wearing waste of care.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

Harriet Winslow Sewall.

BORN in Portland, Me., 1819.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus for ever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown!

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
  Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
  Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
  Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself, thou lovest,
  And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
  Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
  Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

Herman Melville.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1819.

THE BELL-TOWER.

[*The Piazza Tales.* 1856.]

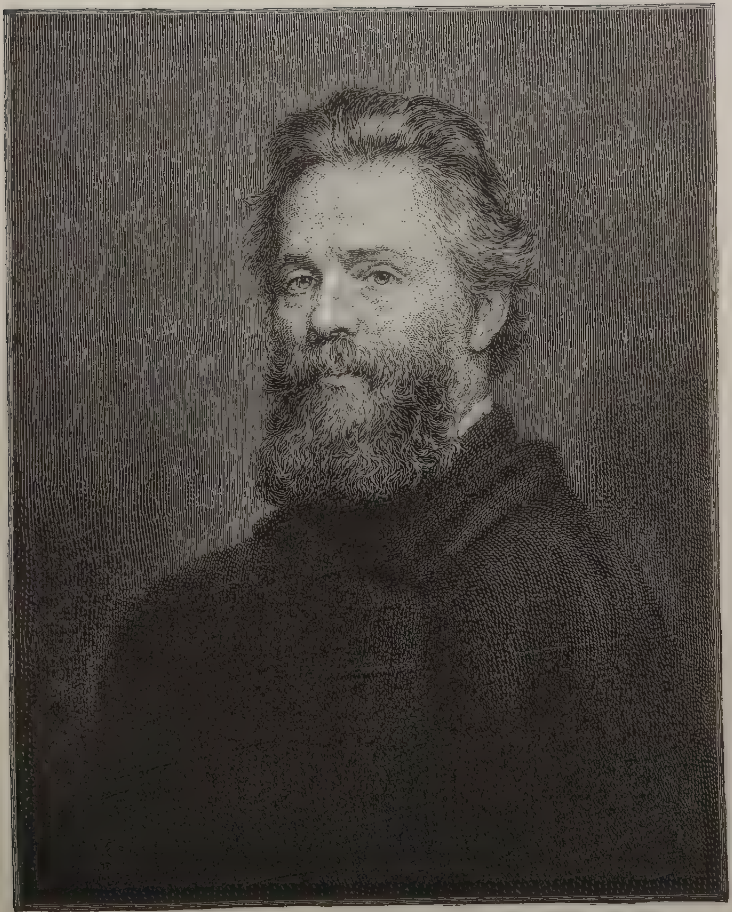
IN the south of Europe, nigh a once frescoed capital, now with dank mould cankering its bloom, central in a plain, stands what, at a distance, seems the black mossed stump of some immeasurable pine, fallen, in forgotten days, with Anak and the Titan.

As all along where the pine tree falls, its dissolution leaves a mossy mound—last-flung shadow of the perished trunk; never lengthening, never lessening; unsubject to the fleet falsities of the sun; shade immutable, and true gauge which cometh by prostration—so westward from what seems the stump, one steadfast spear of lichened ruin veins the plain.

From that tree-top, what birded chimes of silver throats had rung. A stone pine; a metallic aviary in its crown: the Bell-Tower, built by the great mechanician, the unblest foundling, Bannadonna.

Like Babel's, its base was laid in a high hour of renovated earth, following the second deluge, when the waters of the Dark Ages had dried up, and once more the green appeared. No wonder that, after so long and deep submersion, the jubilant expectation of the race should, as with Noah's sons, soar into Shinar aspiration.

In firm resolve, no man in Europe at that period went beyond Bannadonna. Enriched through commerce with the Levant, the state in which



Herman Melville

he lived voted to have the noblest Bell-Tower in Italy. His repute assigned him to be architect.

Stone by stone, month by month, the tower rose. Higher, higher; snail-like in pace, but torch or rocket in its pride.

After the masons would depart, the builder, standing alone upon its ever-ascending summit, at close of every day, saw that he over-topped still higher walls and trees. He would tarry till a late hour there, wrapped in schemes of other and still loftier piles. Those who of saints' days thronged the spot—hanging to the rude poles of scaffolding, like sailors on yards, or bees on boughs, unmindful of lime and dust, and falling chips of stone—their homage not the less inspirited him to self-esteem.

At length the holiday of the Tower came. To the sound of viols, the climax-stone slowly rose in air, and, amid the firing of ordnance, was laid by Bannadonna's hands upon the final course. Then mounting it, he stood erect, alone, with folded arms, gazing upon the white summits of blue inland Alps, and whiter crests of bluer Alps off-shore—sights invisible from the plain. Invisible, too, from thence was that eye he turned below, when, like the cannon booms, came up to him the people's combustions of applause.

That which stirred them so was, seeing with what serenity the builder stood three hundred feet in air, upon an unrailed perch. This none but he durst do. But his periodic standing upon the pile, in each stage of its growth—such discipline had its last result.

Little remained now but the bells. These, in all respects, must correspond with their receptacle.

The minor ones were prosperously cast. A highly enriched one followed, of a singular make, intended for suspension in a manner before unknown. The purpose of this bell, its rotary motion, and connection with the clock-work, also executed at the time, will, in the sequel, receive mention.

In the one erection, bell-tower and clock-tower were united, though, before that period, such structures had commonly been built distinct; as the Campanile and Torre del 'Orologio of St. Mark to this day attest.

But it was upon the great state-bell that the founder lavished his more daring skill. In vain did some of the less elated magistrates here caution him; saying that though truly the tower was Titanic, yet limit should be set to the dependent weight of its swaying masses. But undeterred, he prepared his mammoth mould, dented with mythological devices; kindled his fires of balsamic firs: melted his tin and copper, and, throwing in much plate, contributed by the public spirit of the nobles, let loose the tide.

The unleashed metals bayed like hounds. The workmen shrunk.

Through their fright, fatal harm to the bell was dreaded. Fearless as Shadrach, Bannadonna, rushing through the glow, smote the chief culprit with his ponderous ladle. From the smitten part, a splinter was dashed into the seething mass, and at once was melted in.

Next day a portion of the work was heedfully uncovered. All seemed right. Upon the third morning, with equal satisfaction, it was bared still lower. At length, like some old Theban king, the whole cooled casting was disinterred. All was fair except in one strange spot. But as he suffered no one to attend him in these inspections, he concealed the blemish by some preparation which none knew better to devise.

The casting of such a mass was deemed no small triumph for the caster; one, too, in which the state might not scorn to share. The homicide was overlooked. By the charitable that deed was but imputed to sudden transports of æsthetic passion, not to any flagitious quality. A kick from an Arabian charger; not sign of vice, but blood.

His felony remitted by the judge, absolution given him by the priest, what more could even a sickly conscience have desired?

Honoring the tower and its builder with another holiday, the republic witnessed the hoisting of the bells and clock-work amid shows and pomps superior to the former.

Some months of more than usual solitude on Bannadonna's part ensued. It was not unknown that he was engaged upon something for the belfry, intended to complete it, and surpass all that had gone before. Most people imagined that the design would involve a casting like the bells. But those who thought they had some further insight, would shake their heads, with hints, that not for nothing did the mechanician keep so secret. Meantime, his seclusion failed not to invest his work with more or less of that sort of mystery pertaining to the forbidden.

Ere long he had a heavy object hoisted to the belfry, wrapped in a dark sack or cloak—a procedure sometimes had in the case of an elaborate piece of sculpture, or statue, which, being intended to grace the front of a new edifice, the architect does not desire exposed to critical eyes, till set up, finished, in its appointed place. Such was the impression now. But, as the object rose, a statuary present observed, or thought he did, that it was not entirely rigid, but was, in a manner, pliant. At last, when the hidden thing had attained its final height, and, obscurely seen from below, seemed almost of itself to step into the belfry, as if with little assistance from the crane, a shrewd old blacksmith present ventured the suspicion that it was but a living man. This surmise was thought a foolish one, while the general interest failed not to augment.

Not without demur from Bannadonna, the chief-magistrate of the town, with an associate—both elderly men—followed what seemed the image up the tower. But, arrived at the belfry, they had little recompense. Plausibly entrenching himself behind the conceded mysteries of his art, the mechanician withheld present explanation. The magistrates glanced toward the cloaked object, which, to their surprise, seemed now to have changed its attitude, or else had before been more perplexingly concealed by the violent muffling action of the wind without. It seemed now seated upon some sort of frame, or chair, contained within the domino. They observed that nigh the top, in a sort of square, the web of the cloth, either from accident or design, had its warp partly withdrawn, and the cross threads plucked out here and there, so as to form a sort of woven grating. Whether it were the low wind or no, stealing through the stone lattice-work, or only their own perturbed imaginations, is uncertain, but they thought they discerned a slight sort of fitful, spring-like motion, in the domino. Nothing, however incidental or insignificant, escaped their uneasy eyes. Among other things, they pried out, in a corner, an earthen cup, partly corroded and partly encrusted, and one whispered to the other, that this cup was just such a one as might, in mockery, be offered to the lips of some brazen statue, or, perhaps, still worse.

But, being questioned, the mechanician said that the cup was simply used in his founder's business, and described the purpose; in short, a cup to test the condition of metals in fusion. He added, that it had got into the belfry by the merest chance.

Again, and again, they gazed at the domino, as at some suspicious incognito at a Venetian mask. All sorts of vague apprehensions stirred them. They even dreaded lest, when they should descend, the mechanician, though without a flesh and blood companion, for all that, would not be left alone.

Affecting some merriment at their disquietude, he begged to relieve them, by extending a coarse sheet of workman's canvas between them and the object.

Meantime he sought to interest them in his other work; nor, now that the domino was out of sight, did they long remain insensible to the artistic wonders lying around them; wonders hitherto beheld but in their unfinished state; because, since hoisting the bells, none but the caster had entered within the belfry. It was one trait of his, that, even in details, he would not let another do what he could, without too great loss of time, accomplish for himself. So, for several preceding weeks, whatever hours were unemployed in his secret design, had been devoted to elaborating the figures on the bells.

The clock-bell, in particular, now drew attention. Under a patient chisel, the latent beauty of its enrichments, before obscured by the cloudings incident to casting, that beauty in its shyest grace, was now revealed.

Round and round the bell, twelve figures of gay girls, garlanded, hand-in-hand, danced in a choral ring—the embodied hours.

"Bannadonna," said the chief, "this bell excels all else. No added touch could here improve. Hark!" hearing a sound, "was that the wind?"

"The wind, Excellenza," was the light response. "But the figures, they are not yet without their faults. They need some touches yet. When those are given, and the——block yonder," pointing toward the canvas screen, "when Haman there, as I merrily call him—him? *it*, I mean—when Haman is fixed on this, his lofty tree, then, gentlemen, will I be most happy to receive you here again."

The equivocal reference to the object caused some return of restlessness. However, on their part, the visitors forbore further allusion to it, unwilling, perhaps, to let the foundling see how easily it lay within his plebeian art to stir the placid dignity of nobles.

"Well, Bannadonna," said the chief, "how long ere you are ready to set the clock going, so that the hour shall be sounded? Our interest in you, not less than in the work itself, makes us anxious to be assured of your success. The people, too,—why, they are shouting now. Say the exact hour when you will be ready."

"To-morrow, Excellenza, if you listen for it,—or should you not, all the same—strange music will be heard. The stroke of one shall be the first from yonder bell," pointing to the bell adorned with girls and garlands, "that stroke shall fall there, where the hand of Una clasps Dua's. The stroke of one shall sever that loved clasp. To-morrow, then, at one o'clock, as struck here, precisely here," advancing and placing his finger upon the clasp, "the poor mechanic will be most happy once more to give you liege audience, in this his littered shop. Farewell till then, illustrious magnificoes, and hark ye for your vassal's stroke."

His still, Vulcanic face hiding its burning brightness like a forge, he moved with ostentatious deference toward the scuttle, as if so far to escort their exit. But the junior magistrate, a kind-hearted man, troubled at what seemed to him a certain sardonical disdain, lurking beneath the foundling's humble mien, and in Christian sympathy more distressed at it on his account than on his own, dimly surmising what might be the final fate of such a cynic solitaire, nor perhaps uninfluenced by the general strangeness of surrounding things, this good magistrate had glanced sadly, sideways from the speaker, and thereupon his foreboding eye had started at the expression of the unchanging face of the Hour Una.

"How is this, Bannadonna?" he lowly asked, "Una looks unlike her sisters."

"In Christ's name, Bannadonna," impulsively broke in the chief, his attention for the first time attracted to the figure by his associate's remark, "Una's face looks just like that of Deborah, the prophetess, as painted by the Florentine, Del Fonca."

"Surely, Bannadonna," lowly resumed the milder magistrate, "you meant the twelve should wear the same jocundly abandoned air. But see, the smile of Una seems but a fatal one. 'Tis different."

While his mild associate was speaking, the chief glanced, inquiringly, from him to the caster, as if anxious to mark how the discrepancy would be accounted for. As the chief stood, his advanced foot was on the scuttle's curb.

Bannadonna spoke:

"Excellenza, now that, following your keener eye, I glance upon the face of Una, I do, indeed, perceive some little variance. But look all round the bell, and you will find no two faces entirely correspond. Because there is a law in art——but the cold wind is rising more; these lattices are but a poor defense. Suffer me, magnificoes, to conduct you, at least, partly on your way. Those in whose well-being there is a public stake, should be heedfully attended."

"Touching the look of Una, you were saying, Bannadonna, that there was a certain law in art," observed the chief, as the three now descended the stone shaft, "pray, tell me, then——"

"Pardon; another time, Excellenza;—the tower is damp."

"Nay, I must rest, and hear it now. Here,—here is a wide landing, and through this leeward slit, no wind, but ample light. Tell us of your law; and at large."

"Since, Excellenza, you insist, know that there is a law in art, which bars the possibility of duplicates. Some years ago, you may remember, I graved a small seal for your republic, bearing, for its chief device, the head of your own ancestor, its illustrious founder. It becoming necessary, for the custom's use, to have innumerable impressions for bales and boxes, I graved an entire plate, containing one hundred of the seals. Now, though, indeed, my object was to have those hundred heads identical, and though, I dare say, people think them so, yet, upon closely scanning an uncut impression from the plate, no two of those five-score faces, side by side, will be found alike. Gravity is the air of all; but diversified in all. In some, benevolent; in some, ambiguous; in two or three, to a close scrutiny, all but incipiently malign, the variation of less than a hair's breadth in the linear shadings round the mouth sufficing to all this. Now, Excellenza, transmute that general gravity into joyousness, and subject it to twelve of those variations I have described, and tell me, will you not have my hours here, and Una one of them? But I like ——"

"Hark! is that——a footfall above?"

"Mortar, Excellenza; sometimes it drops to the belfry-floor from the arch where the stone-work was left undressed. I must have it seen to. As I was about to say: for one, I like this law forbidding duplicates. It evokes fine personalities. Yes, Excellenza, that strange, and—to you —uncertain smile, and those fore-looking eyes of Una, suit Bannadonna very well."

"Hark!—sure we left no soul above?"

"No soul, Excellenza; rest assured, no *soul.*—Again the mortar."

"It fell not while we were there."

"Ah, in your presence it better knew its place, Excellenza," blandly bowed Bannadonna.

"But, Una," said the milder magistrate, "she seemed intently gazing on you; one would have almost sworn that she picked you out from among us three."

"If she did, possibly, it might have been her finer apprehension, Excellenza."

"How, Bannadonna? I do not understand you."

"No consequence, no consequence, Excellenza—but the shifted wind is blowing through the slit. Suffer me to escort you on; and then, pardon, but the toiler must to his tools."

"It may be foolish, Signor," said the milder magistrate, as, from the third landing, the two now went down unescorted, "but, somehow, our great mechanician moves me strangely. Why, just now, when he so superciliously replied, his walk seemed Sisera's, God's vain foe, in Del Fonca's painting. And that young, sculptured Deborah, too. Ay, and that——"

"Tush, tush, Signor!" returned the chief. "A passing whim. Deborah?—Where's Jael, pray?"

"Ah," said the other, as they now stepped upon the sod, "ah, Signor, I see you leave your fears behind you with the chill and gloom; but mine, even in this sunny air, remain. Hark!"

It was a sound from just within the tower door, whence they had emerged. Turning, they saw it closed.

"He has slipped down and barred us out," smiled the chief; "but it is his custom."

Proclamation was now made, that the next day, at one hour after meridian, the clock would strike, and—thanks to the mechanician's powerful art—with unusual accompaniments. But what those should be, none as yet could say. The announcement was received with cheers.

By the looser sort, who encamped about the tower all night, lights were seen gleaming through the topmost blind-work, only disappearing with the morning sun. Strange sounds, too, were heard, or were thought to be, by those whom anxious watching might not have left mentally undisturbed—sounds, not only of some ringing implement, but also—so they said—half suppressed screams and plainings, such as might have issued from some ghostly engine, overplied.

Slowly the day drew on; part of the concourse chasing the weary time with songs and games, till, at last, the great blurred sun rolled, like a football, against the plain.

At noon, the nobility and principal citizens came from the town in cavalcade; a guard of soldiers, also, with music, the more to honor the occasion.

Only one hour more. Impatience grew. Watches were held in hands of feverish men, who stood, now scrutinizing their small dial-plates, and then, with neck thrown back, gazing toward the belfry, as if the eye might foretell that which could only be made sensible to the ear; for, as yet, there was no dial to the tower-clock.

The hour-hands of a thousand watches now verged within a hair's breadth of the figure 1. A silence, as of the expectation of some Shiloh, pervaded the swarming plain. Suddenly a dull, mangled sound—naught ringing in it; scarcely audible, indeed, to the outer circles of the people—that dull sound dropped heavily from the belfry. At the same moment, each man stared at his neighbor blankly. All watches were upheld. All hour-hands were at—had passed—the figure 1. No bell-stroke from the tower. The multitude became tumultuous.

Waiting a few moments, the chief magistrate, commanding silence, hailed the belfry, to know what thing unforeseen had happened there.

No response.

He hailed again and yet again.

All continued hushed.

By his order, the soldiers burst in the tower-door; when, stationing guards to defend it from the now surging mob, the chief, accompanied by his former associate, climbed the winding stairs. Half-way up, they stopped to listen. No sound. Mounting faster, they reached the belfry; but, at the threshold, started at the spectacle disclosed. A spaniel, which, unbeknown to them, had followed them thus far, stood shivering as before some unknown monster in a brake: or, rather, as if it snuffed footsteps leading to some other world.

Bannadonna lay, prostrate and bleeding, at the base of the bell which was adorned with girls and garlands. He lay at the feet of the hour Una; his head coinciding, in a vertical line, with her left hand, clasped by the hour Dua. With downcast face impending over him, like Jael over nailed Sisera in the tent, was the domino; now no more becloaked.

It had limbs, and seemed clad in a scaly mail, lustrous as a dragon-beetle's. It was manacled, and its clubbed arms were uplifted, as if, with its manacles, once more to smite its already smitten victim. One advanced foot of it was inserted beneath the dead body, as if in the act of spurning it.

Uncertainty falls on what now followed.

It were but natural to suppose that the magistrates would, at first, shrink from immediate personal contact with what they saw. At the least, for a time, they would stand in involuntary doubt; it may be, in more or less of horrified alarm. Certain it is, that an arquebuss was called for from below. And some add, that its report, followed by a fierce whiz, as of the sudden snapping of a mainspring, with a steely din, as if a stack of sword-blades should be dashed upon a pavement, these blended sounds came ringing to the plain, attracting every eye far upward to the belfry, whence, through the lattice-work, thin wreaths of smoke were curling.

Some averred that it was the spaniel, gone mad by fear, which was shot. This others denied. True it was, the spaniel never more was seen; and, probably, for some unknown reason, it shared the burial now to be related of the domino. For, whatever the preceding circumstances may have been, the first instinctive panic over, or else all ground of reasonable fear removed, the two magistrates, by themselves, quickly rehooded the figure in the dropped cloak wherein it had been hoisted. The same night it was secretly lowered to the ground, smuggled to the beach, pulled far out to sea, and sunk. Nor to any after urgency, even in free convivial hours, would the twain ever disclose the full secrets of the belfry.

From the mystery unavoidably investing it, the popular solution of the foundling's fate involved more or less of supernatural agency. But some few less unscientific minds pretended to find little difficulty in otherwise accounting for it. In the chain of circumstantial inferences drawn there may, or may not, have been some absent or defective links. But, as the explanation in question is the only one which tradition has explicitly preserved, in dearth of better, it will here be given. But, in the first place, it is requisite to present the supposition entertained as to the entire motive and mode, with their origin, of the secret design of Bannadonna; the minds above mentioned assuming to penetrate as well into his soul as into the event. The disclosure will indirectly involve reference to peculiar matters, none of the clearest, beyond the immediate subject.

At that period, no large bell was made to sound otherwise than as at present, by agitation of a tongue within, by means of ropes, or percussion from without, either from cumbrous machinery, or stalwart watchmen, armed with heavy hammers, stationed in the belfry, or in sentry-boxes on the open roof, according as the bell was sheltered or exposed.

It was from observing these exposed bells, with their watchmen, that the foundling, as was opined, derived the first suggestion of his scheme. Perched on a great mast or spire, the human figure, viewed from below, undergoes such a reduction in its apparent size, as to obliterate its intelligent features. It evinces no personality. Instead of bespeaking volition, its gestures rather resemble the automatic ones of the arms of a telegraph.

Musing, therefore, upon the purely Punchinello aspect of the human figure thus beheld, it had indirectly occurred to Bannadonna to devise some metallic agent, which should strike the hour with its mechanic hand, with even greater precision than the vital one. And, moreover, as the vital watchman on the roof, sallying from his retreat at the given periods, walked to the bell with uplifted mace, to smite it, Bannadonna had resolved that his invention should likewise possess the power of locomotion, and, along with that, the appearance, at least, of intelligence and will.

If the conjectures of those who claimed acquaintance with the intent of Bannadonna be thus far correct, no unenterprising spirit could have been his. But they stopped not here; intimating that though, indeed, his design had, in the first place, been prompted by the sight of the watchman, and confined to the devising of a subtle substitute for him; yet, as is not seldom the case with projectors, by insensible gradations, proceeding from comparatively pigmy aims to Titanic ones, the original scheme had, in its anticipated eventualities, at last attained to an unheard-of degree of daring. He still bent his efforts upon the locomotive figure for the belfry, but only ~~as a~~ partial type of an ulterior creature, a sort of elephantine Helot, adapted to further, in a degree scarcely to be imagined, the universal conveniences and glories of humanity; supplying nothing less than a supplement to the Six Days' Work; stocking the earth with a new serf, more useful than the ox, swifter than the dolphin, stronger than the lion, more cunning than the ape, for industry an ant, more fiery than serpents, and yet, in patience, another ass. All excellences of all God-made creatures, which served man, were here to receive advancement, and then to be combined in one. Talus was to have been the all-accomplished Helot's name. Talus, iron slave to Bannadonna, and, through him, to man.

Here, it might well be thought that, were these last conjectures as to the foundling's secrets not erroneous, then must he have been hopelessly infected with the craziest chimeras of his age, far outgoing Albert Magus and Cornelius Agrippa. But the contrary was averred. However marvellous his design, however apparently transcending not alone the bounds of human invention, but those of divine creation, yet the proposed means to be employed were alleged to have been confined within the sober forms of sober reason. It was affirmed that, to a degree of more than sceptic scorn, Bannadonna had been without sympathy for any of the vainglorious irrationalities of his time. For example, he had not concluded, with the visionaries among the metaphysicians, that between the finer mechanic forces and the ruder animal vitality some germ of correspondence might prove discoverable. As little did his scheme partake of the enthusiasm of some natural philosophers, who hoped, by physiological and chemical inductions, to arrive at a knowledge of the source of life, and so qualify themselves to manufacture and improve upon it. Much less had he aught in common with the tribe of alchemists, who sought, by a species of incantations, to evoke some surprising vitality from the laboratory. Neither had he imagined, with certain sanguine theosophists, that, by faithful adoration of the Highest, unheard-of powers would be vouchsafed to man. A practical materialist, what Bannadonna had aimed at was to have been reached, not by logic, not by crucible, not by conjuration, not by altars; but by plain vice-bench and hammer. In short, to solve nature, to steal into her, to intrigue beyond her, to procure some one else to bind her to his hand;—these, one and all, had not been his objects; but, asking no favors from any element or any being, of himself, to rival her, outstrip her, and rule her. He stooped to conquer. With him, common sense was theurgy; machinery, miracle; Prometheus, the heroic name for machinist; man, the true God.

Nevertheless, in his initial step, so far as the experimental automaton for the belfry was concerned, he allowed fancy some little play; or, perhaps, what seemed his fancifulness was but his utilitarian ambition collaterally extended. In figure, the creation for the belfry should not be likened after the human pattern, nor any animal one, nor after the ideals, however wild, of ancient fable, but equally in aspect as in organism be an original production; the more terrible to behold, the better.

Such, then, were the suppositions as to the present scheme, and the reserved intent. How, at the very threshold, so unlooked for a catastrophe overturned all, or, rather, what was the conjecture here, is now to be set forth.

It was thought that on the day preceding the fatality, his visitors having left him, Bannadonna had unpacked the belfry image, adjusted it, and placed it in the retreat provided—a sort of sentry-box in one corner of the belfry; in short, throughout the night, and for some part of the ensuing morning, he had been engaged in arranging everything connected with the domino; the issuing from the sentry-box each sixty minutes; sliding along a grooved way, like a railway; advancing to the clock-bell, with uplifted manacles; striking it at one of the twelve junctions of the four-and-twenty hands; then wheeling, circling the bell, and retiring to its post, there to bide for another sixty minutes, when the same process was to be repeated; the bell, by a cunning mechanism, meantime turning on its vertical axis, so as to present, to the descending mace, the clasped hands of the next two figures, when it would strike two, three, and so on, to the end, the musical metal in this time-bell being so managed in the fusion, by some art, perishing with its originator, that each of the clasps of the four-and-twenty hands should give forth its own peculiar resonance when parted.

But on the magic metal the magic and metallic stranger never struck but that one stroke, drove but that one nail, severed but that one clasp, by which Bannadonna clung to his ambitious life. For, after winding up the creature in the sentry-box, so that, for the present, skipping the intervening hours, it should not emerge till the hour of one, but should then infallibly emerge, and, after deftly oiling the grooves whereon it was to slide, it was surmised that the mechanician must then have hurried to the bell, to give his final touches to its sculpture. True artist, he here became absorbed; and absorption still further intensified, it may be, by his striving to abate that strange look of Una; which, though, before others, he had treated with such unconcern, might not, in secret, have been without its thorn.

And so, for the interval, he was oblivious of his creature; which, not oblivious of him, and true to its creation, and true to its heedful winding up, left its post precisely at the given moment; along its well-oiled route slid noiselessly toward its mark; and, aiming at the hand of Una, to ring one clangorous note, dully smote the intervening brain of Bannadonna, turned backwards to it; the manacled arms then instantly upspringing to their hovering poise. The falling body clogged the thing's return; so there it stood, still impending over Bannadonna, as if whispering some post-mortem terror. The chisel lay dropped from the hand, but beside the hand; the oil-flask spilled across the iron track.

In his unhappy end, not unmindful of the rare genius of the mechanician, the republic decreed him a stately funeral. It was resolved that the great bell—the one whose casting had been jeopardized through the timidity of the ill-starred workman—should be rung upon the entrance of the bier into the cathedral. The most robust man of the country round was assigned the office of bell-ringer.

But as the pall-bearers entered the cathedral porch, naught but a broken and disastrous sound, like that of some lone Alpine land-slide, fell from the tower upon their ears. And then, all was hushed.

Glancing backwards, they saw the groined belfry crashed sideways in. It afterwards appeared that the powerful peasant, who had the bell-rope in charge, wishing to test at once the full glory of the bell, had swayed down upon the rope with one concentrate jerk. The mass of quaking metal, too ponderous for its frame, and strangely feeble somewhere at its top, loosed from its fastening, tore sideways down, and tumbling in one sheer fall, three hundred feet to the soft sward below, buried itself inverted and half out of sight.

Upon its disinterment, the main fracture was found to have started from a small spot in the ear; which, being scraped, revealed a defect, deceptively minute, in the casting; which defect must subsequently have been pasted over with some unknown compound.

The remolten metal soon reassumed its place in the tower's repaired superstructure. For one year the metallic choir of birds sang musically in its belfry-bough-work of sculptured blinds and traceries. But on the first anniversary of the tower's completion—at early dawn, before the concourse had surrounded it—an earthquake came. One loud crash was heard. The stone-pine, with all its bower of songsters, lay overthrown upon the plain.

So the blind slave obeyed its blinder lord; but, in obedience, slew him. So the creator was killed by the creature. So the bell was too heavy for the tower. So the bell's main weakness was where man's blood had flawed it. And so pride went before the fall.

THE STONE FLEET.

[*Battle Pieces, and Aspects of the War.* 1866.]

I HAVE a feeling for those ships,
  Each worn and ancient one,
With great bluff bows, and broad in the beam:
  Ay, it was unkindly done.
      But so they serve the Obsolete—
      Even so, Stone Fleet!

You'll say I'm doting; do but think
  I scudded round the Horn in one—
The Tenedos, a glorious
  Good old craft as ever run—
      Sunk (how all unmeet!)
      With the Old Stone Fleet.

An India ship of fame was she,
  Spices and shawls and fans she bore;
A whaler when her wrinkles came—
  Turned off! till, spent and poor,
      Her bones were sold (escheat!)
      Ah! Stone Fleet.

Four were erst patrician keels
  (Names attest what families be),
The Kensington, and Richmond too,
  Leonidas, and Lee:
        But now they have their seat
        With the Old Stone Fleet

To scuttle them—a pirate deed—
  Sack them, and dismast;
They sunk so slow, they died so hard,
  But gurgling dropped at last.
        Their ghosts in gales repeat
        Woe's us, Stone Fleet!

And all for naught. The waters pass—
  Currents will have their way;
Nature is nobody's ally; 'tis well;
  The harbor is bettered—will stay.
        A failure, and complete,
        Was your Old Stone Fleet.

December, 1861.

SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

SHOE the steed with silver
  That bore him to the fray,
When he heard the guns at dawning—
        Miles away;
When he heard them calling, calling—
        Mount! nor stay:
            Quick, or all is lost;
            They've surprised and stormed the post,
            They push your routed host—
  Gallop! retrieve the day.

House the horse in ermine—
  For the foam-flake blew
White through the red October;
  He thundered into view:
They cheered him in the looming,
  Horseman and horse they knew.
            The turn of the tide began,
            The rally of bugles ran,
            He swung his hat in the van;
  The electric hoof-spark flew.

Wreathe the steed and lead him—
  For the charge he led

Touched and turned the cypress
  Into amaranths for the head
Of Philip, king of riders,
  Who raised them from the dead.
          The camp (at dawning lost)
          By eve, recovered—forced,
          Rang with laughter of the host
  At belated Early fled.

Shroud the horse in sable—
  For the mounds they heap!
There is firing in the Valley,
  And yet no strife they keep;
It is the parting volley,
  It is the pathos deep.
          There is glory for the brave
          Who lead, and nobly save,
          But no knowledge in the grave
  Where the nameless followers sleep.

October, 1864.

IN THE PRISON PEN.

LISTLESS he eyes the palisades
  And sentries in the glare;
'Tis barren as a pelican-beach,
  But his world is ended there.

Nothing to do; and vacant hands
  Bring on the idiot-pain;
He tries to think—to recollect,
  But the blur is on his brain.

Around him swarm the plaining ghosts
  Like those on Virgil's shore—
A wilderness of faces dim,
  And pale ones gashed and hoar.

A smiting sun. No shed, no tree;
  He totters to his lair—
A den that sick hands dug in earth
  Ere famine wasted there;

Or, dropping in his place, he swoons,
  Walled in by throngs that press,
Till forth from the throngs they bear him dead—
  Dead in his meagreness.

1864.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

Born in Belchertown, Mass., 1819. Died in New York, N. Y., 1881.

INTERLUDES FROM "BITTER-SWEET."

[*Bitter-Sweet.* 1858.—*Complete Poetical Writings.* 1879.]

BABYHOOD.

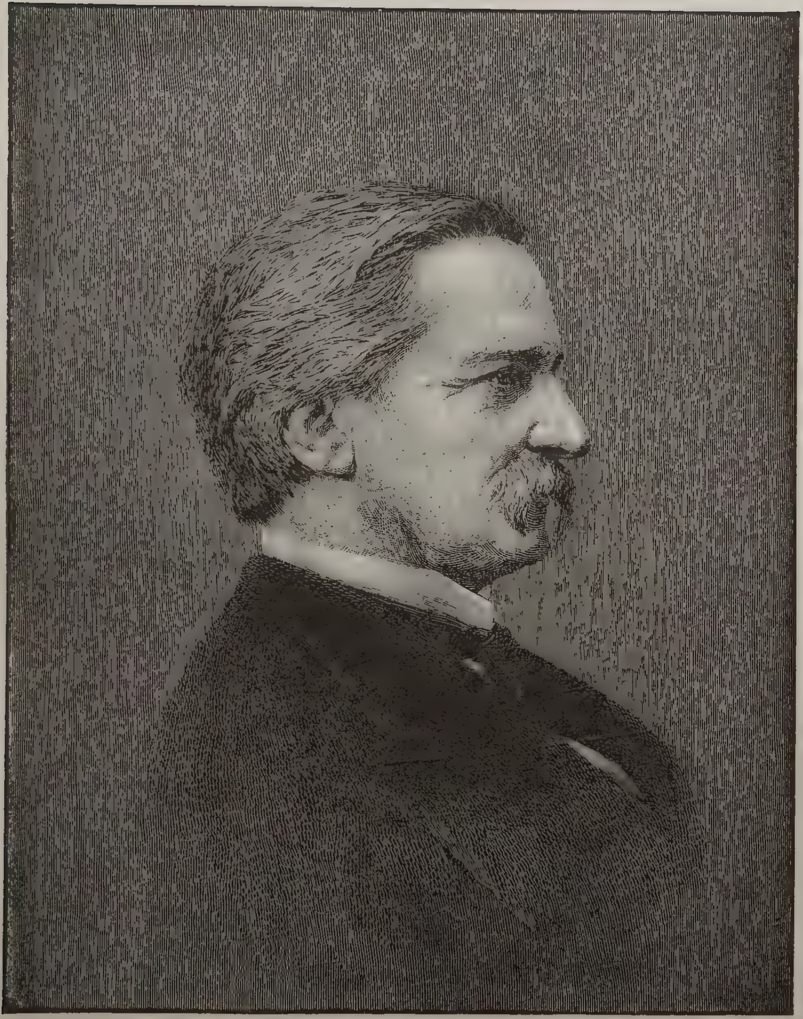
WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt!
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,

Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

IN THE CELLAR.

SIXTEEN barrels of cider
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent-channels wider!
See the froth, drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!
Those delectable juices
Flowed through the sinuous sluices
Of sweet springs under the orchard;
Climbed into fountains that chained them;
Dripped into cups that retained them,
And swelled till they dropped, and we gained them.
Then they were gathered and tortured
By passage from hopper to vat,
And fell—every apple crushed flat.
Ah! how the bees gathered round them,
And how delicious they found them!
Oat-straw, as fragrant as clover,
Was platted, and smoothly turned over,
Weaving a neatly-ribbed basket;
And, as they built up the casket,
In went the pulp by the scoop-full,
Till the juice flowed by the stoup-full,—
Filling the half of a puncheon
While the men swallowed their luncheon.
Pure grew the stream with the stress
Of the lever and screw,
Till the last drops from the press
Were as bright as the dew.
There were these juices spilled;
There were these barrels filled;
Sixteen barrels of cider—
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent-channels wider!
See the froth, drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!



L. G. Hallock

SELF-HELP.

[*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects.* 1865.]

LABOR, calling, profession, scholarship, and artificial and arbitrary distinctions of all sorts, are incidents and accidents of life, and pass away. It is only manhood that remains, and it is only by manhood that man is to be measured. When this proposition shall be comprehended and accepted, it will become easy to see that there is no such thing as menial work in this world. No work that God sets a man to do—no work to which God has specially adapted a man's powers—can properly be called either menial or mean. The man who blacks your boots and blacks them well, and who engages in that variety of labor because he can do it better than he can do anything else, may have, if he choose, just as sound and true a manhood as you have, not only after he gets through the work of his life, but now, with your boots in one hand and your shilling in the other. There is very much dirtier work done in politics, and sometimes in the professions, than that of blacking boots; work, too, which destroys manhood, or renders its acquisition impossible.

If I have attained the object of this lecture, I have presented to you, and impressed upon you, certain important and intimately related truths, which I will briefly recount:

First. That the faculty of self-help is that which distinguishes man from animals; that it is the Godlike element, or holds within itself the Godlike element, of his constitution.

Second. That God gives every man individuality of constitution, and the faculty to achieve individuality of character, through an intelligent selection of food for the nourishment, and labor for the discipline and development of his powers.

Third. That those counsels which convey to young persons, indiscriminately, the idea that they can make anything of themselves that they choose to make, are pernicious, from the fact that many will choose to make of themselves that for which Nature never designed them, and will thus spoil themselves for the work to which their individualities are adapted.

Fourth. That a man can never be well-made who is not, in reality, self-made; whose native individuality is not the initial and the dominant fact in his development.

Fifth. That it is a mistake to suppose that a man, in order to be self-made, must necessarily seek the peculiar development that will prepare him for professional or political life.

Sixth. That no man has a right to be engaged in a calling or profession in which he occupies an inferior position, while there exists a calling or profession in which he may occupy a superior position; and that no man is respectable when out of his place, however respectable the place he occupies may be.

Seventh. That a man without a title is greater than a title without a man; and that a self-made man may occupy, in honor and the noblest respectability, the humblest place in the world, if its duties are only those for which God designed his powers. . . . .

I account the loss of a man's life and individuality, through the non-adaptation or the mal-adaptation of his powers to his pursuits, the greatest calamity, next to the loss of personal virtue, that he can suffer in this world. I believe that a full moiety of the trials and disappointments that darken a world which, I am sure, was intended to be measurably bright and happy, are traceable to this prolific source. Men are not in their places. Women are not in their places. John is doing badly the work that William would do well, and William is doing badly the work that John would do well; and both are disappointed, and unhappy, and self-unmade. It is quite possible that John is doing Mary's work and Mary is doing John's work.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'it might have been.'"

Now, I do not suppose we shall ever get the world all right on this matter. I do not suppose that all men will find the places for which they were designed, or that, in many instances, Maud will marry the Judge: but an improvement can be made; and if an improvement ever shall be made, it will be through the inculcation of sounder views among the young. . . . .

If there be one man before me who honestly and contentedly believes that, on the whole, he is doing that work to which his powers are best adapted, I wish to congratulate him. My friend, I care not whether your hand be hard or soft; I care not whether you are from the office or the shop; I care not whether you preach the everlasting gospel from the pulpit, or swing the hammer over the blacksmith's anvil; I care not whether you have seen the inside of a college or the outside—whether your work be that of the head or that of the hand—whether the world account you noble or ignoble: if you have found your place, you are a happy man. Let no ambition ever tempt you away from it, by so much as a questioning thought. I say, if you have found your place—no matter what or where it is—you are a happy man. I give you joy of your good fortune; for if you do the work of that place well, and draw from it all that it can give you of nutriment and discipline and development, you are, or you will become, a man filled up—made after God's pattern—the noblest product of the world,—a self-made man.

DANIEL GRAY.

IF I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called as one among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering and to conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him;
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that, when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

THE REV. PETER MULLENS.

[*Arthur Bonnicastle. An American Novel.* 1873.]

ON entering The Mansion that day in my usual informal way, I found the Rev. Peter Mullens lying nearly upon his back, in the most luxurious chair of the large drawing-room, apparently in a state of serene and supreme happiness. He was enjoying the privileges of the cloth, in the house of a professional brother who had been exceptionally "favored." For the time, the house was his own. All petty cares were dismissed. All clouds were lifted from his life, in the consciousness that he had a good coat on which had cost him nothing, and that, for a few days at least, board and lodging were secure at the same price. His hair was brushed back straight over his head in the usual fashion, and evidently fastened there by the contents of a box of pomatum which he had found in my old chamber. He had managed to get some gold-bowed spectacles, and when I met him he presented quite an imposing front. Rising and greeting me with a cordial and somewhat patronizing air, he quickly resumed his seat and his attitude, and subsided into a vein of moralizing. He thought it must be a source of great satisfaction to me that the property which had once been my own, apparently, had been devoted to the ministry, and that henceforth The Mansion would be the home of those who had given themselves to the church.

Mullens evidently regarded himself as one who had a certain pecuniary interest in the estate. The house was to be his tavern—his free, temporary home—whenever it might be convenient for him to pass a portion of his time in the city. Indeed, he conducted himself as if he were my host, and expressed the hope that he should see me always when visiting the town. His assumptions amused me exceedingly, though I was sorry to think that Henry and Claire would feel themselves obliged to tolerate him.

At the dinner-table, Mr. Mullens disclosed the questions in regard to his settlement. "The truth is," said he, "that I am divided on a question of duty. Given equal opportunities of doing good, and unequal compensation, on which side does duty lie? That is the question. I don't wish to be mercenary; but when one church offers me five hundred dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance, and the other offers me five hundred dollars a year, payable quarterly at the end of the quarter, with an annual donation-party, I feel myself divided. There is an advantage in being paid quarterly in advance, and there is an advantage in a donation-party, provided the people do not eat up what they bring. How great this advantage is I do not know; but there is something very attractive to me in a donation-party. It throws the people together, it nourishes the social element, it developes systematic benevolence, it cements the friendship of pastor and people, it brings a great many things into the house that a man can never afford to buy, and it must be exceedingly interesting to reckon up the results. I've thought about it a great deal, and it does seem to me that a donation-party must be a very valuable test of usefulness. How am I to know whether my services are acceptable, unless every year there is some voluntary testimonial concerning them? It seems to me that I must have such a testimonial. I find myself looking forward to it. Here's an old farmer, we'll say, without any public gifts. Hosannas languish on his tongue, and, so far as I can tell, all devotion dies. He brings me, perhaps, two cords or two cords and a half of good hard wood, and by that act he says, 'The Rev. Mr. Mullens has benefitted me, and I wish to tell him so. He has warmed my heart, and I will warm his body. He has ministered to me in his way, and I will minister to him in my way.' Here's a woman with a gift of flannel—a thing that's always useful in a minister's family—and there's another with a gift of socks, and here's another with a gift of crullers, and here's a man with a gift of a spare-rib or a ham, and another with a gift of potatoes, and"—

Mr. Mullens gave an extra smack to his lips, as, in the midst of his dinner, this vision of a possible donation-party passed before the eyes of his imagination.

"It is plain to see which way your inclination points," I said to him.

"Yes, that is what troubles me," he responded. "I wish to do right. There may be no difference between having your pay quarterly in advance and the donation-party; but the donation-party, all things considered, is the most attractive."

"I really think it would suit you best," I said, "and if the opportunity for doing good is the same in each place, I'm sure you ought not to hesitate."

"Well, if I accept your advice," said Mr. Mullens, "you must stand by me. This place is only six miles from Bradford, and if I ever get hard up it will be pleasant to think that I have such friends at hand as you and Brother Sanderson."

This was a new aspect of the affair, and not at all a pleasant one; but I had given my advice and could not retract it.

Mullens remained at The Mansion several days, and showed his white cravat and gold-bowed spectacles all over the city. He was often in my office, and on one occasion accompanied me to the court-room, where I gave him a seat of honor and introduced him to my legal friends. He was so very comfortable in his splendid quarters, so shielded from the homely affairs of the world by his associations, and so inexpensive to himself, that it was a hardship to tear himself away at last, even with the prospect of a donation-party rising before him in the attractive perspective of his future.

He had been several days in the house, and had secured such plunder as would be of use to him, personally, when he surprised us all by the announcement that he was a married man, and was already the father of a helpless infant. He gave us also to understand that Mrs. Mullens was, like himself, poor, that her wardrobe was none of the most comfortable, and that her "helpless infant" would rejoice in garments cast off by children more "favored" than his own. His statement was intended to appeal to Claire and Millie, and was responded to accordingly. When he went away, he bore a trunk full of materials, that, as he said, "would be useful in a minister's family."

Henry and I attended his installation shortly afterwards, and assisted him in beginning his housekeeping. We found Mrs. Mullens to be a woman every way adapted to the companion she had chosen. She was willing to live upon her friends. She delighted in gifts, and took them as if they were hers by right. Everything was grain that came to her mill in this way. Her wants and her inability to supply them were the constant theme of her communications with her friends and neighbors, and for ten long years she was never without a "helpless infant" with which to excite their laggard and weary charities. Whenever she needed to purchase anything, she sent to me or to Millie, or to her friends at The Mansion, her commission,—always without the money. She either did not know how much the desired articles would cost, or there was such danger of losing money when sent by post, or she had not the exact change on hand; but she assured us that Mr. Mullens would call and pay us when visiting Bradford. The burden thus rolled upon Mr. Mullens was never taken up by him; and so, year after year, we consented to be bled by this amiable woman, while the Mullens family went on increasing in numbers and multiplying in wants. It became a matter of wonder that any religious society should be content with the spiritual ministrations of such a man as Mullens; but this society was simple and poor, and their pastor had an ingenious way of warming over his old broth and the old broth of others which secured for him a certain measure of respect. His tongue was glib, his presence imposing, and his self-assurance quite overwhelming.

But at last there came a change. New residents in the parish saw through his shallow disguises, and raised such a storm of discontent about his ears that he was compelled to resign his pulpit and to cast about for other means of living. No other pulpit opened its doors to him. The man's reputation outside of his parish was not a desirable one. Everybody had ceased to regard him as a man capable of teaching; and he had so begged his way and lived upon his acquaintances, and had so meanly incurred and meanly refused to recognize a thousand little debts among his early friends, that it was impossible for him to obtain even a temporary engagement as a preacher.

There was nothing left for him to do, but to become a peddler of some sort, for which office he had rare natural gifts. Leaving his family where they were, he took an agency for the sale of the Cottage Bible. He drove a thrifty business with this publication, going from house to house, wearing always his white cravat, living upon the ministers and deacons, and advertising himself by speeches at evening meetings and Sunday-schools. Sometimes he got an opportunity to preach on Sunday, and having thus made his face familiar to the people, drove a brisk business among them on Monday. His white cravat he used as a sort of pass on railroads and steamboats, or as an instrument by which it was to be secured. Every pecuniary consideration which could be won from a contemptuous business world, by the advertisement of the sacred office which he once held, he took the boldest or the most abject way to win.

It must not be supposed that "old Mullens," as people learned to call him, was really distressed by poverty. Never paying out a cent of money that came into his hands if he could avoid it, he accumulated a handsome property, which he skilfully hid away in investments, maintaining his show of poverty, through all his active life. Henry shook him off at last and helped me to do the same. We heard of him not long ago lecturing to Sunday-schools and buying wool, and it is not ten years since he appeared in Bradford as an agent of a life-insurance company, with specially favorable terms to clergymen who were kind enough to board him during his visit. I shrink from writing here the stories I heard about him, concerning the way in which he advertised his business by mixing it with his public religious teachings, because it associates such base ideas with an office which I revere as the highest and holiest a man can hold; but when I say that in his public addresses he represented the Christian religion as a system of life-insurance of the spiritual kind, I sufficiently illustrate his methods and his motives.

He passed a useless life. He became a nuisance to his professional brethren, a burden to all who were good-natured enough to open their houses to him, and a disgrace to the Christian ministry. Wearing the badge of a clergyman, exacting as a right that which was rendered to others as a courtesy or a testimonial of love and friendship, surrendering his manhood for the privileges of ministerial mendicancy, and indulging his greed for money at the expense of a church to which he fancied he had given his life, he did, unwittingly perhaps, what he could to bring popular contempt upon his profession, and to associate with the Christian religion the meanest type of personal character it is possible to conceive.

Amid the temptations of this poor, earthly life, and the weaknesses of human nature, even the most sacred profession will be disgraced, now and then, by men who repent in dust and ashes over their fall from rectitude, and the dishonor they bring upon a cause which in their hearts they love; but Mullens carried his self-complacency to the end, and demonstrated by his character and influence how important it is that dunces shall not be encouraged to enter upon a high walk of life by benefactions which rarely fail to induce and develop in them the spirit of beggars. I am sure there is no field of Christian benevolence more crowded with untoward results than that in which weak men have found the means for reaching the Christian ministry. The beggarly helplessness of some of these men is pitiful; and a spirit of dependence is fostered in them which emasculates them, and makes them contemptible among those whom they seek to influence.

Though the Rev. Peter Mullens is still living, I have no fear that I shall be called to an account for my plain treatment of him, as he will never buy this book, or find a friend who will be willing to give or lend it to him. Even if he had such a friend, and he should recognize his portrait, his *amour propre* would not be wounded, and he would complacently regard himself as persecuted for righteousness sake.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth;
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King!

Julia Ward Howe.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1819.

OUR ORDERS.

[*Later Lyrics.* 1866.]

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the night.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That poured delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet:
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind.

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

THE TELEGRAMS.

BRING the hearse to the station,
  When one shall demand it, late;
For that dark consummation
  The traveller must not wait.
Men say not by what connivance
  He slid from his weight of woe,
Whether sickness or weak contrivance,
  But we know him glad to go.
      On and on and ever on!
        What next?

Nor let the priest be wanting
  With his hollow eyes of prayer,
While the sexton wrenches, panting,
  The stone from the dismal stair.
But call not the friends who left him
  When fortune and pleasure fled:
Mortality hath not bereft him,
  That they should confront him, dead.
      On and on and ever on!
        What next?

Bid my mother be ready:
  We are coming home to-night:
Let my chamber be still and shady
  With the softened nuptial light.
We have travelled so gayly, madly,
  No shadow hath crossed our way;
Yet we come back like children, gladly,
  Joy-spent with our holiday.
      On and on and ever on!
        What next?

Stop the train at the landing,
  And search every carriage through;
Let no one escape your handing,
  None shiver, or shrink from view.
Three blood-stained guests expect him;
  Three murders oppress his soul;
Be strained every nerve to detect him
  Who feasted, and killed, and stole.
      On and on and ever on!
        What next?

Be rid of the notes they scattered;
  The great house is down at last;
The image of gold is shattered,
  And never can be recast.

The bankrupts show leaden features,
And weary, distracted looks,
While harpy-eyed, wolf-souled creatures
Pry through their dishonored books.
On and on and ever on!
What next?

Let him hasten, lest worse befall him,
To look on me, ere I die:
I will whisper one curse to appall him,
Ere the black flood carry me by.
His bridal? The friends forbid it;
I have shown them his proofs of guilt;
Let him hear, with my laugh, who did it;
Then hurry, Death, as thou wilt!
On and on and ever on!
What next?

Thus the living and dying daily
Flash forward their wants and words,
While still on Thought's slender railway
Sit scathless the little birds:
They heed not the sentence dire
By magical hands exprest,
And only the sun's warm fire
Stirs softly their happy breast.
On and on and ever on!
God next!

AMANDA'S INVENTORY.

THIS is my hat: behold its upstart plume,
Soaring like pride, that even in heaven asks room!
This is my cloak of scarlet splendor rare,
A saucy challenge to the sunset glare.

Behold my coach of state and pony-chaise,
A fairy pleasure for the summer days;
The steeds that fly, like lightnings in a leash,
With their rude Jove, subservient to my wish.

Here are my jewels; each a fortune holds;
A starving artist planned the graceful moulds:
Here hang my dresses in composed array,
A rainbow with a hue for every day.

These are my lovers, registered in date,
Who, with my dowry, seek myself to mate,

The haughtiest wooer wins me for his bride;
Who asks affection? Pride should wed with pride.

These are my friends, who hourly come or send,
Pleased with my notice and a finger-end;
Yonder's my parson, proud to share my feast;
My doctor's there, a sycophantic beast.

This is my villa, where I take my ease
With flowers well-ordered, and ambitious trees;
And this—what sudden spectre stays my breath?
Amanda, poor Amanda! this is death.

Samuel Longfellow.

Born in Portland, Me., 1819.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

[*Hymns of the Spirit.* 1864.]

ONE holy Church of God appears
  Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
  Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
  Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
  With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
  To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,—
  Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
  The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
  Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed;
  Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
  Redeem the evil time!

George W. Dewey.

Born in Baltimore, Md., 1818.

BLIND LOUISE.

[*Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America."* 1842.]

SHE knew that she was growing blind—
  Foresaw the dreary night
That soon would fall, without a star,
  Upon her fading sight;

Yet never did she make complaint,
  But prayed each day might bring
A beauty to her waning eyes,
  The loveliness of Spring!

She dreaded that eclipse which might
  Perpetually enclose
Sad memories of a leafless world,
  A spectral realm of snows.

She'd rather that the verdure left
  An evergreen to shine
Within her heart, as summer leaves
  Its memory on the pine.

She had her wish: for when the sun
  O'erhung his eastern towers,
And shed his benediction on
  A world of May-time flowers,

We found her seated, as of old,
  In her accustomed place,
A midnight in her sightless eyes,
  And morn upon her face!

Henry Augustus Wise.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1819. Died in Naples, Italy, 1869.

THE MOUSE IN THE PIRATE'S CAGE.

[*Captain Brand of the Schooner Centipede.* 1864.]

AS the powder vomited forth its dreadful thunder, and as the stones and timbers from the blasted den were hurled high in air, and scattered by the explosive whirlwind far and near, some of the splinters and fragments came down in dropping hail upon the red-tiled sheds and the doctor's dwelling. At the first shock the lonely child started up in his little bed, and while the earth rocked and the stones came pelting and crashing on the roof, he screamed, "Mamma! mamma!" No loving echo came back to those innocent lips, and naught was heard save the crackling of the flame beyond, licking its tongue along the dry timber and roaring joyously as it was fed. "Mamma! *chère* mamma!"

Yet no answer, and still the savage flames came careering wildly on till the very stones of the court-yard cracked like slates, while the burning flakes and cinders loaded the air, and the eddying volumes of smoke reeled in dense clouds, and poured their suffocating breath into the room where the forsaken child was crying.

One more panting, helpless cry, and the little fellow instinctively flew through the open doorway, where, blinded and choking with the devastating element around him, he staggered feebly beyond its influence. Yet again a flurry of thick smoke lighted up the forked and vivid flames, and chased the child before it.

Oh, fond mother! in your poignant grief for the loss of your poor drowned boy, you were spared the agony of seeing him, even in imagination, struggling faintly before that tempest of fire and smoke, calling plaintively for her on whose tender bosom his head had rested, while his naked feet were cut and bruised by the sharp coral shingle beneath them. But onward and onward the boy wandered, and fortunately his footsteps took the path into a purer atmosphere which led toward the chapel. Here he looked timidly around at the lurid glare behind him, and then entered the church and sank down exhausted, his feverish, smarting eyes closing in slumber on the hard pavement beneath the image of the Virgin Mary.

Then came the close and sultry night—no murmur of a land-wind to drive the smoky canopy away—the black cinders falling in burning rain on basin, thicket, and lagoon, till even the very lizards and scorpions hid themselves deep within the holes and crevices of the rocks. Midnight came. The dim and silent stars were obscured by a veil of heavy clouds, and with a low, muttering sound of thunder, the vapory masses unclosed their portals, and the rain fell in torrents. The flames, now nearly satisfied with their work, leaped out occasionally from the fallen ruins, but were quenched by the tropical deluge, and smouldered away amid the charred and saturated timbers. Then the thunder ceased, the lizards and scorpions came from their retreats, the teal fluttered over the lagoon, and the noise of the waves bursting over the reef came again to the ear. Still there was no breath of air; the atmosphere was thick and damp; and out from the mangrove thickets and wide expanse of cactus, swarms of insects, mosquitoes, and sand-flies in myriads went buzzing and singing in the sultry, murky night.

So dragged on the weary hours until day broke again, and the sea-birds floated off seaward for their morning's meal, and the flying-fish skipped with their silvery wings from wave to wave, as the dolphins glittered in gold and purple after them below the blue water. No bright and blazing sun came over the hills of Cuba to light up this picture, but all was blight and gloom, with murky masses of dead, still clouds hanging low down over the island.

The little suffering boy, lying there on the coral pavement, with his head resting on the thin, delicate arm, with pale, sweet face turned half upward toward the Virgin, gave a feeble cry and opened his eyes. He rose to a sitting posture, with his little hands resting on his lap and little ragged shirt. Then, with his dim hazel eyes fixed upon the painting, while the tears coursed slowly down his pallid cheeks, he put forth his hands in a childish movement of supplication, and murmured again his tearful prayer, "Mamma! mamma!"

Presently rising, he turned his feeble footsteps toward the doorway, and as his eye caught the stone bowl of holy water standing on its coral pedestal near the portal, he bent down his feverish head and slaked his parched lips. Revived by this, he timidly looked out from the chapel, and shuddering as he beheld the gloomy wilderness around, he once more screamed in a thin piercing cry, "Mamma! oh, *ma chère* mamma!" . . . .

"Henri!" came back like an echo in a clear shout to the shriek of the boy. "Henri! Henri!" was reiterated again and again, each time in a voice that seemed to split asunder the canopy of clouds above. The boy started and listened.

"Henri! Henri! this way to your good friend the doctor! Quick, my little boy!"

Now with the step of a fawn the child ran out upon the sharp sandy esplanade, and following the voice as he tripped lightly through the narrow pathway between the needle-pointed cactus, in a moment he stopped, with a look of horror, beside the trestle on which the bound and nearly naked man was stretched.

Ay, it was a sight to make a strong and stalwart man turn pale with sickness and horror, much less a baby boy of three or four years old. There lay the man, all through the dreadful night, with swarms on swarms and myriads upon myriads of stinging insects, biting and sipping, and sucking his life-blood with distracting agony away. Ah! think of the hellish torture often practised by those bloody pirates upon their victims in the West Indies! The bound man's eyes were closed, the lips and cheeks puffed and swollen out of all human proportions, and the inflamed body was one glowing red and angry surface. No needle could have been stuck where the venomous stings of a thousand sand-flies or mosquitoes had not already sucked blood. Ay, well might the child start back with horror!

"It is your friend the doctor, Henri," he said in French, still in a strong but kindly voice. "I cannot see you, but get me a knife. No, my child, never mind—you cannot find one; don't leave me."

Here the child timidly put his little hands out and brushed away the poisonous insects, and then touched the doctor's face.

"Ah! Henri, see if you cannot slip that pretty silk rope over my head; yes, that is the way—*doucement*—easily, my child! Well, now, my Henri, you are weak and sick, my poor little boy; but listen to me—yes, I feel your little hands on my eyes. Well, bite upon that cord that goes across my throat. Bite till it snaps asunder! I am nearly choking, little one; but don't cry."

True, the strips of raw-hide, which had partially slackened in the rain that had washed the body of the victim, now began to tauten again in the sultry heat of the morning, and lay half hidden in the swollen throat, stomach, and limbs of the tortured sufferer.

Henri's sharp little teeth fastened upon the strand, biting and gnawing, until finally it was severed, and the doctor gave a great sigh of relief.

"Blessings on you, my poor boy!" he murmured, painfully. "Now bite away on the strands which bind the arm. There! Don't! don't hurry! Rest a little, my child! Ah! it is well!"

Again those sharp little teeth of a mouse had gnawed through the net which bound the lion-hearted man; the ends of the raw-hide drew back and twisted into spiral curls, and the right arm, though numbed and four times its original size, was free.

"Thanks be to God for all His mercies!" exclaimed the doctor, as with difficulty he raised his released arm to his face and pushed back the swollen lids from his closed eyes—"and to you, my little friend, for saving this wretched life!"

Waiting a few moments to recover his strength, the doctor made a mighty effort, and some of the coils whose strands had been cut by those little teeth yielded and gradually unrove, so as to leave the upper part of his body free. Then, while the child was once more cutting the lashings of his feet, he himself unfastened the knots of his left arm, and by a vigorous effort he tore the net from off him and sat upright. Clasping his numbed and swollen hands together, he turned his face and almost sightless eyes to heaven.

"May this awful trial serve as a partial forgiveness of my sins, and make me a better man!"

He paused, and laid his heavy arms around the child, while warm and grateful tears trickled down his cheeks. Slowly, and like a drunken man, his feet sought the sand, and then, weak, trembling, and faint, he staggered along the path, the boy tripping lightly before him, till he fell exhausted on the floor of the chapel.

"Water, my Henri! water!"

The child scooped it out from the stone bowl with his tiny hands and sprinkled it on his friend's face.

"There, that will suffice, my brave boy! Lay your cheek to mine!"

What a sight it was—that dark, swollen, yet powerful frame lying on the coral pavement, and the innocent child, like a dew-drop on the leaf of a red tropical flower, nestling close beside it!

Robert Carter.

Born in Albany, N. Y., 1819. **Died** at Cambridge, Mass., 1879.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

[*A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England.* 1864.—*New Edition.* 1888.]

AS the Skipper said that this was a good place for fish, we got out our lines while the Pilot was getting dinner. Before we had caught anything the meal was ready, and we went below, leaving our lines in the water, in hopes of finding that some fish had been foolish enough to hook himself during our absence.

It so happened that I was first on deck after dinner. I tried the lines, but found nothing caught. The Assyrian's line was over the stern, and, as the tide was running very fast, he had let it out to its whole length of several hundred feet. I hauled it in to see that it was still baited, and as no one had yet followed me out of the cabin, I was enticed by the opportunity to play the Assyrian a trick. A huge stone jug weighing many pounds, and capable of holding several gallons, stood near me on the deck empty. It was our principal water-jug, and the Skipper had placed it there to have it handy, intending to take it ashore and fill it after he had cleared away the dinner-things. The temptation was irresistible. I quickly tied the end of my friend's line to the handle of the jug, and lowered it overboard. The strong tide swept it far along until it had gurgled full of water, when of course it sank plumb. I returned to my own line, and presently caught a large cod, the sound of whose flapping on deck brought out my comrades with the exception of the Skipper, who remained to put the cabin to rights a little.

The Assyrian, cigar in mouth, sat down on the taffrail, and gently fingered his line with the air of a man who has had a satisfactory dinner, and does not yet care to exert himself to catch fish for supper. Presently, however, he had a bite, and began languidly to pull up his line. The unusual weight soon made itself felt. The Assyrian grew suddenly excited. He said nothing about halibut, for previous disappointments had made him reticent of expression on that point, but halibut was evidently in his mind, by the gingerly way in which he handled his line, holding it in readiness to yield judiciously in case the monster should suddenly put forth his strength. We gathered round to witness the struggle. The gentleman from Nineveh tugged and tugged, growing gradually more and more astonished at the weight of his capture, and the passive nature of his resistance, for the halibut, as the fishermen often told us, never yields without a desperate and powerful contest. At length his prize reached the surface. Without remark the Assyrian quietly lifted it on board, amid roars of laughter, and as he passed into the cabin to relight his cigar, good-humoredly nodded to me, saying,—

"I'll pay you for that, my boy, before you are much older." He kept his word.

By and by the Skipper put the jug into the boat, and the Assyrian and I went ashore with him to a fisherman's cottage, the only house in sight. . . . .

The men of the fisherman's family were away, but there were several women at the house, who received us kindly, and gave us milk and berries. The Assyrian speedily made himself at home with the ladies,—and when I proposed to go to the beach, about two hundred yards from the house, to take an ocean bath, he refused to accompany me, but offered to wait where he was till I came back. The Skipper had gone to his sloop with his jug of water, to invite the Artist and Professor on shore to partake also of milk and berries. So I went alone to the sea, and strolled along the beach till I came to a convenient pile of rocks, out of sight of the house, and took off my clothes, and went in.

The water was awfully cold, though the air was warm,—and being unable to swim, and so not daring to plunge boldly, I endured fearful torture in the heroic efforts to get a thorough bath. A few rods farther along from where I went in, there was a large rock almost covered by the water, to which I determined to go, calculating that by the time I could reach it, and return, I should have had as much sea-bathing as it was desirable, or, for me, possible to endure.

I reached it easily enough, and after clinging to it for a moment thoroughly chilled, turned to go to the shore.

Conceive my consternation at beholding, as I looked around, a woman approaching along the beach from the direction of the house. A tall, elderly female, wearing a veil, and carrying a parasol. Evidently she was bent on a sea-side stroll. She must have seen me if she had looked in my direction, for the distance that separated us was inconsiderable. But she walked with her eyes cast down, either wrapt in thought, or searching for shells and pebbles, I could not determine which. Nor did it much matter. I was nearly dead with cold, but of course could not quit the shelter of the water while the lady was in sight. If she only kept onward, however slowly, I thought I could hold out, for, thank heaven! there was a rocky point at no great distance which would conceal her, or rather me, from view as soon as she should pass it. So I crouched behind the rock to which I was clinging, shuddering with anguish as the chill waves rolled in succession over me.

The lady was provokingly slow. She lingered, she stopped, she stooped to examine every shell and every pebble. I grew almost frantic with suffering, and was twenty times on the point of crying out, and warning her off. Still, I trusted she would pass without seeing me, and thought I could endure a little longer.

At length she reached the rocks, among which I had deposited my clothes. She did not notice the garments apparently, but, after pausing for a minute, coolly sat down, and, to my horror and despair, pulled a book from under her shawl, and began to read.

I could stand it no longer. All the tales I had ever heard of persons who had died from staying too long in the water rushed upon my memory. I felt convinced that I was not only blue around the mouth, but blue all over. It seemed as if I had been in the water at least two hours. I should certainly die. But death itself was preferable to this infernal cold, which caused my very bones to ache. Positively I could stand it no longer.

I began by coughing, gently at first, afterward more vigorously. It did no good. She was absorbed in her book, some foolish novel, doubtless,—confound the author! I hemmed, hawed, hooted.

I splashed the water. All to no effect. A horrible thought flashed across me: perhaps she was deaf,—as deaf as Dame Eleanor Spearing. I tried to get a stone from the bottom to throw at her, or rather near her, in hopes of attracting her attention, but found I could not reach bottom without putting my head under water. It suddenly occurred to me that the tide was rising, and that my post would no longer be tenable even if I could stand the cold. That settled the question.

"Hallo! hallo there!" I shouted, with all the force of my lungs.

"Hallo, yourself! What are you making such a row for? Aren't you ashamed to yell at a lady in that way?"

I recognized the voice at the first word, and was beside the speaker before the sentence was finished. Throwing up the veil, which had concealed his features, the Assyrian burst into a laugh, in which, though at first I thought of stoning him, I finally joined. He had persuaded the women at the cottage to lend him his disguise, in order to repay me, as he had promised, for the affair of the jug. I forgave him for the sake of the provocation, though he had put me to direful torture,—but we entered then and there into a compact to desist from such pranks for the future.

Walt Whitman.

Born in West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., 1819.

INSCRIPTIONS.

[*Leaves of Grass.* 1855.—*Leaves of Grass, and Two Rivulets: Centennial Edition.* 1876.—*Leaves of Grass: with additions.* 1881.—*November Boughs.* 1888.—*Complete Works.* 1888.]

TO FOREIGN LANDS.

I HEARD that you ask'd for something to prove this puzzle the New World,
And to define America, her athletic Democracy,
Therefore I send you my poems that you behold in them what you wanted.

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING.

I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be, blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,

The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

STARTING FROM PAUMANOK.

STARTING from fish-shape Paumanok where I was born,
Well-begotten, and rais'd by a perfect mother,
After roaming many lands, lover of populous pavements,
Dweller in Mannahatta my city, or on southern savannas,
Or a soldier camp'd or carrying my knapsack and gun, or a miner in California,
Or rude in my home in Dakota's woods, my diet meat, my drink from the spring,
Or withdrawn to muse and meditate in some deep recess,
Far from the clank of crowds intervals passing rapt and happy,
Aware of the fresh free giver the flowing Missouri, aware of mighty Niagara,
Aware of the buffalo herds grazing the plains, the hirsute and strong-breasted bull,
Of earth, rocks, Fifth-month flowers experienced, stars, rain, snow, my amaze,
Having studied the mocking-bird's tones and the flight of the mountain-hawk,
And heard at dusk the unrivall'd one, the hermit thrush from the swamp-cedars,
Solitary, singing in the West, I strike up for a New World.

FROM THE "SONG OF MYSELF."

LEAVES OF GRASS.

A CHILD said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon out of their mothers' laps,
And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men ?
And what do you think has become of the women and children ?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was, it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

. . . .

I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass,
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.

IN ALL, MYSELF.

I AM the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me,
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecating about enough,
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest ? are you the President ?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.

Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.

Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!
O unspeakable passionate love.

THE LARGE HEARTS OF HEROES.

AGONIES are one of my changes of garments,
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the wounded person,
My hurts turn livid upon me as I lean on a cane and observe.

I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken,
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades,
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels,
They have clear'd the beams away, they tenderly lift me forth.

I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the pervading hush is for my sake,
Painless after all I lie exhausted but not so unhappy,
White and beautiful are the faces around me, the heads are bared of their fire-caps,
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.

Distant and dead resuscitate,
They show as the dial or move as the hands of me, I am the clock myself.

I am an old artillerist, I tell of my fort's bombardment,
I am there again.

Again the long roll of the drummers,
Again the attacking cannon, mortars,
Again to my listening ears the cannon responsive.

I take part, I see and hear the whole,
The cries, curses, roar, the plaudits for well-aim'd shots,
The ambulanza slowly passing trailing its red drip,
Workmen searching after damages, making indispensable repairs,

The fall of grenades through the rent roof, the fan-shaped explosion,
The whizz of limbs, heads, stone, wood, iron, high in the air.
Again gurgles the mouth of my dying general, he furiously waves with his hand,
He gasps through the clot *Mind not me—mind—the entrenchments.*

AND STILL I MOUNT AND MOUNT.

LONG I was hugg'd close—long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

. . . .

Old age superbly rising! O welcome, ineffable grace of dying days!

Every condition promulges not only itself, it promulges what grows after and out of itself,
And the dark hush promulges as much as any.

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems,
And all I see multiplied as high as I can cipher edge but the rim of the farther systems.

Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding,
Outward and outward and forever outward.
My sun has his sun and round him obediently wheels,
He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit,
And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest inside them.

There is no stoppage and never can be stoppage,
If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces, were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not avail in the long run,
We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic leagues, do not hazard the span or make it impatient,
They are but parts, anything is but a part.

See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there.

YOUTH, DAY, OLD AGE AND NIGHT.

YOUTH, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace, force, fascination,
Do you know that Old Age may come after you with equal grace, force, fascination?

Day full-blown and splendid—day of the immense sun, action, ambition, laughter,
The Night follows close with millions of suns, and sleep and restoring darkness.

FROM "OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING."

ONCE Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes my brother I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long.

Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again if you only would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols.

But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment you husky-nois'd sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere,
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,

Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.

The aria sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR-BIRD.

THOU who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renew'd on thy prodigious pinions,
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascended'st,
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee,)
Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating,
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch thee,
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating vast.)

Far, far at sea,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with wrecks,
With re-appearing day as now so happy and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also re-appearest.

Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all wings,)
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLORS.

WHO are you dusky woman, so ancient hardly human,
With your woolly-white and turban'd head, and bare bony feet?
Why rising by the roadside here, do you the colors greet?

('Tis while our army lines Carolina's sands and pines,
Forth from thy hovel door thou Ethiopia com'st to me,
As under doughty Sherman I march toward the sea.)

Me master years a hundred since from my parents sunder'd,
A little child, they caught me as the savage beast is caught,
Then hither me across the sea the cruel slaver brought.

No further does she say, but lingering all the day,
Her high-borne turban'd head she wags, and rolls her darkling eye,
And courtesies to the regiments, the guidons moving by.

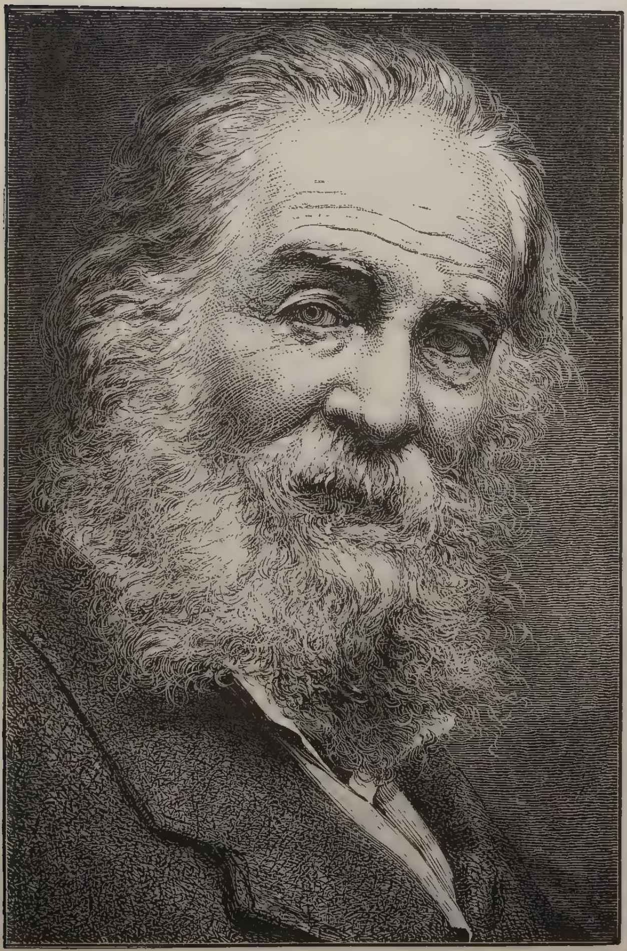
What is it fateful woman, so blear, hardly human?
Why wag your head with turban bound, yellow, red and green?
Are the things so strange and marvelous you see or have seen?

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;



Walt Whitman

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

OLD IRELAND.

FAR hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave an ancient sorrowful mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd seated on the ground,
Her old white hair drooping dishevel'd round her shoulders,
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,
Long silent, she too long silent, mourning her shrouded hope and heir,
Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow because most full of love.

Yet a word ancient mother,
You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground with forehead between your knees,
O you need not sit there veil'd in your old white hair so dishevel'd,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave,
It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead,
The Lord is not dead, he is risen again young and strong in another country,
Even while you wept there by your fallen harp by the grave,
What you wept for was translated, pass'd from the grave,
The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it,
And now with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

BEHOLD A WOMAN!

THE old face of the mother of many children,
Whist! I am fully content.

Lull'd and late is the smoke of the First-day morning,
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the fences,
It hangs thin by the sassafras and wild cherry and cat-brier under them.

I saw the rich ladies in full dress at the soiree,
I heard what the singers were singing so long,
Heard who sprang in crimson youth from the white froth and the water-blue.

Behold a woman!
She looks out from her Quaker cap, her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.

She sits in an arm-chair under the shaded porch of the farmhouse,
The sun just shines on her old white head.

Her ample gown is of creamed-hued linen,
Her grandsons raised the flax, and her grand-daughters spun it with the distaff and the wheel.

The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men.

SPIRIT THAT FORM'D THIS SCENE.

WRITTEN IN PLATTE CAÑON, COLORADO.

SPIRIT that form'd this scene,
These tumbled rock-piles grim and red,
These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks,
These gorges, turbulent-clear streams, this naked freshness,
These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own,
I know thee, savage spirit—we have communed together,
Mine too such wild arrays, for reasons of their own:
Was't charged against my chants they had forgotten art?
To fuse within themselves its rules precise and delicatesse?
The lyrist's measur'd beat, the wrought-out temple's grace—column and polish'd arch forgot?
But thou that revelest here—spirit that form'd this scene,
They have remember'd thee.

O VAST RONDURE!

O VAST Rondure, swimming in space,
Cover'd all over with visible power and beauty,
Alternate light and day and the teeming spiritual darkness,
Unspeakable high processions of sun and moon and countless stars above,
Below, the manifold grass and waters, animals, mountains, trees,
With inscrutable purpose, some hidden prophetic intention,
Now first it seems my thought begins to span thee.

Down from the gardens of Asia descending radiating,
Adam and Eve appear, then their myriad progeny after them,
Wandering, yearning, curious, with restless explorations,
With questionings, baffled, formless, feverish, with never-happy hearts,
With that sad incessant refrain, *Wherefore unsatisfied soul?* and *Whither O mocking life?*

Ah who shall soothe these feverish children?
Who justify these restless explorations?

Who speak the secret of impassive earth?
Who bind it to us? what is this separate Nature so unnatural?
What is this earth to our affections? (unloving earth, without a throb to answer ours,
Cold earth, the place of graves.)

Yet soul be sure the first intent remains, and shall be carried out,
Perhaps even now the time has arrived.

After the seas are all cross'd, (as they seem already cross'd,)
After the great captains and engineers have accomplish'd their work,
After the noble inventors, after the scientists, the chemist, the geologist, ethnologist,
Finally shall come the poet worthy that name,
The true son of God shall come singing his songs.

WHISPERS OF HEAVENLY DEATH.

WHISPERS of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing,
(Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?)
I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses,
Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off star,
Appearing and disappearing.

(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal birth;
On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,
Some soul is passing over.)

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

JOY, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy.

Henry Jarvis Raymond.

BORN in Lima, N. Y., 1820. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1869.

MOTIVES AND OBJECTS OF THE DISUNION MOVEMENT.

[*Disunion and Slavery. A Series of Letters to Hon. W. L. Yancey, of Alabama.* 1860.]

THE great mass of the people in the cotton-growing States are imbued with the general conviction that their separation from the Union is desirable: and the same thing is true, though to a much less extent, of the people in the other slaveholding States. If we were to ask them what are the reasons for such a conviction,—what are the precise wrongs which they have suffered under the Union, and what the advantages they expect to secure for themselves by leaving it,—we should receive very different answers from different States. The motives which influence Disunionists in Alabama and South Carolina are not the motives which influence Disunionists in Maryland and Virginia. All would agree that their common institution—Slavery—is in some way menaced by the Government as it now exists, and especially as it will exist after it passes into the hands of the Republican party; but they would differ as to the shape which its perils assume. . . .

This brings me to what I regard as the real motive of the disunion movement. That motive has taken precise and definite form, probably, in the minds of a comparatively small number of those who are most active in the movement itself. The great mass of those who sympathize with it and give it their aid are governed by the vague but powerful feeling that the South, as a section, having peculiar institutions and peculiar necessities, *is gradually growing politically weaker and weaker in the Union;* that the North is rapidly gaining a preponderance in the Federal councils; and that there is no hope that the South can ever regain the ascendency, or even a political equality, under the Constitution and within the Union. The election of Lincoln is regarded as conclusive proof that Northern supremacy is a fixed fact; and it is on this account that it has so concentrated and intensified the resentment of the Southern States. No community ever sinks down willingly into a position of inferiority. Its instinct is to struggle against it, and the struggle will be violent in proportion to the magnitude of the evils which inferiority is believed to involve. All the sectional excitements and political paroxysms of the last twenty years have been but the strenuous resistance of the South to what she has felt to be the inevitable tendency of events. The annexation of Texas, the claim to California, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the fight for Kansas, the fillibustering in Central America, the clamor for Cuba, have been only the straws at which the slaveholding section has clutched, in the hope to save itself from being engulfed in the rising tide of Northern power. To them it was not the steady and silent rising of a peaceful sea. Its roar came to their ears upon the stormy blasts of anti-slavery fanaticism, and sounded to them like the knell of destiny—the precursor of degradation and ruin to their homes and their hopes.

I do not wonder at this alarm. I cannot blame it, or deny that it has its origin in just and patriotic sentiments. I do think that the leading intellects of the Southern States—those to whom as in every community the great mass of the people look for guidance, and by whom they are guided, whether they know it or not—ought to have foreseen this result and made up their minds long ago to act *with* the laws of Nature, rather than against them,—to yield to the spirit of the age, the tendencies of civilization and Christianity, instead of resisting them,—to make allies instead of enemies of those great moral principles which are proving too powerful for the mightiest monarchies of the earth, and before which it is idle to hope that despotism can make a permanent stand upon this continent. The fathers of our Republic did so. They framed the Constitution upon such a basis, and in the belief that it would be administered in such a spirit. They gave the Government they created power over the slave-trade, not doubting that, after a few years, that power would be exercised with the general assent of all the States, and that all would feel, as they felt, the necessity of providing for the gradual disappearance of slavery itself. And for a series of years the event justified this expectation. The prohibition of the slave-trade in 1807, recommended by Jefferson, was enacted with the unanimous consent of all the States, North and South, and down to 1830 there was a constant and hopeful tendency towards emancipation in nearly all the slaveholding States. But since that time the leading intellects of the South have turned back the whole current of Southern sentiment upon this subject. In your own words, "an entirely new idea has sprung up, and is now universal in the South, upon the great question of slavery, in its operation upon mankind and labor." Mr. Calhoun taught the South that slavery was, and must always be, the sole basis of its prosperity, and that the leading aim of the South must be to fortify, to increase, and to make it perpetual. You and others have inherited his opinions, and devoted yourselves to their propagation. And in due process of time you have come into direct collision on this subject with the spirit and the letter of the Constitution which our fathers framed; and you now find that you cannot reach the object at which you aim, without destroying that Constitution and breaking up the Union which it created.

The people of the South sympathize with the disunion movement from a keen sense of the growing superiority of the North. How that superiority can be overcome within the Union they do not perceive, nor have they any definite idea of any policy by which it can be contested after the South shall have seceded. You, on the contrary, have very definite ideas on both points. You trace the growing inequality of the two sections, in material development and consequent political power, *to the discrimination of the Federal Government against the South in regard to the supply of labor*, which is in every community the great element of growth and of wealth. The North is permitted to increase indefinitely its supply of labor by immigration, by inviting labor from abroad, while the South is forbidden to seek a similar increase by importations of the peculiar kind of labor on which, most unwisely, it has come entirely to rely. When the price of labor rises in the North it invites and secures an additional supply from abroad; and when the supply is excessive, it overflows into the new Territories, and, planting there new and free States, swells the political power of the North. At the South the enactments of Congress have arrested this natural operation of the law of supply and demand. When the price of labor rises at the South, there is no such resource for increasing the supply; there is no way of lowering the price, and of securing a surplus to send into the new Territories. And this is the reason, in your opinion, why the South falls behind the North in material development and in political power. These laws forbidding the slave-trade operate upon the South precisely as laws forbidding emigration would operate upon the North. *And the remedy you propose is to be sought in the repeal of those laws*—in permitting every State to import such labor as it requires. . . . .

At present it is your policy to accumulate arguments for disunion, rather than to sift and define them. You can command far more support for that measure by declaiming on the growing power and preponderance of the North, and the steadily waning influence of the South in the Federal councils, than by tracing them to their cause and fixing public attention upon the remedy you propose to apply. But the time will come when specific measures must be proposed, and then foremost among them will be the restoration of the African slave-trade.

I think you are quite right in believing that the Federal Government will never consent to the reopening of that traffic. The North will never concede that point, nor lay the foundation for its concession, directly or indirectly, under any circumstances, nor for any consideration which you can offer as an equivalent. They will meet you on this issue upon any field you may select. They will accept the hazard of disunion a thousand times, rather than that as its alternative.

Elisha Kent Kane.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1820. Died in Havana, Cuba, 1857.

LOST IN THE ICE.

[*Arctic Explorations.* 1856.]

EVERYTHING looked promising, and we were only waiting for intelligence that our advance party had deposited its provisions in safety to begin our transit of the bay. Except a few sledge-lashings and some trifling accoutrements to finish, all was ready.

We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently travelled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party: a rescue, to be effective or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

There was not a moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the new-comers and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the "Little Willie" with a buffalo-cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at – 46°, seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point.

A well-known peculiar tower of ice, called by the men the "Pinnacly Berg," served as our first landmark: other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward; and it was not until we had travelled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice-piles, I came to a long level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture; but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of foot-marks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in *cache*, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person; and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to − 49°.3, and the wind was setting in sharply from the northwest. It was out of the question to halt: it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and, at these temperatures, any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue; it burnt like caustic.

It was indispensable then that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like McGary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling fits and short breath; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface snow. But, as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps, and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades. We reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up, but when I reached the tent-curtain the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. "They had expected me: they were sure I would come!"

We were now fifteen souls: the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing-point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons. More than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep; and we prepared for our homeward march.

We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Everything else was abandoned. Two large buffalo-bags, each made of four skins, were doubled up, so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom but opened at the top. This was laid on the sledge; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer-skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo-robes, in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket-bags were thrown above them; and the whole litter was lashed together so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort; but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to embalm them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frostbitten fingers; the thermometer was at 55°.6 below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

It was completed at last, however; all hands stood round; and, after repeating a short prayer, we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks, some of them extending in long lines, fifteen and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course; others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces too were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice-fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture or a sprain even would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load. The maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

And yet our march for the first six hours was very cheering. We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading-belt of the sledge-lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our halfway station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the midwinter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: "they were not cold: the wind did not enter them now: a little sleep was all they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded. An immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire: we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the halfway tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through. We were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo-robes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo-robes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollect, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin. Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woollen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived; it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the crippled were repacked in their robes, and we sped briskly toward the hummock-ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of squeezed ice. A great chain of bergs stretching from northwest to southeast, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface-floes, and, rearing them up on their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedragal of the basin of Mexico than anything else I can compare it to.

It required desperate efforts to work our way over it—literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow: our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to −4° in the shade; otherwise we must have frozen.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacly Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P. M., we believe without a halt.

I say *we believe;* and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our sufferings. We were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks seen afterwards showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches and some orders too of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog-team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, administering morphine freely, after the usual frictions. He reported none of our brain-symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness; two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, without unpleasant consequences; and two died in spite of all our efforts. This rescue party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We travelled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at − 41°.2. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

"April 4, Tuesday.—Four days have passed, and I am again at my record of failures, sound but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are not out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live!"

Anne Charlotte Lynch Botta.

Born in Bennington, Vt., 1820.

LARGESS.

[*Poems.* 1881.]

GO forth in life, O friend, not seeking love;
  A mendicant, that with imploring eye
  And outstretched hand asks of the passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may move.
For such poor love to pity near allied,
  Thy generous spirit should not stoop and wait,
A suppliant, whose prayer may be denied,
  Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate:
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontrolled;
  The largess of thy love give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
  And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

Christian Nestell Bovee.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1820.

SOME THOUGHTS WORTH THINKING.

[*Intuitions and Summaries of Thought.* 1862.]

AN actor who cannot forget his audience will never enchant it. And so of authors. A book that is not written in forgetfulness of the public, is not likely to be worthy of it. The first condition of a writer's success is, to keep his mind free from a too anxious hope or fear about it. He must abandon himself to his genius, or be abandoned by it. Perfect success is only to be achieved through perfect liberty.

Three things principally determine the quality of a man: the leading object he proposes to himself in life; the manner in which he sets about accomplishing it; and the effect which success or failure has upon him.

And still again: a character is to be judged by its best performance. It is in this that it attains to its clearest expression; and to this, and beyond this, its aspiration tends.

The reveries of the dreamer advance his hopes, but not their realization. One good hour of earnest work is worth them all.

Emphatic always, forcible never.

Whenever it devolves upon small capacities to carry forward great enterprises, they do not so much labor in their behalf as tinker upon them.

Between the man of talent and much information, and the man of genius, there is much the same difference as between a full tank and an unfailing fountain. The mind of the first is a receptacle of valuable facts, and possibly of rich and generous ideas, susceptible, however, of being exhausted; that of the latter is an original source of wisdom, which suffers no diminution by what it imparts.

Genius makes its observations in short-hand; talent writes them out at length.

There is a philosophy that lifts all beauty from the face of things, and that imbues all objects with a coloring of sadness; such is his philosophy who looks too much to the negative of things. Only the optimist looks wisely on life. Though the actual world is not to his liking, it is the happiness of the optimist to carry a nobler in his thought. Let us study the good in things, to the same extent that attention is given to the ills of life, and reverence, religion, and happiness will be greatly promoted.

No one was probably ever injured by having his good qualities made the subject of judicious praise. The virtues, like plants, reward the attention bestowed upon them by growing more and more thrifty. A lad who is often told that he is a good boy will in time grow ashamed to exhibit the qualities of a bad one. Words of praise, indeed, are almost as necessary to warm a child into a genial life as acts of kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.

Any other than a cheerful theology is worse than none. Its essential element is disbelief in God's goodness. It is more to be deplored than scepticism, for while this only doubts the generally received, the other affirms the false.

In general, inquiry ceases when we adopt a theory. After that, we overlook whatever makes against it, and see and think, and talk and write, only in its favor. Indeed, when we have a snug, comfortable theory, to which we are much attached, they appear to us as a very mean set of facts that will not square with it.

Anson Davies Fitz-Randolph.

Born in Woodbridge, N. J., 1820.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

[*Verses, by Anson D. F. Randolph.* 1855.]

NOT as you meant, O learned man and good,
Do I accept thy words of hope and rest;
God, knowing all, knows what for me is best,
And gives me what I need, not what He could,
Nor always as I would!
I shall go to the Father's House and see
Him and the Elder Brother face to face,—
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a homesick child, who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away
And leaves us our appointed work to do,
Can we to him or to ourselves be true,
In mourning his departure day by day,
And so our work delay?
Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make
The absence brief by doing well our task,—
Not for ourselves, but for the dear one's sake;
And at his coming only of him ask
Approval of the work, which most was done,
Not for ourselves, but our beloved one!

Our Father's House, I know, is broad and grand;
  In it how many, many mansions are!
  And far beyond the light of sun or star
Four little ones of mine through that fair land
    Are walking hand in hand!
Think you I love not, or that I forget
  These of my loins? Still this world is fair,
And I am singing while my eyes are wet
  With weeping in this balmy summer air;
I am not homesick, and the children *here*
Have need of me, and so my way is clear!

I would be joyful as my days go by,
  Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
  Life's heaviest Cross is mine for evermore;
And I, who wait His coming, shall not I
    On His sure word rely?
So if sometimes the way be rough, and sleep
  Be heavy for the grief He sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,—
  Let me be mindful that these things must be,
To work His blessed will until He come
And take my hand and lead me safely home.

Susan Brownell Anthony.

Born in South Adams, Mass., 1820.

THE NEGRO BUT NOT WOMAN.

[*Argument before the Judiciary Committee of the U. S. Senate.—Memorial to Congress.* 1872.]

IT is not argument nor Constitution that you need; you have already had these. I shall therefore refer to existing facts. Prior to the war the plan of extending suffrage was by State action, and it was our pride and our boast that the Federal Constitution had not a word or a line that could be construed into a barrier against woman so soon as we could remove the State barriers; but at the close of the war Congress lifted the question of suffrage for men above State power, and by its amendments prohibited the deprivation of suffrage to any man by any State. When the fourteenth amendment was first enacted in Congress we rushed to you with petitions, praying you not to insert the word "male" in the second clause. Our best women-suffrage men, on the floor of Congress and in the country, said to us "The insertion of the word there puts up no barrier against women; therefore do not embarrass us, but wait until the negro question is settled." The fourteenth amendment with the word "male" was adopted. Then when the fifteenth amendment came up without the word "sex," we again protested, and again our friends declared to us that the absence of that word was no hindrance to us, and again begged us to wait until they had finished the work of the war. "After we have freed the negro, and given him a vote," said they, "we will take up your case." But have they done as they promised? No, they have refused us our rights, although they have given the negro his, and now, when we come before you, asking protection under the guarantees of the Constitution, the same men say to us our only plan is to wait the action of Congress and State Legislatures in the adoption of a sixteenth amendment that shall make null and void the insertion of the word "male" in the fourteenth amendment, and supply the want of the word "sex" in the fifteenth amendment.

Such tantalization endured by yourselves, or by any class of men, would have wrought rebellion, and in the end a bloody revolution. It is only the friendly relations that subsist between the sexes, the affection that women bear to men, that has prevented any such result here. Gentlemen, I should be sure of what your decision would be, if you could only realize the fact that we, who have been battling for our rights, now more than twenty years, have felt, and now feel, precisely as you would under the same circumstances. Men never do realize this. One of the most ardent lovers of freedom, and firmest defenders of it, said to me, two winters ago, after our hearing before the committee of the District, "Miss Anthony, I never knew, at least, I never realized before, in my life, that you feel disfranchisement just as I should myself—the disgrace of it, the humiliation of soul."

We have petitioned for our rights year after year. Although I am a Quaker and take no oath, yet I have made a most solemn affirmation that I would never beg for my rights again, but that I would come up before you each year, and *demand* the recognition of those rights.

Alice Cary.

Born in Miami Valley, near Cincinnati, O., 1820. **Died** in New York, N. Y., 1871.

THE GRAY SWAN.

[*The Poetical Works of Alice and Phœbe Cary.* 1876.]

"OH tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said, with trembling lip,—
"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be
Another such an one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise,—
"The other day? the *Swan?*"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Aye, aye, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the *Swan.*" "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her,—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!
The kerchief from your neck."
"Aye, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,

Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew ?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had,—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do ?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign
To say he was alive !"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave ?
Tut, man! what would you have ?"

"Gone twenty years,—a long, long cruise,—
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you you can
Forgive him ?"—"Miserable man,
You're mad as the sea,—you rave,—
What have I to forgive ?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"My God! my Father! is it true ?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

EASTER BRIDAL SONG.

HASTE, little fingers, haste, haste!
Haste, little fingers pearly;
And all along the slender waist,
And up and down the silken sleeves,
Knot the darling and dainty leaves,
And wind o' the south, blow light and fast,
And bring the flowers so early!

Low, droop low, my tender eyes,
Low, and all demurely,
And make the shining seams to run
Like little streaks o' th' morning sun
Through silver clouds so purely;
And fall, sweet rain, fall out o' the skies,
And bring the flowers so early!

Push, little hands, from the bended face,
The tresses crumpled curly,
And stitch the hem in the frill of snow
And give to the veil its misty flow,
And melt, ye frosts, so surly;
And shine out, spring, with your days of grace,
And bring the flowers so early!

AT UNCLE CHRISTOPHER'S.

[*Clovernook, or Recollections of Our Neighborhood in the West.* 1851-53.]

IN answer to our quick rap, the door opened at once, and the circle about the great blazing log fire was broken by a general rising. The group consisted of eight persons—one man and seven women; the women so closely resembling each other that one could not tell them apart, not even the mother from the daughters—for she appeared as young as the oldest of them—except by her cap and spectacles. All the seven were very slender, very straight, and very tall; all had dark complexions, black eyes, low foreheads, straight noses, and projecting teeth; and all were dressed precisely alike, in gowns of brown flannel and coarse leather boots, with blue woollen stockings, and small capes of red and yellow calico. The six daughters were all marriageable; at least the youngest of them was. They had staid, almost severe, expressions of countenances, and scarcely spoke during the evening. By one corner of the great fire-place they huddled together, each busy with knitting, and all occupied with long blue stockings, advanced in nearly similar degrees toward completion. Now and then they said "Yes, ma'm," or "No, ma'm," when I spoke to them, but never or very rarely anything more. As I said, Mrs. Wright differed from her daughters in appearance, only in that she wore a cap and spectacles; but she was neither silent nor ill at ease as they were; on the contrary, she industriously filled up all the little spaces unoccupied by her good man in the conversation; she set off his excellences as a frame does a picture; and before we were even seated, she expressed her delight that we had come when "Christopher" was at home, as, owing to his *gift*, he was much abroad.

Uncle Christopher was a tall muscular man of sixty or thereabouts, dressed in what might be termed stylish homespun coat, trousers and waistcoat, of snuff-colored cloth. His cravat was of red-and-white-checked gingham, but it was quite hidden under his long grizzly beard, which he wore in full, this peculiarity being a part of his religion. His hair was of the same color, combed straight from his forehead, and turned over in one even curl on the back of the neck. Heavy gray eyebrows met over a hooked nose, and deep in his head twinkled two little blue eyes, which seemed to say, "I am delighted with myself, and, of course, you are with me." Between his knees he held a stout hickory stick, on which, occasionally, when he had settled something beyond the shadow of doubt, he rested his chin for a moment, and enjoyed the triumph. He rose on our entrance, for he had been seated beside a small table, where he monopolized a good portion of the light, and all the warmth, and having shaken hands with my father and welcomed him in a long and pompous speech, during which the good wife bowed her head, and listened as to an oracle, he greeted me in the same way, saying, "This, I suppose, is the virgin who abideth still in the house with you. She is not given, I hope, to gadding overmuch, nor to vain and foolish decorations of her person with ear-rings and finger-rings, and crisping-pins; for such are unprofitable, yea, abominable. My daughter, consider it well, and look upon it, and receive instruction." I was about replying, I don't know what, when he checked me by saying, "Much speech in a woman is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. Open rebuke," he continued, "is better than secret love." Then pointing with his cane in the direction of the six girls, he said, "Rise, maidens, and salute your kinswoman"; and as they stood up, pointing to each with his stick, he called their names, beginning with Abigail, eldest of the daughters of Rachael Wright and Christopher Wright, and ending with Lucinda, youngest born of Rachael Wright and Christopher Wright. Each, as she was referred to, made a quick ungraceful curtsy, and resumed her seat and her knitting.

A half hour afterward, seeing that we remained silent, the father said, by way of a gracious permission of conversation, I suppose, "A little talk of flax and wool, and of household diligence, would not ill become the daughters of our house." Upon hearing this, Lucinda, who, her mother remarked, had the "liveliest turn" of any of the girls, asked me if I liked to knit; to which I answered, "Yes," and added, "Is it a favorite occupation with you?" She replied, "Yes, ma'm," and after a long silence, inquired how many cows we milked, and at the end of another pause, whether we had colored our flannel brown or blue; if we had gathered many hickory nuts; if our apples were keeping well, etc.

The room in which we sat was large, with a low ceiling and bare floor, and so open about the windows and doors that the slightest movement of the air without would keep the candle flame in motion, and chill those who were not sitting nearest the fire, which blazed and crackled and roared in the chimney. Uncle Christopher, as my father had always called him (though he was uncle so many degrees removed that I never exactly knew the relationship), laid aside the old volume from which he had been reading, removed the two pairs of spectacles he had previously worn, and hung them, by leather strings connecting their bows, on a nail in the stone jamb by which he sat, and talked, and talked, and talked; and I soon discovered by his conversation, aided by the occasional explanatory whispers of his wife, that he was one of those infatuated men who fancy themselves "called" to be teachers of religion, though he had neither talents, education, nor anything else to warrant such a notion, except a faculty for joining pompous and half scriptural phrases, from January to December.

That inward purity must be manifested by a public washing of the feet, that it was a sin to shave the beard, and an abomination for a man to be hired to preach, were his doctrines, I believe, and much time and some money he spent in their vindication. From neighborhood to neighborhood he travelled, now entering a blacksmith's shop and delivering a homily, now debating with the boys in the cornfield, and now obtruding into some church, where peaceable worshipers were assembled, with intimations that they had "broken teeth, and feet out of joint," that they were "like cold and snow in the time of harvest, yea, worse, even as pot-sheds covered with silver dross." And such exhortations he often concluded by quoting the passage: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat, with a postle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

More than half an hour elapsed before the youths whose sliding down the hill had been interrupted by us entered the house. Their hands and faces were red and stiffened with the cold, yet they kept shyly away from the fire, and no one noticed or made room for them. Both interested me at once, and partly, perhaps, that they seemed to interest nobody else. The taller was not so young as I at first imagined; he was ungraceful, shambling, awkward, and possessed one of those clean, pinky complexions which look so youthful; his hair was yellow, his eyes small and blue, with an unquiet expression, and his hands and feet inordinately large; and when he spoke, it was to the boy who sat on a low stool beside him, in a whisper, which he evidently meant to be inaudible to others, but which was, nevertheless, quite distinct to me. He seemed to exercise a kind of brotherly care over the boy, but he did not speak, nor move, nor look up, nor look down, nor turn aside, nor sit still, without an air of the most wretched embarrassment. I should not have written "sit still," for he changed his position continually, and each time his face grew crimson, and, to cover his confusion, as it were, he drew from his pocket a large silk handkerchief, rubbed his lips, and replaced it, at the same time moving and screwing and twisting the toe of his boot in every direction.

I felt glad of his attention to the boy, for he seemed silent and thoughtful beyond his years; perhaps he was lonesome, I thought; certainly he was not happy, for he leaned his chin on his hand, which was cracked and bleeding, and now and then when his companion ceased to speak, the tears gathered to his eyes; but he seemed willing to be pleased, and brushed the tears off his face and smiled, when the young man laid his great hand on his head, and, shaking it roughly, said, "Mark, Mark, Marky!"

"I can't help thinking about the money," said the boy, at last, "and how many new things it would have bought. Just think of it, Andrew!"

"How Towser did bark at them people, didn't he, Mark?" said Andrew, not heeding what had been said to him.

"All new things!" murmured the boy, sorrowfully, glancing at his patched trousers and ragged shoes.

"In three days it will be New Year's; and then, Mark, won't we have fun!" and Andrew rubbed his huge hands together, in glee, at the prospect.

"It won't be no fun as I know of," replied the boy.

"May be the girls will bake some cakes," said Andrew, turning red and looking sideways at the young women.

Mark laughed, and, looking up, he recognized the interested look with which I regarded him, and from that moment we were friends.

At the sound of laughter, Uncle Christopher struck his cane on the floor, and looking sternly toward the offenders, said, "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back!" leaving to them the application, which they made, I suppose, for they became silent—the younger dropping his chin in his hands again, and the elder twisting the toe of his boot, and using his handkerchief very freely. . . . .

There was no variableness in the order of things at Uncle Christopher's, but all went regularly forward without even a casual observation, and to see one day was to see the entire experience in the family.

"He has a great gift in prayer," said Aunt Rachael, pulling my sleeve, as the hour for worship arrived.

I did not then, nor can I to this day, agree with her. I would not treat such matters with levity, and will not repeat the formula which this "gifted man" went over morning and evening, but he did not fail on each occasion to make known to the All-Wise the condition in which matters stood, and to assure him that he himself was doing a great deal for their better management in the future. It was not so much a prayer as an announcement of the latest intelligence, even to "the visit of his kinswoman who was still detained by the severity of the elements."

It was through the exercise of his wonderful gift that I first learned the histories of Andrew and Mark; that the former was a relation from the interior of Indiana, who, for feeding and milking Uncle Christopher's cows morning and evening, and the general oversight of affairs, when the great man was abroad, enjoyed the privilege of attending the district school in the neighborhood; and that the latter was the "son of his son," a "wicked and troublesome boy, for the present subjected to the chastening influences of a righteous discipline."

As a mere matter of form, Uncle Christopher always said, I will do so or so, "Providence permitting"; but he felt competent to do anything and everything on his own account, to the drawing out of the leviathan with an hook, or his tongue with a cord—to the putting a hook into his nose, or the boring his jaw through with a thorn.

"I believe it's getting colder," said Andrew, as he opened the door of the stairway, darkly winding over the great oven, to a low chamber; and, chuckling, he disappeared. He was pleased, as a child would be, with the novelty of a visitor, and perhaps half believed it was colder, because he hoped it was so. Mark gave me a smile as he sidled past his grandfather, and disappeared within the smoky avenue. We had scarcely spoken together, but somehow he had recognized the kindly disposition I felt toward him.

As I lay awake, among bags of meal and flour, boxes of hickory-nuts and apples, with heaps of seed, wheat, oats, and barley, that filled the chamber into which I had been shown—cold, despite the twenty coverlids heaped over me—I kept thinking of little Mark, and wondering what was the story of the money he had referred to. I could not reconcile myself to the assumption of Uncle Christopher that he was a wicked boy; and, falling asleep at last, I dreamed the hard old man was beating him with his walking-stick, because the child was not big enough to fill his own snuff-colored coat and trousers. And certainly this would have been little more absurd than his real effort to change the boy into a man.

There was yet no sign of daylight when the stir of the family awoke me, and, knowing they would think very badly of me should I further indulge my disposition for sleep, I began to feel in the darkness for the various articles of my dress. At length, half awake, I made my way through and over the obstructions in the chamber, to the room below, which the blazing logs filled with light. The table was spread, and in the genial warmth sat Uncle Christopher, doing nothing. He turned his blue eyes upon me as I entered, and said, "Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than she who crieth, A little more sleep, and a little more slumber."

"Did he say anything to you?" asked Aunt Rachael, as I entered the kitchen in search of a wash-bowl. "It must have been just to the purpose," she continued; "Christopher always says something to the purpose."

There was no bowl, no accommodations, for one's toilet. Uncle Christopher did not approve of useless expenditures. I was advised to make an application of snow to my hands and face, and while I was doing so, I saw a light moving about the stables, and heard Andrew say, in a chuckling, pleased tone, "B'lieve it's colder, Mark—she can't go home to-day; and if she is only here till New Year's maybe they will kill the big turkey." I felt, while melting on my cheeks the snow, that it was no warmer, and, perhaps, a little flattered with the evident liking of the young man and the boy, I resolved to make the best of my detention. I could see nothing to do, for seven women were already moving about by the light of a single tallow candle; the pork was frying, and the coffee boiling; the bread and butter were on the table, and there was nothing more, apparently, to be accomplished. I dared not sit down, however, and so remained in the comfortless kitchen, as some atonement for my involuntary idleness. At length the tin horn was sounded, and shortly after Andrew and Mark came in, and breakfast was announced; in other words, Aunt Rachael placed her hand on her good man's chair, and said, "Come."

To the coarse fare before us we all helped ourselves in silence, except of the bread, and that was placed under the management of Uncle Christopher, and with the same knife he used in eating, slices were cut as they were required. The little courage I summoned while alone in the snow—thinking I might make myself useful, and do something to occupy my time and oblige the family—flagged and failed during that comfortless meal. My poor attempts at cheerfulness fell like moonbeams on ice, except, indeed, that Andrew and Mark looked grateful.

Several times, before we left the table, I noticed the cry of a kitten, seeming to come from the kitchen, and that when Uncle Christopher turned his ear in that direction, Mark looked at Andrew, who rubbed his lips more earnestly than I had seen him before.

When the breakfast, at last, was ended, the old man proceeded to search out the harmless offender, with the instincts of some animal hungry for blood. I knew its doom, when it was discovered, clinging so tightly to the old hat in which Mark had hidden it, dry and warm, by the kitchen fire. It had been better left in the cold snow, for I saw that the sharp little eyes which looked on it grew hard as stone.

"Mark," said Uncle Christopher, "into your hands I deliver this unclean beast. There is an old well digged by my father, and which lieth easterly a rod or more from the great barn; uncover the mouth thereof, and when you have borne the creature thither, cast it down!"

Mark looked as if he were suffering torture, and when, with the victim, he had reached the door, he turned, as if constrained by pity, and said, "Can't it stay in the barn?"

"No," answered Uncle Christopher, bringing down his great stick on the floor; "but you can stay in the barn, till you learn better than to gainsay my judgment." Rising, he pointed in the direction of the well, and followed, as I inferred, to see that his order was executed, deigning to offer neither reason nor explanation.

Andrew looked wistfully after, but dared not follow, and, taking from the mantle-shelf Walker's Dictionary, he began to study a column of definitions, in a whisper sufficiently loud for every one in the house to hear.

I inquired if that were one of his studies at school; but so painful was the embarrassment occasioned by the question, though he simply answered, "B'lieve it is," that I repented, and perhaps the more, as it failed of its purpose of inducing a somewhat lower whisper in his mechanical repetitions of the words, which he resumed with the same annoying distinctness.

With the first appearance of daylight the single candle was snuffed out, and it now stood filling the room with smoke from its long limber wick, while the seven women removed the dishes, and I changed from place to place that I might seem to have some employment; and Andrew, his head and face heated in the blaze from the fireplace, studied the dictionary. In half an hour Uncle Christopher returned, with stern satisfaction depicted in his face: the kitten was in the well, and Mark was in the barn. I felt that, and was miserable.

I asked for something to do, as the old man, resuming his seat and, folding his hands over his staff, began a homily on the beauty of industry, and was given some patch-work; "There are fifty blocks in the quilt," said Aunt Rachael, "and each of them contains three hundred pieces."

I wrought diligently all the day, though I failed to see the use or beauty of the work on which I was engaged.

At last Andrew, putting his dictionary in his pocket, saying, "I b'lieve I have my lesson by heart," and a piece of bread and butter in the top of his hat, tucked the ends of his green woollen trousers in his cowhide boots, and, without a word of kindness or encouragement, left the house for the school.

By this time the seven women had untwisted seven skeins of blue yarn, which they wound into seven blue balls, and all at the same time began the knitting of seven blue stockings.

That was a very long day to me, and as the hours went by I grew restless, and then wretched. Was little Mark all this time in the cold barn? Scratching the frost from the window-pane, I looked in the direction from which I expected him to come, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The quick clicking of the knitting-needles grew hateful, the shut mouths and narrow foreheads of the seven women grew hateful, and hatefullest of all grew the small blue shining eyes of Uncle Christopher, as they bent on the yellow worm-eaten page of the old book he read. He was warm and comfortable, and had forgotten the existence of the little boy he had driven out into the cold.

I put down my work at last, and, cold as it was, ventured out. There were narrow paths leading to the many barns and cribs, and entering one after another, I called to Mark, but in vain. Calves started up, and, placing their fore feet in the troughs from which they usually fed, looked at me, half in wonder and half in fear; the horses—and there seemed to be dozens of them—stamped, and whinnied, and, thrusting their noses through their mangers, pressed them into a thousand wrinkles, snuffing the air instead of expected oats. It was so intensely cold I began to fear the boy was dead, and turned over bundles of hay and straw, half expecting to find his stiffened corpse beneath them, but I did not, and was about leaving the green walls of hay that rose smoothly on each side of me, the great dusty beams and black cobwebs swaying here and there in the wind, when a thought struck me: the well—he might have fallen in! Having gone "a rod or more easterly from the barn," directed by great footprints and little footprints, I discovered the place, and, to my joy, the boy also. There was no curb about the well, and, with his hands resting on a decayed strip of plank that lay across its mouth, the boy was kneeling beside it and looking in. He had not heard my approach, and, stooping, I drew him carefully back, showed him how the plank was decayed, and warned him against such fearful hazards.

"But," he said, half laughing and half crying, "just see!" and he pulled me toward the well. The opening was small and dark, and seemed very deep, and as I looked more intently my vision gradually penetrated to the bottom. I could see the still pool there, and a little above it, crouching on a loose stone or other projection of the wall, the kitten, turning her shining eyes upward now and then, and mewing piteously.

"Do you think she will get any of it?" said Mark, the tears coming into his eyes; "and if she does, how long will she live there?" The kind-hearted child had been dropping down bits of bread for the prisoner.

He was afraid to go to the house, but when I told him Uncle Christopher might scold me if he scolded any one, and that I would tell him so, he was prevailed upon to accompany me. The hard man was evidently ashamed when he saw the child hiding behind my skirts for fear, and at first said nothing. But directly Mark began to cry. There was such an aching and stinging in his fingers and toes, he could not help it.

"Boo, hoo, hoo!" said the old man, making three times as much noise as the boy—"what's the matter now?"

"I suppose his hands and feet are frozen," said I, as though I knew it, and would maintain it in spite of him, and I confess I felt a secret satisfaction in showing him his cruelty.

"Oh, I guess not," Aunt Rachael said, quickly, alarmed for my cool assertion as well as for the child: "only a leetle frosted, I reckon. Whereabouts does it hurt you, my son?" she continued, stooping over him with a human sympathy and fondness I had not previously seen in any of the family.

"Frosted a leetle—that's all, Christopher," she said, by way of soothing her lord's compunction, and, at the same time, taking in her hands the feet of the boy, which he flung about for pain, crying bitterly. "Hush, little honey," she said, kissing him, and afraid the good man would be vexed at the crying; and as she sat there holding his feet, and tenderly soothing him, I at first could not believe she was the same dark and sedate matron who had been knitting the blue stocking.

"Woman, fret not thy gizzard!" said Christopher, slapping his book on the table, and hanging his spectacles on the jamb. The transient beauty all dropt away, the old expression of obsequious servility was back, and she resumed her seat and her knitting.

"There, let me doctor you," he continued, drawing off the child's stocking. The feet were covered with blisters, and presented the appearance of having been scalded. "Why, boy alive," said he, as he saw the blisters, "these are nothing; they will make you grow." He was forgetting his old pomposity, and, as if aware of it, resumed: "Thou hast been chastised according to thy deserts; go forth in the face of the wind, even the north wind, and, as the ox treadeth the mortar, tread thou the snow."

"You see, Marky," interposed Mrs. Wright, whose heart was really kind,—"you see your feet are a leetle frosted, and that will make them well."

The little fellow wiped his tears with his hand, which was cracked and bleeding from the cold, and, between laughing and crying, ran manfully out into the snow.

It was almost night, and the red clouds about the sunset began to cast their shadows along the hills. The seven women went into the kitchen for the preparation of dinner (we ate but two meals in the day), and I went to the window to watch Mark as he trod the snow "even as an ox treadeth the mortar." There he was, running hither and thither, and up and down, but, to my surprise, not alone. Andrew, who had returned from school, and found his little friend in such a sorry plight, had, for the sake of giving him courage, bared his own feet, and was chasing after him in generously well-feigned enjoyment. Towser, too, had come forth from his kennel of straw, and a gay frolic they made of it, all together.

Anne Whitney.

Born in Watertown, Mass., 1820.

BERTHA.

[*Poems*. 1859.]

THE leaves have fallen from the trees,
For under them grew the buds of May;
And such is constant Nature's way;
Let us accept the work of her hand:
If the wild winds sweep bare the height,
Still something is left for heart's delight—
Let us but know and understand.

Bertha looked from the rocky cliff,
Whose foot the tender foam-wreaths kissed,
Towards the outer circle of mist
That hedged the old and wonderful sea;
Below her as if with endless hope,
Up the beach's marble slope,
The waters clomb unweariedly.

Many a long-bleached sail in sight
Hovered awhile, then flitted away
Beyond the opening of the bay.
Fair Bertha entered her cottage late:
"He does not come," she said, and smiled,
"But the shore is dark and the sea is wild,
And, dearest Father, we still must wait."

She hastened to her inner room,
And silently mused there alone:
"Three springs have come—three winters gone,
And still we wait from hour to hour·
But earth waits long for her harvest time,
And the aloe, in the northern clime,
Waits an hundred years for its flower.

"Under the apple boughs as I sit
In May-time, when the robin's song
Thrills the odorous winds along,

The innermost heaven seems to ope;—
I think, though the old joys pass from sight,
Still something is left for heart's delight—
For life is endless and so is hope.

"If the aloe wait an hundred years,
And God's times are so long, indeed,
For simple things, as flower and weed,
That gather only the light and gloom,—
For what great treasures of joy and dole,
Of life, and death perchance, must the soul,
Ere it flower in heavenly peace, find room!

"I see that all things wait in trust,
As feeling afar God's distant ends,
And unto every creature he sends
That measure of good that fills its scope:
The marmot enters the stiffening mould,
And the worm its dark, sepulchral fold,
To hide there with its beautiful hope."

Yet Bertha waited on the cliff,
To catch the gleam of a coming sail,
And the distant whisper of the gale
Winging the unforgotten home;
And hope at her yearning heart would knock,
When a sunbeam on a far-off rock
Married a wreath of wandering foam.

Was it well? *you* ask—(nay, was it ill?)
Who sat last year by the old man's hearth,—
The sun had passed below the earth,
And the first star locked his western gate,
When Bertha entered her darkening home,
And smiling, said: "He does not come,
But, dearest Father, we still can wait!"

Albert Mathews.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1820.

HONOR.

[*A Bundle of Papers, by Paul Siegvolk.* 1879.]

BORN of Christian precept and example, and nurtured by feudalistic chivalry and gallantry, it has something of the majesty of the former, with the perfume of the latter; and is personified in the gentleman.

It would be a grave mistake to confound honor with mere honesty. The latter falls within the category of the homely virtues of common men, while the former is the mainspring of the moral character of the gentleman. Indeed, common honesty scarcely deserves to be esteemed a great affirmative merit at all by rightly thinking men; except, perhaps, when it has heroically conquered a severe temptation offered to some unselfish weakness or pious affection. Only in a community where roguery is common, can mere simple honesty take high rank as a positive virtue. True, it does not deny any one his exact due, but this is little more than the result of a good animal instinct. Some beasts seem to possess it. Honor, however, is peculiarly an affirmative attribute of pure and lofty manhood. Honesty in general is simply the absence of all fraud in human dealings; honor is quite that and much more besides. Honesty will unflinchingly take to itself the benefit of a doubt in its favor; honor, however, will voluntarily give up that doubt, even to its enemy. Unquestionably the two words once had a somewhat similar meaning, but as manners and ideas refine, words are used to define and describe nicer discriminations. Honesty embraces the notion of a duty of perfect obligation rigidly imposed by moral, if not positive law. Honor obeys a self-imposed obligation. A man may be thoroughly honest, yet obtuse to many of the cardinal qualifications of a gentleman. Honesty, in its purpose, looks but little outside of self; honor generously aims to deserve the good opinion of the best; finding keener anguish in a moral stain or blemish than in grievous bodily wounds. Honesty guards its own goods, and loves self-interest; honor freely scatters its own goods and ignores self-interest, while it gallantly protects the weak, relieves the oppressed from the grasp of cruel force, redresses the injuries of others, or defends its own pure dignity.

"Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint,
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint."

William Greenough Thayer Shedd.

Born in Acton, Mass., 1820.

THE FOUNDATION OF LITERARY STYLE.

[*Literary Essays.* 1878.]

HAVING a distinctly clear apprehension of truth, the mind utters its conceptions with all that simplicity and pertinence of language which characterizes the narrative of an honest eye-witness. Nothing intervenes between thought and expression. The clear, direct view *instantaneously* becomes the clear, direct statement. And when the clear conception is thus united with the profound intuition, thought assumes its most perfect form. The form in which it appears is full and round with solid truth, and yet distinct and transparent. The immaterial principle is embodied in just the right amount of matter; the former does not overflow, nor does the latter overlay. The discourse exhibits the same opposite and counterbalancing excellences which we see in the forms of nature—the simplicity and the richness, the negligence and the niceness, the solid opacity and the aërial transparence.

It is rare to find such a union of the two main elements of culture, and consequently rare to find them in style. A profoundly contemplative mind is often mystic and vague in its discourse, because it has not come to a clear, as well as profound, consciousness—because distinctness has not gone along with depth of apprehension. The discourse of such a mind is thoughtful and suggestive, it may be, but is lacking in that scientific, logical power which penetrates and illumines. It has warmth and glow, it may be, but it is the warmth of the stove (to use the comparison of another)—warmth without light.

On the other hand, it often happens that the culture of the mind is clear but shallow. In this case nothing but the merest and most obvious commonplace is uttered, in a manner intelligible and plain enough, to be sure, but without force or weight, or even genuine fire, of style. Shallow waters show a very clear bottom, and but little intensity of light is needed in order to display the pebbles and clean sand. That must be a "purest ray serene"—a pencil of strongest light—which discloses the black, rich, wreck-strewn depths. For the clearness of depth is very different from the clearness of shallowness. The former is a positive quality. It is the positive and powerful irradiation of that which is solid and dark by that which is ethereal and light. The latter is a negative quality. It is the mere absence of darkness, because there is no substance to be dark—no *body* in which (if we may be allowed the expression) darkness can inhere. Nothing is more luminous than solid fire; nothing is more flashy than an ignited void.

These two fundamental characteristics of mental culture lie at the foundation of style. Even if the secondary qualities of style could exist without the weightiness and clearness of manner which spring from the union of profound with distinct apprehension, they would exist in vain. The ornament is worthless, if there is nothing to sustain it. The bas-relief is valueless, without the slab to support it. But these secondary qualities of style—the beauty, and the elegance, and the harmony—derive all their charm and power from springing out of the primary qualities, and in this way, ultimately, out of the deep and clear culture of the mind itself—from being the white flower of the black root.

Style, when having this mental and natural origin, is to be put into the first class of fine forms. It is the form of thought; and, as a piece of art, is as worthy of study and admiration as those glorious material forms which embody the ideas of Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. It is the form in which the human mind manifests its freest, purest, and most mysterious activity—its thinking. There is nothing mechanical in its origin, or stale in its nature. It is plastic and fresh as the immortal energy of which it is the air and bearing.

Charles Astor Bristed.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1820. DIED in Washington, D. C., 1874.

A CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

[*Five Years in an English University.* 1852.]

THERE is one great point where the English have the advantage over us: they understand how to take care of their health. Not that the Cantabs are either "tee-totallers" or "Grahamites." There is indeed a tradition that a "total-abstinence" society was once established in Cambridge, and that in three years it increased to two members; whether it be still in existence, however, I have not been able to learn. But every Cantab takes his two hours' exercise *per diem*, by walking, riding, rowing, fencing, gymnastics, etc. How many colleges are there here where the students average one hour a day real exercise? Our Columbia boys roll ten-pins and play billiards, which is better than nothing, but very inferior to out-door amusements. In New England (at least it was so ten years ago at Yale), the last thing thought of is exercise—even the mild walks which are dignified with the name of exercise there, how unlike the Cantab's constitutional of eight miles in less than two hours! If there is a fifteen days' prayer-meeting, or a thousand-and-first new debating-society, or a lecture on some *specialité* which may be of use to half a dozen out of the hundred or two who attend it, over goes the exercise at once. And the consequence is—what? There is not a finer-looking set of young men in the world than the Cantabs, and as to their health—why, one hundred and thirty Freshmen enter at Trinity every year, and it is no unfrequent occurrence that, whatever loss they sustain from other causes (accidents will happen in the best regulated *colleges*), death takes away none of them during the three years and a half which comprise their under-graduate course. Whose memory can match this at Yale? If our youngsters exercised their legs and arms just four times as much as they do, and their tongues ten times as little, it would be the better for them every way. But I am not now reading a lecture on dietetics, so let us come back to the shores of the Cam.

Classic Camus being a very narrow stream, scarcely wider than a canal, it is impossible for the boats to race side by side. The following expedient has therefore been adopted: They are drawn up in a line, two lengths between each, and the contest consists in each boat endeavoring to touch with its bow the stern of the one before it, which operation is called *bumping;* and at the next race the *bumper* takes the place of the *bumped.* The distance rowed is about one mile and three quarters. To be "head of the river" is a distinction much coveted and hard fought for. Each college has at least one boat-club; in Trinity there are three, with three or four crews in each. About nine races take place in the season; they are of great use in preparing the men for the annual match with Oxford, in which the Cantabs are generally victorious. Indeed, they are the best smooth-water oars in England, if not in the world.

The Caius boat at this time was head of the river, the First Trinity second, the Third Trinity the third. Some hard pulling was expected among the leading boats. The Third Trinity were confident of bumping the first.

While you have been reading the above, you may suppose H—— and myself viewing the scene of action, distant about two miles from the town. The time of starting is at hand, and gownsmen (*not* in their gowns) are hurrying by us on all sides, some mounted, but the greater part on foot; some following the beaten track, others taking a shorter cut over fields and fences. Here comes a sporting character, riding his own "hanimal." See with what a knowing look man and horse approach the fence. Hip! he is over, and six inches to spare. Ah! here is another, who, though not very well mounted, must needs show his dexterity at the same place. Not quite, stranger! The horse has his fore feet clean over, but it by no means follows that he will do the same with the hind ones. Crack! he has hit the top bar and carried it off several yards. Not so bad after all. He might not do it again so neatly.

Bang! there goes the first gun! In three minutes there will be another, in two more a third, and then for it! What are those men laughing at? Ah! I see; no wonder. An ambitious character on a sorry hack has driven his Rozinante at a ditch. No you don't, mister! The horse, wiser than his rider, refuses the leap, with a sagacious shake of the head. He is hauled back for a fresh start, and the whip applied abundantly. Same result as before. The tittering of the passers-by reaches our hero's ears; he waxes wrathful, and discharges on the reluctant steed a perfect hurricane of blows!

Spla-ash! with the utmost composure imaginable the old horse has stepped into the ditch, say three feet deep, casting his rider headlong by the abrupt descent. Serves you right, my friend. We can't stop to see what becomes of you, for there goes the second gun, and we must make haste to secure a good place. Well, here we are, at the upper end of "the Long Reach." We can just spy the head of the first boat below yonder corner. As the hardest pulling always begins here, we shall have a good view of it. Ha! do you see that pull? The eight stalwart Caius men bent to their oars the moment the last gun flashed, and its report reaches our ears as they are stooping to the second stroke. Here they come at a rapid rate, and with them the whole *cortège* of horse and foot, running along the bank and cheering the boats. Take care of yourselves! A young colt, frightened by the uproar, is exhibiting some very decided capers, to the manifest discomposure of those around him, and finishes by jumping into the river, fortunately not near enough to the boats to disturb them. His rider maintains his seat throughout, and they emerge somewhat wet, but otherwise apparently uninjured. And whether they were or not, no one cared, for the leading boats were now rounding the upper corner of the Reach. On they come at a good rate, the Caius men taking it quite easy, and pulling leisurely, as much as to say, "What's the use of hurrying ourselves for *them?*" Indeed the First Trinity had lost half a length, and were therefore in some danger themselves.

Caius passed me, for I was far from a good runner, so did the two Trinity boats and "Maudlin" (Magdalen), when suddenly there uprose a mighty shout, "Trinity! Trinity! Go it, Trinity!" and there was First Trinity shooting forward with a magical impulse, away, away from the threatening Third Trinity, and up, up, up to the head boat. The poor Caius crew looked like men in a nightmare: they pulled without making any headway, while the others kept fast overhauling them at every stroke. The partisans of the respective boats filled the air with their shouts. "Now Keys!" "Now Trinity!" "Why don't you pull, Keys?" "Now you have 'em, Trinity!" "Keys!" "Trinity! Trinity!" "Now's your chance, Keys!" "Save yourself, Keys!" And it did really appear as if the Caius men would save themselves, for, with a sudden, mighty effort, they made a great addition to their boat's velocity in a very short time. I began to fear they had been "playing 'possum" all the while, and could walk away from us after all.

The uproar and confusion of the scene were now at their height. Men and horses ran promiscuously along the bank, occasionally interfering with each other. A dozen persons might have been trampled under foot, or sent into the Cam, and no one would have stopped to render them assistance. The coxswain of the Caius boat looked the very personification of excitement; he bent over at every pull till his nose almost touched the stroke's arm, cheering his men meantime at the top of his voice. The shouts rose louder and louder. "Pull, Trinity!" "Pull, Keys!" "Go it, Trinity!" "Keep on, Keys!" "Pull, stroke!" "Now, No. 3!" "Lay out, Greenwell!"—for the friends of the different rowers began to appeal to them individually. "That's it, Trinity!" "Where are you, Keys?" "Hurrah, Trinity! inity!! inity!!!" and the outcries of the Trinitarians waxed more and more boisterous and triumphant, as our men, with their long slashing strokes, urged their boat closer and closer upon the enemy.

Not more than half a foot now intervened between the bow of the pursuer and the stern of the pursued; still the Caius crew pulled with all their might. They were determined to die game at least, or perhaps they still entertained some hope of making their escape. Boats have occasionally run a mile almost touching. But there is no more chance for them. One tremendous pull from the First Trinity, and half that distance has disappeared. They all but touch. Another such stroke, and you are aboard of them. Hurrah! a bump! a bump!

Not so! The Caius steersman is on the lookout, and with a skilful inclination of the rudder he has made his boat fall off—just the least bit in the world—but enough to prevent their contact. The First Trinity overlapped, but did not touch.

Exulting shouts from the shore hailed the success of the dexterous evasion. Enraged at being thus baffled, the pursuers threw all their strength into a couple of strokes. The Caius men, knowing that this was their last chance, were doing their best to get away, but the other boat was upon them in a moment. Again the skill of the coxswain was brought into play, and again the pursuing boat overlapped without touching. But it was now clear that they were only delaying their fate, not averting it, for the Trinity men, going four feet for their three, were running them into the further bank in a way that left no room for change of course. "Hurrah for Trinity!" shouted I, in the fulness of my exultation, and at that moment a horse walked against me and nearly threw me off the bank.

When I regained my feet, it was all over. Both boats had hauled off on one side, and ours had hoisted her flag. Trinity was the head of the river once more, and great was the joy of her inmates.

Alas for human expectations! When the season ended, Caius was first and the First Trinity—No. 4.

Augustus Rodney Macdonough.

Born in Middletown, Conn., 1820.

A MAGDALEN OF THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

1.

GERHARD DOW—LYS—CORREGGIO.

NOT she, whose fruitless tears avow a youth
Less yielded to warm love than basely sold;
Angry with shame, who clutches still her gold,
Drooped in satiety, not bowed with ruth—
Nor she who mars with penances uncouth
Her fatal beauty, which no eyes behold
Save a skull's hollow orbs, yet overbold
Deems heaven's grace a debt to grief, forsooth—
Nor that dust-kissing face, whence sorrow's tooth
Has gnawed all passion, leaving it as cold
As her own emptied vase: whose hands enfold
The Book from which remorse has taught her truth—
Though still so fair in ruin she might win
The world to doubt if sentence waits on sin.

2.

ZURBARAN—GUIDO.

ALONE, not lingering to adore or mourn,
First seen, first sent, from that transfigured grave,
With "go in peace"—to seek no desert cave,
But loving, erring lives to lift and warn.
With prophet-tears for sisters yet unborn,
She, first forgiven, only blessed, shall crave
Their heritage in all her dear Lord gave,
Grace for crushed hearts, killed by the harsh world's scorn—
Or, rapt in vision, lifting eyes above
Softened through sorrow to ecstatic love,
Shall hail the promise of the golden years
When balm shall be distilled from bitterest tears,
God's law rule man's, and all who, following her,
Love, to be lost, not unredeemed shall err.

1874.

Theodore O'Hara.

Born in Danville, Ky., 1820. **Died** near Guerryton, Ala., 1867.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

[*Originally Written, August,* 1847, *in Memory of the Kentuckians who fell at Buena Vista.*]

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
  Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
  Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
  The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
  That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
  Came down the serried foe.

Who heard the thunder of the fray
  Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
  Was "Victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
  O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
  The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
  Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
  Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
  Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
  The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
  His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
  Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
  O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
  Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
  Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
  That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear as the blood ye gave;

No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

William Tecumseh Sherman.

Born in Lancaster, O., 1820.

BEGINNING THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

[*Memoirs. Second and Revised Edition.* 1886.]

ABOUT 7 A. M. of November 16th we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance, on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped wagons stretching away to the south; and right before us the Fourteenth Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace, that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident, struck up the anthem of "John Brown's soul goes marching on"; the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" done with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place.

Then we turned our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate battle, of hope and fear, that now seem like the memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds —a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me as I worked my way past them, "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!" Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching for Richmond, and that there we should end the war, but how and when they seemed to care not; nor did they measure the distance, or count the cost in life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed, and the food required for man and beast, that had to be gathered by the way. There was a "devil-may-care" feeling pervading officers and men, that made me feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this "march" would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool.

I had no purpose to march direct for Richmond by way of Augusta and Charlotte, but always designed to reach the sea-coast first at Savannah, or Port Royal, South Carolina, and even kept in mind the alternative of Pensacola.

The first night out we camped by the road-side near Lithonia. Stone Mountain, a mass of granite, was in plain view, cut out in clear outline against the blue sky; the whole horizon was lurid with the bonfires of rail-ties, and groups of men all night were carrying the heated rails to the nearest trees, and bending them around the trunks. Colonel Poe had provided tools for ripping up the rails and twisting them when hot; but the best and easiest way is the one I have described, of heating the middle of the iron rails on bonfires made of the cross-ties, and then winding them around a telegraph-pole or the trunk of some convenient sapling. I attached much importance to this destruction of the railroad, gave it my personal attention, and made reiterated orders to others on the subject.

The next day we passed through the handsome town of Covington, the soldiers closing up their ranks, the color-bearers unfurling their flags, and the band striking up patriotic airs. The white people came out of their houses to behold the sight, spite of their deep hatred of the invaders, and the negroes were simply frantic with joy. Whenever they heard my name, they clustered about my horse, shouted and prayed in their peculiar style, which had a natural eloquence that would have moved a stone. I have witnessed hundreds, if not thousands, of such scenes; and can now see a poor girl, in the very ecstasy of the Methodist "shout," hugging the banner of one of the regiments, and jumping up to the "feet of Jesus."

I remember, when riding around by a by-street in Covington, to avoid the crowd that followed the marching column, that some one brought me an invitation to dine with a sister of Sam. Anderson, who was a cadet at West Point with me; but the messenger reached me after we had passed the main part of the town. I asked to be excused, and rode on to a place designated for camp, at the crossing of the Ulcofauhachee River, about four miles to the east of the town. Here we made our bivouac, and I walked up to a plantation-house close by, where were assembled many negroes, among them an old, gray-haired man, of as fine a head as I ever saw. I asked him if he understood about the war and its progress. He said he did; that he had been looking for the "angel of the Lord" ever since he was knee-high, and, though we professed to be fighting for the Union, he supposed that slavery was the cause, and that our success was to be his freedom. I asked him if all the negro slaves comprehended this fact, and he said they surely did. I then explained to him that we wanted the slaves to remain where they were, and not to load us down with useless mouths, which would eat up the food needed for our fighting-men; that our success was their assured freedom; that we could receive a few of their young, hearty men as pioneers; but that, if they followed us in swarms of old and young, feeble and helpless, it would simply load us down and cripple us in our great task. I think Major Henry Hitchcock was with me on that occasion, and made a note of the conversation, and I believe that old man spread this message to the slaves, which was carried from mouth to mouth, to the very end of our journey, and that it in part saved us from the great danger we incurred of swelling our numbers so that famine would have attended our progress.

It was at this very plantation that a soldier passed me with a ham on his musket, a jug of sorghum molasses under his arm, and a big piece of honey in his hand, from which he was eating, and, catching my eye, he remarked *sotto voce* and carelessly to a comrade, "Forage liberally on the country," quoting from my general orders. On this occasion, as on many others that fell under my personal observation, I reproved the man, explained that foraging must be limited to the regular parties properly detailed, and that all provisions thus obtained must be delivered to the regular commissaries, to be fairly distributed to the men who kept their ranks.

From Covington the Fourteenth Corps [Davis's], with which I was travelling, turned to the right for Milledgeville, *via* Shady Dale. General Slocum was ahead at Madison, with the Twentieth Corps, having torn up the railroad as far as that place, and thence had sent Geary's division on to the Oconee, to burn the bridges across that stream, when this corps turned south by Eatonton, for Milledgeville, the common "objective" for the first stage of the "march." We found abundance of corn, molasses, meal, bacon, and sweet-potatoes. We also took a good many cows and oxen, and a large number of mules. In all these the country was quite rich, never before having been visited by a hostile army: the recent crop had been excellent, had been just gathered and laid by for the winter. As a rule, we destroyed none, but kept our wagons full, and fed our teams bountifully.

The skill and success of the men in collecting forage was one of the features of this march. Each brigade commander had authority to detail a company of foragers, usually about fifty men, with one or two commissioned officers selected for their boldness and enterprise. This party would be dispatched before daylight with a knowledge of the intended day's march and camp; would proceed on foot five or six miles from the route travelled by their brigade, and then visit every plantation and farm within range. They would usually procure a wagon or family-carriage, load it with bacon, corn-meal, turkeys, chickens, ducks, and everything that could be used as food or forage, and would then regain the main road, usually in advance of their train. When this came up, they would deliver to the brigade commissary the supplies thus gathered by the way. Often would I pass these foraging parties at the road-side, waiting for their wagons to come up, and was amused at their strange collections—mules, horses, even cattle, packed with old saddles and loaded with hams, bacon, bags of corn-meal, and poultry of every character and description. Although this foraging was attended with great danger and hard work, there seemed to be a charm about it that attracted the soldiers, and it was a privilege to be detailed on such a party. Daily they returned mounted on all sorts of beasts, which were at once taken from them and appropriated to the general use; but the next day they would start out again on foot, only to repeat the experience of the day before. No doubt, many acts of pillage, robbery, and violence were committed by these parties of foragers, usually called "bummers"; for I have since heard of jewelry taken from women, and the plunder of articles that never reached the commissary; but these acts were exceptional and incidental. I never heard of any cases of murder or rape; and no army could have carried along sufficient food and forage for a march of three hundred miles; so that foraging in some shape was necessary. The country was sparsely settled, with no magistrates or civil authorities who could respond to requisitions, as is done in all the wars of Europe; so that this system of foraging was simply indispensable to our success. By it our men were well supplied with all the essentials of life and health, while the wagons retained enough in case of unexpected delay, and our animals were well fed. Indeed, when we reached Savannah, the trains were pronounced by experts to be the finest in flesh and appearance ever seen with any army.

AT THE FRONT.

[*From the Same.*]

I NEVER saw the rear of an army engaged in battle but I feared that some calamity had happened at the front—the apparent confusion, broken wagons, crippled horses, men lying about dead and maimed, parties hastening to and fro in seeming disorder, and a general apprehension of something dreadful about to ensue; all these signs, however, lessened as I neared the front, and there the contrast was complete—perfect order, men and horses full of confidence, and it was not unusual for general hilarity, laughing, and cheering. Although cannon might be firing, the musketry clattering, and the enemy's shot hitting close, there reigned a general feeling of strength and security that bore a marked contrast to the bloody signs that had drifted rapidly to the rear; therefore, for comfort and safety, I surely would rather be at the front than the rear line of battle. So also on the march, the head of a column moves on steadily, while the rear is alternately halting and then rushing forward to close up the gap; and all sorts of rumors, especially the worst, float back to the rear. Old troops invariably deem it a special privilege to be in the front—to be at the "head of the column"—because experience has taught them that it is the easiest and most comfortable place, and danger only adds zest and stimulus to this fact.

The hardest task in war is to lie in support of some position or battery under fire without the privilege of returning it; or to guard some train left in the rear, within hearing but out of danger; or to provide for the wounded and dead of some corps which is too busy ahead to care for its own.

To be at the head of a strong column of troops, in the execution of some task that requires brain, is the highest pleasure of war—a grim one and terrible, but which leaves on the mind and memory the strongest mark; to detect the weak point of an enemy's line; to break through with vehemence and thus lead to victory; or to discover some key-point and hold it with tenacity; or to do some other distinct act which is afterward recognized as the real cause of success. These all become matters that are never forgotten. Other great difficulties, experienced by every general, are to measure truly the thousand-and-one reports that come to him in the midst of conflict; to preserve a clear and well-defined purpose at every instant of time, and to cause all efforts to converge to that end.

To do these things he must know perfectly the strength and quality of each part of his own army, as well as that of his opponent, and must be where he can personally see and observe with his own eyes, and judge with his own mind. No man can properly command an army from the rear; he must be "at its front"; and when a detachment is made, the commander thereof should be informed of the object to be accomplished, and left as free as possible to execute it in his own way; and when an army is divided up into several parts, the superior should always attend that one which he regards as most important. Some men think that modern armies may be so regulated that a general can sit in an office and play on his several columns as on the keys of a piano. This is a fearful mistake. The directing mind must be at the very head of the army—must be seen there; and the effect of his mind and personal energy must be felt by every officer and man present with it, to secure the best results. Every attempt to make war easy and safe will result in humiliation and disaster.

Henry Howard Brownell.

Born in Providence, R. I., 1820. Died at Hartford, Conn., 1872.

DOWN!

[*War-Lyrics, and Other Poems.* 1866.]

YARD-ARM to yard-arm we lie
  Alongside the Ship of Hell—
And still through the sulphury sky
The terrible clang goes high,
Broadside and battle cry,
  And the pirates' maddened yell!

Our Captain's cold on the deck,
Our brave Lieutenant's a wreck—
  He lies in the hold there, hearing
The storm of fight going on overhead,
Tramp and thunder to wake the dead:
The great guns jumping overhead,
  And the whole ship's company cheering!

Four hours the Death-Fight has roared,
  (Gun-deck and berth-deck blood wet!)
Her mainmast's gone by the board,
Down come topsail and jib!
We're smashing her, rib by rib,
And the pirate yells grow weak—
  But the Black Flag flies there yet,
The Death's Head grinning a-peak!

Long has she haunted the seas,
Terror of sun and breeze.
Her deck has echoed with groans,
Her hold is a horrid den
Piled to the orlop with bones
Of starved and of murdered men:
They swarm 'mid her shrouds in hosts,
The smoke is murky with ghosts.

But to-day, her cruise shall be short:
She's bound to the Port she cleared from,
She's nearing the Light she steered from—
Ah, the Horror sees her fate!
Heeling heavy to port,
She strikes, but all too late!
Down, with her cursed crew,
Down, with her damnèd freight,
To the bottom of the Blue,
Ten thousand fathom deep!
With God's glad sun o'erhead—
That is the way to weep,
So will we mourn our dead!

LET US ALONE.

"All we ask is to be let alone."

AS vonce I valked by a dismal svamp,
There sot an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at everybody as passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers by;
Let me alone, for I've got your tin
And lots of other traps snugly in;
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat
To grab votever you've got afloat;
In a veek or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome;—
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, vith a groan:
"All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vay,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say:
"Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!
You've *ben* let alone—a darned sight too long—

Of all the sarce that ever I heard!
Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered.)
Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than ary kite.
You must hev a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,
And I'll hev my hardware back and my cash,
And knock your scow into tarnal smash;
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head;
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the t'other Old Cove
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick, revolvin' slow
Vether 'twere safe to shy it or no,—
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
"All that I axed vos, *let me alone.*"

THE SPHINX.

THEY glare—those stony eyes!
That in the fierce sun-rays
Showered from these burning skies,
Through untold centuries
Have kept their sleepless and unwinking gaze.

Since what unnumbered year
Hast thou kept watch and ward,
And o'er the buried Land of Fear
So grimly held thy guard?
No faithless slumber snatching,
Still couched in silence brave,
Like some fierce hound long watching
Above her master's grave.

No fabled Shape art thou!
On that thought-freighted brow
And in those smooth, weird lineaments we find,
Though traced all darkly, even now,
The relics of a Mind:
And gather dimly thence
A vague, half-human sense—
The strange and sad Intelligence
That sorrow leaves behind.

Dost thou in anguish thus
Still brood o'er Œdipus ?
And weave enigmas to mislead anew,
And stultify the blind
Dull heads of human kind,
And inly make thy moan
That 'mid the hated crew,
Whom thou so long couldst vex,
Bewilder, and perplex,
Thou yet couldst find a subtler than thine own ?

Even now, methinks that those
Dark, heavy lips, which close
In such a stern repose,
Seem burdened with some Thought unsaid,
And hoard within their portals dread
Some fearful Secret there,—
Which to the listening earth
She may not whisper forth,
Not even to the air,—

Of awful wonders hid
In yon dread pyramid,
The home of magic Fears,
Of chambers vast and lonely,
Watched by the Genii only,
Who tend their Masters' long-forgotten biers;
And treasures that have shone
On cavern walls alone
For thousand, thousand years.

Those sullen orbs wouldst thou eclipse,
And ope those massy, tomb-like lips,
Many a riddle thou couldst solve
Which all blindly men revolve.

Would She but tell! She knows
Of the old Pharaohs,
Could count the Ptolemies' long line;
Each mighty Myth's original hath seen,
Apis, Anubis—Ghosts that haunt between
The Bestial and Divine—
(Such, He that sleeps in Philœ—He that stands
In gloom, unworshipped, 'neath his rock-hewn fane—
And They who, sitting on Memnonian sands,
Cast their long shadows o'er the desert plain:)
Hath marked Nitocris pass,
And Ozymandias
Deep-versed in many a dark Egyptian wile;
The Hebrew Boy hath eyed
Cold to the master's bride;

And that Medusan stare hath frozen the smile
Of Her all love and guile,
For whom the Cæsar sighed,
And the World-Loser died—
The Darling of the Nile.

Ephraim George Squier.

BORN in Bethlehem, N. Y., 1821. DIED in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1888.

THE CHASE ON THE LAGOON.

[*Waikna; or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.* 1855.]

AS the lagoon narrowed, our course gradually brought us close inshore. I had observed some palm-trees on the same side of the lagoon, but the ground seemed so low, and tangled with verdure, that I doubted if the trees indicated, as they usually do, a village at their feet. I nevertheless maintained a sharp lookout, and kept the boat as near to the wind as possible, so as to slip by without observation. It was not until we were abreast of the palms, that I saw signs of human habitations. But then I made out a large number of canoes drawn up in a little bay, and, through a narrow vista in the trees, saw distinctly a considerable collection of huts. There were also several of the inhabitants moving about among the canoes.

I observed also that our boat had attracted attention, and that a number of men were hurrying down to the shore. I was in hopes that they would be content with regarding us from a distance, and was not a little annoyed when I saw two large boats push from the landing. We did not stop to speculate upon their purposes, but shook out every thread of our little sail, and, each taking a paddle, we fell to work with a determination of giving our pursuers as pretty a chase as ever came off on the Mosquito Shore. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and I felt confident that we could not be overtaken, if at all, before night, and then it would be comparatively easy to elude them.

Our pursuers had no sails, but their boats were larger, and numerously manned by men more used to the paddle than either Antonio or myself. While the wind lasted, we rather increased our distance, but as the sun went down the breeze declined, and our sail became useless, so we were obliged to take it in, and trust to our paddles alone. This gave our pursuers new courage, and I could hear their shouts echoed back from the shores. When night fell they had shortened their distance to less than half what it had been at the outset, and were so near that we could almost make out their words; for, during quiet nights, on these lagoons, voices can be distinguished at the distance of a mile. The lagoon narrowed more and more, and was evidently getting to be as contracted as the channel by which we had entered. This was against us; for, although we had almost lost sight of our pursuers in the gathering darkness, our safety depended entirely upon our slipping, unobserved, into some narrow creek. But we strained our eyes in vain, to discover such a retreat. The mangroves presented one dark, unbroken front.

The conviction was now forced upon me that, in spite of all our efforts to avoid it, we were to be involved in a second fight. I laid aside my paddle, and got out my gun. And now I experienced again the same ague-like sensations which I have described as preceding our struggle on the Prinza-pulka. It required the utmost effort to keep my teeth from chattering audibly. I had a singular and painful sensation of fulness about the heart. So decided were all these phenomena, that, notwithstanding our danger, I felt glad it was so dark that my companions could not see my weakness. But soon the veins in my temples began to swell with blood, pulsating with tense sharpness, like the vibration of a bow-string; and then the muscles became rigid and firm as iron. I was ready for blood! Twice only have I experienced these terrible sensations, and God grant that they may never agonize my nerves again!

Our enemies were now so near that I was on the point of venturing a random long shot at them, when, with a suppressed exclamation of joy, Antonio suddenly turned our canoe into a narrow creek, where the mangroves separated, like walls, on either side. Where we entered, it was scarcely twenty feet wide, and soon contracted to ten or twelve. We glided in rapidly for perhaps two hundred yards, when Antonio stopped to listen. I heard nothing, and gave the word to proceed. But the crafty Indian said "No"; and, carefully leaning over the edge of the boat, plunged his head in the water. He held it there a few seconds, then started up, exclaiming, "They are coming!" Again we bent to the paddles, and drove the boat up the narrow creek with incredible velocity.

I was so eager to get a shot at our pursuers that I scarcely comprehended what he meant, when, stopping suddenly, Antonio pressed his paddle in my hands, and, exchanging a few hurried words with the Poyer boy, each took a machete in his mouth, and leaped overboard. I felt a sudden suspicion that they had deserted me, and remained for the time motionless. A moment after, they called to me from the shore, "Paddle! paddle!" and, at the same instant, I heard the blows of their machetes ringing on the trunks of the mangroves. I at once comprehended that they were felling trees across the narrow creek, to obstruct the pursuit; and I threw aside the paddle, and took my gun again, determined to protect my devoted friends at any hazard. I never forgave myself for my momentary but ungenerous distrust!

Our pursuers heard the sound of the blows, and, no doubt comprehending what was going on, raised loud shouts, and redoubled their speed. *Kling! kling!* rang the machetes on the hard wood! Oh, how I longed to hear the crash of the falling trees! Soon one of them began to crackle—another blow, and down it fell, the trunk splashing gloriously in the water! Another crackle, a rapid rustling of branches, and another splash in the water! It was our turn to shout now!

I gave Antonio and the Poyer boy each a hearty embrace, as, dripping with water, they clambered back into our little boat. We now pushed a few yards up the stream, stopped close to the slimy bank, and awaited our pursuers. "Come on, now," I shouted, "and not one of you shall pass that rude barrier alive!"

The first boat ran boldly up to the fallen trees, but the discharge of a single barrel of my gun sent it back, precipitately, out of reach. We could distinguish a hurried conversation between the occupants of the first boat and of the second, when the latter came up. It did not last long, and when it stopped, Antonio, in a manner evincing more alarm than he had ever before exhibited, caught me by the arm, and explained hurriedly that the second boat was going back, and that the narrow creek, in which we were, no doubt communicated with the principal channel by a second mouth. While one boat was thus blockading us in front, the second was hastening to assail us in the rear! I comprehended the movement at once. Our deliberation was short, for our lives might depend upon an improvement of the minutes. Stealthily, scarce daring to breathe, yet with the utmost rapidity possible, we pushed up the creek. As Antonio had conjectured, it soon began to curve back toward the estuary. We had pursued our course perhaps ten or fifteen minutes—they seemed hours!—when we overheard the approach of the second boat. We at once drew ours close to the bank, in the gloomiest covert we could find. On came the boat, the paddlers, secure of the success of their device, straining themselves to the utmost. There was a moment of keen suspense, and, to our inexpressible relief, the boat passed by us. We now resumed our paddles, and hastened on our course. But before we entered the principal channel, my companions clambered into the overhanging mangroves, and in an incredibly short space of time had fallen other trees across the creek, so as completely to shut in the boat which had attempted to surprise us.

The device was successful; we soon emerged from the creek, and the sea-breeze having now set in, favorably to our course, we were able to put up our sail and defy pursuit. We saw nothing afterward of our eager friends of Tongla Lagoon.

Maria White Lowell.

BORN in Watertown, Mass., 1821. DIED at Cambridge, Mass., 1853.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem—
For, sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
  That she must wither up.
Almost before a day was flown,
  Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
  Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
  Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
  Will soon be coming round—
We see the rows of heart-shaped leaves
  Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
  Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
  Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
  Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air
  Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
  Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
  Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

Amelia B. Welby.

Born in St. Michael's, Md., 1821. Died in Louisville, Ky., 1852.

TWILIGHT AT SEA.

[*Poems. By Amelia.* 1849.—*Twelfth Edition.* 1854.]

THE twilight hours like birds flew by,
  As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
  Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
  That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
  And held it trembling there.

Richard Salter Storrs.

Born in Braintree, Mass., 1821.

THE SCHOLAR'S COURAGE.

[*Manliness in the Scholar. Chancellor's Oration delivered at the Eighty-sixth Commencement of Union College.* 1883.]

WHAT is implied in such essential manliness of spirit? What principal elements must combine in the temper of the scholar to constitute and complete it? And the answer is not far to find.

Certainly, Courage is essentially involved, and no true manliness can be realized where this is not present:—courage, as denoting not merely that keen instinct of battle which displays itself in stimulating excitements, in the heat of contest, in the crisis which pushes one to self-vindication, or in passionate championship of favorite opinions, but as representing what is ampler than this, and also finer: strength of heart; strength to endure as well as attack, to pursue and achieve as well as to attempt, to sacrifice self altogether, if need be, on behalf of any controlling conviction. A thorough consent of judgment, conscience, imagination, affection, all vitalized and active, with a certain invincible firmness of will, as the effect of such a consent—this is implied in a really abounding and masterful courage. It is not impatient. It is not imperious. It is not the creature of fractious and vehement will-power in man. It is never allied with a passionate selfishness. It is associated with great convictions, has its roots in profound moral experiences, is nourished by thoughts of God and the hereafter. It is as sensitive and gentle in spirit as it is persistent and highly resolved. It forms the base of sympathies, generosities, rather than of defiances. Its language is that of courtesy always, never of petulance, or of egotistic arrogance. A chivalric manner is natural to it, especially toward those who are weak or alarmed—as natural as is his carol to the song-bird, or its inter-play of colors to the flowering tulip.

But though courteous, sympathetic, and ready for all genial affiliations, it is sufficient in itself, and quite independent of outward auxiliaries. Once established as an element of character, it is deepened and renewed with all experience. It is only compacted into more complete force before the shock of downright attack, and becomes supremely aspiring and confident when hostile forces rage against it.

Such courage as this is everywhere at home, and is naturally master of all situations. Conspicuous on the battle-field, it may equally be shown in the journal or in the pulpit. It shines on the platform as clearly as in the senate; is as manifest in the frank and unswerving announcement of principles which men hate, in the face of their hatred, as it is when the tempestuous winds, tearing the wave-tops into spoon-drift, have caught the reeling ship in their clutch, and threaten to bury it in the deep. And wherever it is shown, it has in it something of the morally superlative. Men recognize a force which emergencies cannot startle, nor catastrophes overbear; which possesses inexhaustible calmness and strength; with which no intellectual faculties or acquired accomplishments can be compared, but from which all such take a value and splendor not their own. . . . .

I think that the American people, as distinctly at least as any other, will always demand this in those who aspire to instruct and to guide them. Our ancestors were sailors, soldiers, explorers—men who worked hard, lived roughly, dared greatly, suffered without flinching, died without moan; who purchased with the sword, not with the pen, the liberties which they wrung from reluctant power, and who set a bloody sign-manual to the charters which many of them certainly were not able to read. The stern and salutary training of the nation, on a continent so long remote from the Old World, its severe education in physical hardship, in great and novel political enterprise, in moral struggle, in vast and repeated military contest, has only confirmed this victorious element in the national spirit.

It has come to be a sort of inherited virtue, as if mingled with the iron and fibrin of the blood; and any scholar, however familiar with manifold knowledges, however apt and copious in speech, who has not this, who is timid in his convictions, vague and hesitant in their expression, unwilling to take risks on their behalf, who fears opposition, is fettered before difficulty, or is daunted in heart by vociferous resistance—will certainly here have lost his chance of moral leadership. He must be free of the times before he can mould them. If his spirit is one that others can master or scare into silence, he may dismiss the thought of any high function, as belonging to him, when he stands in front of difficult work, or amid the sharp conflicts of human opinion.

James Hadley.

Born in Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., 1821. **Died** at New Haven, Conn., 1872.

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

[*Essays Philological and Critical.* 1873.]

IT cannot be denied that the English language is shockingly spelled. The original difficulty lay in the mixture of different languages, Saxon and Norman French, out of which came English; the confusion of different systems, varying and conflicting analogies, is everywhere to be seen in our orthography.

Besides, the French, which makes one element of English, does itself enjoy, next to the English and perhaps the Gaelic, the honor of being the worst spelt language of Europe. Franklin used to say that what we call false spelling of the vulgar was really true spelling. I do not know that I should say that, for vulgar spelling is sometimes most ingeniously absurd. But I certainly feel a good deal of hesitation about saying in regard to any man that he spells badly: I say that he does not spell like most of us; he spells singularly, peculiarly; but I do not see, on the whole, that he spells worse than the spelling-books and newspapers.

It is very unfortunate that Johnson's Dictionary should have come to be such a standard of spelling. For the consequence has been that the processes which were going on before—gradual progressive processes, to root out anomalies and bring in greater regularity, processes which went on naturally and almost without notice—were at once arrested, and the system which had before been somewhat flexible became at once a cast-iron affair. That such processes were going on, to the great advantage of the system, will be plain enough to any one who takes a book printed in the Elizabethan age—say one of the earlier translations of the Bible—and compares it with the books printed in the first part of the last century. That such processes were arrested by the appearance of Johnson's Dictionary is evident from the outcry which is raised against any spelling that departs from the prescription of that autocratic lexicographer. No philologist needs to be reminded that Johnson had little fitness for the work of legislation in orthography. This would be evident enough from his famous dictum that it is absurd to regulate your spelling by your pronunciation, for pronunciation changes all the time, and your standard is therefore variable and fluctuating. He did not see that this is one of the strongest reasons for regulating spelling by pronunciation; for if pronunciation changes all the time while spelling remains fixed, the two will diverge more and more widely from each other, until they cease to have any relation, and we shall write in hieroglyphics. Most evidently the proper aim and object, the ideal of alphabetic writing, is to furnish an exact reflection of the spoken language, a faithful representation of what we hear in daily utterance. In its most advanced perfection, every elementary sound will be represented by a special character, and each character will be used in every case to represent the same sound. There is no great objection, however, to a combination of characters used to represent a sound different from either—as, for instance, *ch* in *church*, provided always that it is used with perfect consistency. The reform recently attempted has taken high ground, avoiding such combinations of characters, and representing the same sound always by the same alphabetic sign. Perhaps this is the best course, though I have always felt that the introduction of new letters, which this plan requires, might operate pretty strongly to prevent its adoption.

The objections commonly urged against a new system of phonography have in my view very little weight. It is often said that, if this plan were adopted, all books printed hitherto would be useless. It is certain that people would not read them quite so readily as now; but only for this reason, that they would spend less time in acquiring the power. It would be really as easy as ever for people to learn the old system, or rather, far easier; for then it would be necessary only that they should learn to read, to recognize the words when they see them; and not to learn what is far harder, to spell, to reproduce the words when you do not see them. Another objection, which has considerable influence, is that a new system would obscure the etymology of words, which is now shown in many cases by the spelling. But as regards this, the etymology of words is of little practical value except to scholars, who could always get it out of books of lexicography; it is not worth while for their benefit to impose a heavy burden upon the world at large. But our common spelling is often an untrustworthy guide to etymology. Take the word *sovereign:* the people who first spelt it so supposed no doubt that it had something to do with *reign;* but it most certainly has not. It comes from Latin *super*, through Italian *sovrano*, etc. But I will go further, and say that the wants of the philologist require a different system. What is important for him is that he should know the condition of a language at any given period of the past, that he may be able to trace it through its successive changes to its latest form. Now in doing this he must depend mainly on the spelling, the writing; if this be maintained invariable from age to age amid all mutations of spoken words, the philologist is deprived of his most serviceable guide. I would give a good deal to get a *Fonetic Nuz* of Chaucer's time, that I might know how far some important phenomena of the modern language—as for instance the change of *ā* to *ē*, of *ē* to *ī*, and of *ī* to *ai*—had established themselves five centuries ago.

You will see from what I have said that I recognize fully the evils of our present orthography (as men sarcastically term it), and that I sympathize in the objects of a phonographic revolution. But in regard to the feasibility of such a revolution I am far from being sanguine; a political revolution, I suspect, would be a much easier undertaking. Yet I have no desire to damp the ardor of those who are more sanguine than myself; on the contrary, I wish them all success in their work, being sure at least of this—that, whatever imperfections may belong to their systems, they cannot be so bad as ordinary good spelling.

Charles Taber Congdon.

Born in New Bedford, Mass., 1821.

ALICE.

SOMETIMES in my motley dream I see
You, Alice,
Standing 'neath the old ancestral tree,
Waiting like a flower of flowers for me,
For me—Alice.

Yes, I dream with spirit quenched and hoary
Of you, Alice:
Trysting trees tell aye the self-same story,
You flew off—my guide and grace and glory—
From me, Alice.

We were very wise and constant then,
Both we, Alice:
How we laughed at old proverbial men!
How the merry meadows echoed when
You, Alice . . . !

I'd not live that summer day, again,
For you, Alice!
Would the Gods had spared to me the pain
Of knowing how a love could wax and wane,
Like yours, Alice.

Yet I'd something give, an old man's whim,
If I, Alice,

With these eyes, a little bleared and dim,
Could see you waiting like a flower for him—
Not me, Alice.

TWELVE LITTLE DIRTY QUESTIONS

[*Tribune Essays.* 1869.]

WE should very much like to know what in the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Hawks constitutes a large and clean question. In the Protestant Episcopal Convention last Monday, Dr. Hawks, arguing that the Church must treat its rebellious children with "lenity, courtesy, and affection," used the following language: "We must not lug in all the little dirty questions of the day which will be buried with their agitation."

To the Protestant Episcopal Church is unquestionably due the reverence of some of us and the respect of others; but Heaven knows there is nothing in its history, nothing in its present position, which justifies this sublime scorn of political affairs which Dr. Hawks professes. . .

Shall the United States of America be deprived of an immense territory acquired at a cost of blood and treasure absolutely incomputable? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. One.

Shall the Constitution of the United States be overthrown by the perjuries of its sworn defenders? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Two.

Shall the Loyal States see the rolls of their citizens decimated, the flower of their youth slain in battle, the homes only a little while ago the happiest in the world made desolate, the honest accumulations of industry scattered, the enterprises of benevolence arrested—and all without hope of indemnity or of security? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Three.

Shall the wildest and wickedest perjury, the most Satanic defiance of the Majesty of Heaven, the clearest and least defensible of crimes, flourish and bloom in the establishment of a great empire, and out of the dissolution of society secure the prosperous fortunes of the turbulent and the ambitious? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Four.

Shall the great experiment of political self-government utterly fail, while we, crouching and crawling through the vicissitudes of anarchy, find refuge at last in blind obedience to the edicts of an autocrat? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Five.

Shall a system of labor be perpetuated which, without regard to its abstract equity, without consideration of its injustice to the employed, has so demoralized the employer, that treason, robbery, and murder seem to him to be Christian virtues? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Six.

Shall a system of labor be perpetuated which so utterly degrades the spiritual nature of the enslaved as to expose it in its very yearning for sacred culture to a fanaticism analogous to idolatry? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Seven.

Shall a system of labor be perpetuated the very essence of which is a denial of the fundamental principle of Christian ethics—that the laborer is worthy of his hire? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Eight.

Shall these acts be considered by the Church mere peccadilloes, when perpetrated by its Southern slaveholding members, which in its Northern communicants it would at once visit with its censure and even its excommunication? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Nine.

Shall a Church which every Sunday prays the Good Lord to deliver us "from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion," and "to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord," still hold communion with a Church which is full of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion against the unity, peace, and concord of the land? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Ten.

Shall a Church which every Sunday prays for "the President of the United States, and all others in authority"—not merely as fellow-men, but because they are "in authority"—shall the Church withhold its censure of those of its members who in contempt of authority are waging a felonious war against law and order? This is Dr. Hawks's Little Dirty Question, No. Eleven.

Whether, finally, these communicants of the Church in the rebel States who have been so disregardful of its discipline and so false to its teachings as to avowedly violate all laws Divine and human are entitled to anything more than Christian pity, are at all entitled in their double tort to Christian Fellowship, is a Little Dirty Question well worth the consideration of every Christian Patriot; and is Dr. Hawks's No. Twelve.

James Hammond Trumbull.

BORN in Stonington, Conn., 1821.

THE ORIGIN OF M'FINGAL.

[*From a Paper in The Historical Magazine, January,* 1868.]

JOHN TRUMBULL, the author of "M'Fingal," after his admission to the bar in Connecticut, prosecuted the study of law in Boston, in the office of John Adams, from November, 1773, until September, 1774. During this period, as the Memoir prefixed to the revised edition of his Works informs us, "he frequently employed his leisure hours in writing essays on political subjects in the public gazettes; which had, perhaps, a greater effect from the novelty of the manner and the caution he used to prevent any discovery of the real author." Shortly after his return to Connecticut, he became a contributor to the "Hartford Courant"—then published by Ebenezer Watson, and afterwards by Hudson & Goodwin. Gage,—whose early confidence in his ability "to play the lion" had much abated since his arrival at Boston, in May, 1774,—was now apparently relying more upon the pen than the sword, to awe America to submission. In "M'Fingal" (Canto ii., p. 31) Trumbull retraces

"The annals of the first great year :
While, wearying out the Tories' patience,
He spent his breath in proclamations ;
While all his mighty noise and vapor
Was used in wrangling upon paper ;

. . . . .

While strokes alternate stunned the nation,
Protest, address, and proclamation ;
And speech met speech, fib clashed with fib,
And Gage still answered, squib for squib."

Into this wordy warfare Trumbull entered with spirit and success. Imitations in burlesque of Gage's magnificent and turgid Proclamations,

"In true sublime of scarecrow style,"

had occasionally appeared in the newspapers of Boston and in Connecticut. At so fair a mark ridicule could hardly miss its aim; and these squibs were perhaps quite as popular and effective as if their versification had been smoother or their wit more refined. . . . On the nineteenth of June, 1775, the "Courant" published Gage's Proclamation of the twelfth, extending free pardon to "the infatuated multitude," on their return to allegiance, but proscribing Samuel Adams and John Hancock, with "all their adherents, associates, and abettors," and establishing martial law throughout Massachusetts. . . . In the "Courant" of the seventh and the fourteenth of August, *another* version of the Proclamation made its appearance; and this last was unquestionably written by Trumbull. It is somewhat remarkable that not only the evidence of authorship, but the composition itself, should have escaped the observation of so many diligent gleaners of the newspaper literature of the Revolution. It is more surprising that no editor of "M'Fingal" has detected in the burlesque Proclamation the origin of the "modern epic," to which more than fifty of the two hundred and sixteen lines of this earlier composition were transferred by its author.

In a letter to the Marquis de Chastellux, Trumbull states that "the poem of 'M'Fingal' was written merely with a political view, at the instigation of some leading members of the first Congress, who urged [him] to compose a satirical poem on the events of the Campaign in the year 1775." The Memoir prefixed to the edition of 1820 adds, that the friends at whose solicitations the first canto was written "immediately procured it to be published at Philadelphia, where Congress was then assembled." It made its appearance in an octavo pamphlet of forty pages—printed by William and Thomas Bradford—in January, 1776, but with the date of 1775. At this time, the author "had also formed the plan of the [whole] work, sketched some of the scenes of the third canto, and written the beginning of the fourth." The first canto, as originally published, was subsequently divided into two. The composition was suspended until after the surrender of Cornwallis had established the success of the Revolution, when the poem was completed and published, in Hartford, by Hudson & Goodwin, on the tenth of September, 1782. Before the close of the year (December 28), a second edition was issued by a rival Hartford publisher, Nathaniel Patten, without the author's consent.

"The Proclamation Versified" was published, as has been mentioned, in August, 1775. So large a portion of it is reproduced in the first three cantos of "M'Fingal" that the latter poem may be said to have grown directly out of the former. That it was the appearance of this burlesque which induced the author's friends to urge him to the composition of a longer and regularly constructed poem, in the same measure and a similar vein, is hardly doubtful.

Among the prominent members of the Congress of 1775, to whom Trumbull was personally known, and whose solicitation was likely to have weight with him—besides the delegation from his own State, including Oliver Wolcott, Roger Sherman, and Silas Deane—were John Adams, his instructor in law, and Thomas Cushing, in whose family he had lived while in Boston. They were not mistaken in their estimate of his genius and of the service which, in that "period of terror and dismay," his wit, humor, and satiric power might render to the friends of American liberty, "to inspire confidence in our cause, to crush the efforts of the Tory party, and to prepare the public mind for the Declaration of Independence." With these objects in view, as his Memoir informs us, he wrote the first part of "M'Fingal." Its success abundantly justified the judgment of his friends. Its popularity was unexampled; and that the favor with which it was received, at home and abroad, was not attributable merely to the interest of its subject or the seasonableness of the publication, is sufficiently proved by the fact that "more than thirty impressions" had been called for before 1820, and that then, as now, it had not only its established place in every good library, but had become the prey of "newsmongers, hawkers, peddlers, and petty chapmen," who, as the author complains, republished it at pleasure, without his permission or knowledge.

Ulysses S. Grant.

Born in Point Pleasant, O., 1822. Died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, N. Y., 1885.

AT VICKSBURG.

[*Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant.* 1885.]

THIS long, dreary, and, for heavy and continuous rains and high water, unprecedented winter was one of great hardship to all engaged about Vicksburg. The river was higher than its natural banks from December, 1862, to the following April. The war had suspended peaceful pursuits in the South, further than the production of army supplies, and in consequence the levees were neglected and broken in many places and the whole country was covered with water. Troops could scarcely find dry ground on which to pitch their tents. Malarial fevers broke out among the men. Measles and small-pox also attacked them. The hospital arrangements and medical attendance were so perfect, however, that the loss of life was much less than might have been expected. Visitors to the camps went home with dismal stories to relate; Northern papers came back to the soldiers with these stories exaggerated. Because I would not divulge my ultimate plans to visitors, they pronounced me idle, incompetent, and unfit to command men in an emergency, and clamored for my removal. They were not to be satisfied, many of them, with my simple removal, but named who my successor should be. McClernand, Fremont, Hunter, and McClellan were all mentioned in this connection. I took no steps to answer these complaints, but continued to do my duty, as I understood it, to the best of my ability. Every one has his superstitions. One of mine is that in positions of great responsibility every one should do his duty to the best of his ability where assigned by competent authority, without application or the use of influence to change his position. While at Cairo I had watched with very great interest the operations of the Army of the Potomac, looking upon that as the main field of the war. I had no idea, myself, of ever having any large command, nor did I suppose that I was equal to one; but I had the vanity to think that as a cavalry officer I might succeed very well in the command of a brigade. On one occasion, in talking about this to my staff officers, all of whom were civilians without any military education whatever, I said that I would give anything if I were commanding a brigade of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac, and I believed I could do some good. Captain Hillyer spoke up and suggested that I make application to be transferred there to command the cavalry. I then told him that I would cut my right arm off first, and mentioned this superstition.

In time of war the President, being by the Constitution Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, is responsible for the selection of commanders. He should not be embarrassed in making his selections. I having been selected, my responsibility ended with my doing the best I knew how. If I had sought the place, or obtained it through personal or political influence, my belief is that I would have feared to undertake any plan of my own conception, and would probably have awaited direct orders from my distant superiors. Persons obtaining important commands by application or political influence are apt to keep a written record of complaints and predictions of defeat, which are shown in case of disaster. Somebody must be responsible for their failures.

With all the pressure brought to bear upon them, both President Lincoln and General Halleck stood by me to the end of the campaign. I had never met Mr. Lincoln, but his support was constant. . .

During the siege there had been a good deal of friendly sparring between the soldiers of the two armies, on picket and where the lines were close together. All rebels were known as "Johnnies," all Union troops as "Yanks." Often "Johnny" would call, "Well, Yank, when are you coming into town?" The reply was sometimes, "We propose to celebrate the 4th of July there." Sometimes it would be, "We always treat our prisoners with kindness and do not want to hurt them"; or, "We are holding you as prisoners of war while you are feeding yourselves." The garrison, from the commanding general down, undoubtedly expected an assault on the fourth. They knew from the temper of their men it would be successful when made; and that would be a greater humiliation than to surrender. Besides it would be attended with severe loss to them.

The Vicksburg paper, which we received regularly through the courtesy of the rebel pickets, said prior to the fourth, in speaking of the "Yankee" boast that they would take dinner in Vicksburg that day, that the best receipt for cooking a rabbit was "First ketch your rabbit." The paper at this time and for some time previous was printed on the plain side of wall paper. The last number was issued on the fourth and announced that we had "caught our rabbit."

I have no doubt that Pemberton commenced his correspondence on the third with a two-fold purpose: first, to avoid an assault, which he knew would be successful, and second, to prevent the capture taking place on the great national holiday, the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. Holding out for better terms as he did he defeated his aim in the latter particular.

At the appointed hour the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of their works and formed line in front, stacked arms and marched back in good order. Our whole army present witnessed this scene without cheering. Logan's division, which had approached nearest the rebel works, was the first to march in; and the flag of one of the regiments of his division was soon floating over the court-house. Our soldiers were no sooner inside the lines than the two armies began to fraternize. Our men had had full rations from the time the siege commenced, to the close. The enemy had been suffering, particularly towards the last. I myself saw our men taking bread from their haversacks and giving it to the enemy they had so recently been engaged in starving out. It was accepted with avidity and with thanks. . . . .

As soon as our troops took possession of the city, guards were established along the whole line of parapet, from the river above to the river below. The prisoners were allowed to occupy their old camps behind the intrenchments. No restraint was put upon them, except by their own commanders. They were rationed about as our own men, and from our supplies. The men of the two armies fraternized as if they had been fighting for the same cause. When they passed out of the works they had so long and so gallantly defended, between lines of their late antagonists, not a cheer went up, not a remark was made that would give pain. Really, I believe there was a feeling of sadness just then in the breasts of most of the Union soldiers at seeing the dejection of their late antagonists.

THE END AT APPOMATTOX.

[*From the Same.*]

WHEN the white flag was put out by Lee, as already described, I was in this way moving towards Appomattox Court-House, and consequently could not be communicated with immediately, and be informed of what Lee had done. Lee, therefore, sent a flag to the rear to advise Meade, and one to the front to Sheridan, saying that he had sent a message to me for the purpose of having a meeting to consult about the surrender of his army, and asked for a suspension of hostilities until I could be communicated with. As they had heard nothing of this until the fighting had got to be severe and all going against Lee, both of these commanders hesitated very considerably about suspending hostilities at all. They were afraid it was not in good faith, and we had the Army of Northern Virginia where it could not escape except by some deception. They, however, finally consented to a suspension of hostilities for two hours to give an opportunity of communicating with me in that time, if possible. It was found that, from the route I had taken, they would probably not be able to communicate with me and get an answer back within the time fixed unless the messenger should pass through the rebel lines.

Lee, therefore, sent an escort with the officer bearing this message through his lines to me.

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Commanding U. S. Armies.

When the officer reached me I was still suffering with the sick headache; but the instant I saw the contents of the note I was cured. I wrote the following note in reply and hastened on:

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. Armies:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11.50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

I was conducted at once to where Sheridan was located with his troops drawn up in line of battle facing the Confederate army near by. They were very much excited, and expressed their view that this was all a ruse employed to enable the Confederates to get away. They said they believed that Johnston was marching up from North Carolina now, and Lee was moving to join him; and they would whip the rebels where they now were in five minutes if I would only let them go in. But I had no doubt about the good faith of Lee, and pretty soon was conducted to where he was. I found him at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court-House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, on a portion of which was an apple orchard, beyond a little valley which separated it from that on the crest of which Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle to the south.

Before stating what took place between General Lee and myself, I will give all there is of the story of the famous apple tree.

Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed to be true. The war of the rebellion was no exception to this rule, and the story of the apple tree is one of those fictions based on a slight foundation of fact. As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon-road, which, at one point, ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of vehicles had, on that side, cut off the roots of this tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first met General Lee he was sitting upon this embankment with his feet in the road below and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that. Like many other stories, it would be very good if it was only true.

I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War; but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house

I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough travelling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:

APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.
Apl 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE,
Comd'g C. S. A.

GEN: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT,
Lt. Gen.

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side-arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side-arms, horses and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war—I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee.

The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side-arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living for some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about twenty-five thousand": and I authorized him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

Samuel Wilkeson.

BORN in Buffalo, N. Y., 1817.

AN HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES.

[*From a Letter to The New York Times*, 6 *July*, 1863.]

IN the shadow cast by the tiny farm-house, sixteen by twenty, which General Meade had made his headquarters, lay wearied staff officers and tired correspondents. There was not wanting to the peacefulness of the scene the singing of a bird, which had a nest in a peach-tree within the tiny yard of the whitewashed cottage. In the midst of its warbling a shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another, and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and to American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned, and whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard—burst next to the fence on both sides, garnished as usual with the hitched horses of aides and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another,—sixteen lay dead and mangled before the fire ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the expression of being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of a cruel war touched all hearts. Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells an ambulance, driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all of us the marvellous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock. A shell tore up the little step at the headquarters cottage, and ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another soon carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst opposite the open door,—another ripped through the low garret. The remaining pillar went almost immediately to the howl of a fixed shot that Whitworth must have made. During this fire, the horses at twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road, and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair. Not an orderly, not an ambulance, not a straggler was to be seen upon the plain swept by this tempest of orchestral death, thirty minutes after it commenced. Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery trying to cut from the field every battery we had in position to resist their purposed infantry attack, and to sweep away the slight defences behind which our infantry were waiting? Forty minutes,—fifty minutes,—counted watches that ran, Oh so languidly! Shells through the two lower rooms. A shell into the chimney, that daringly did not explode. Shells in the yard. The air thicker, and fuller, and more deafening with the howling and whirring of these infernal missiles. The chief of staff struck—Seth Williams—loved and respected through the army, separated from instant death by two inches of space vertically measured. An aide bored with a fragment of iron through the bone of the arm. And the time measured on the sluggish watches was one hour and forty minutes.

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